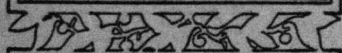


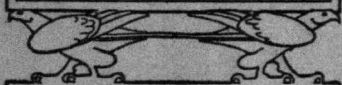
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The Annual 1923

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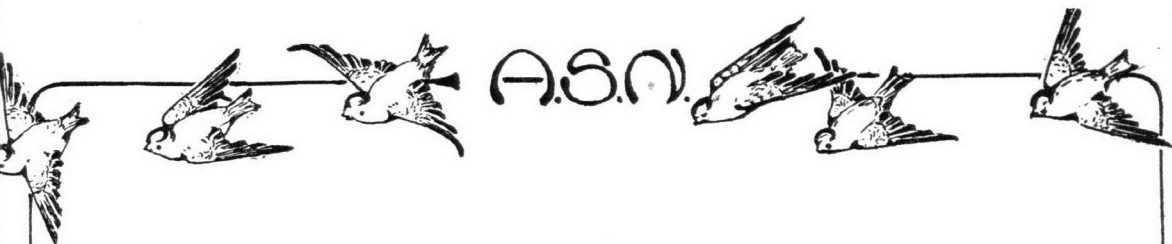


UNITED STATES ARMY
SCHOOL OF NURSING
CLASS OF 1928



LOVE DE FRANCE

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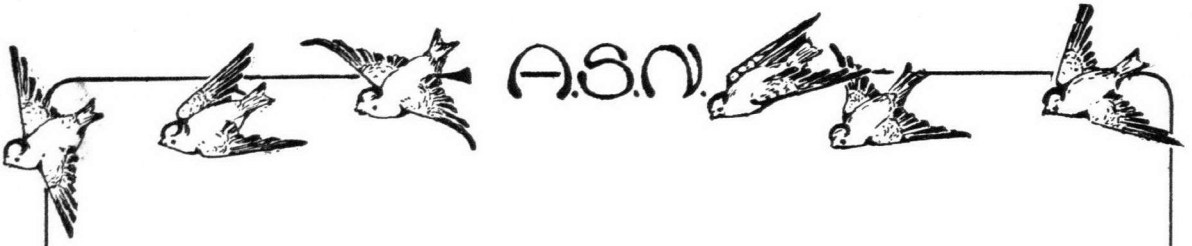


THE ARMY SCHOOL OF NURSING

WAITER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

LETTERMAN GENERAL HOSPITAL
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

— 1923 —



Foreword



S a class of nurses, we are about to step over the threshold of our careers. Behind us lie the patience and kindness of our school, the inspiring records of those who have preceded us, and our ever humble and untiring efforts to succeed.

It is, then, with gratitude, pride, and confidence that we look forward to the future. We can only hope and believe that these instruments, which have made it possible for us to achieve the first accomplishment, will continue with us in memory and in fact to lighten our burdens and urge us on to new endeavors.

The responsibility of our task confronts us as we leave our school to take up practical work in fields where our Science is sorely needed. We can not help counting our purpose a high one, and the opportunities which lie before us boundless in their extent.

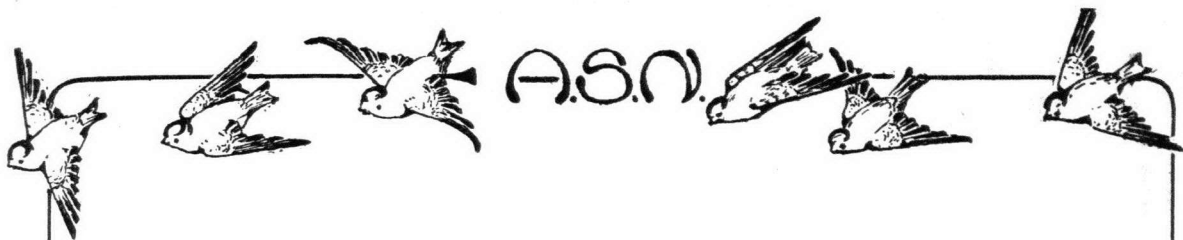
To all those who have given their time and effort to make this book successful, we give our sincere thanks, and we feel that it is greatly through their efforts that we are able to present to our classmates this volume which, we hope, will be not only a pleasant reminder of busy days together, but a symbol of the ties which bind us to this institution, and of the important work for which it stands.

There is left for us, then, to bid farewell to our faculty, to our classmates "au revoir," and to our purpose to say—

"Ad astra per aspera."

MARTHA PATTON, 1923.





To
Colonel James D. Glennan

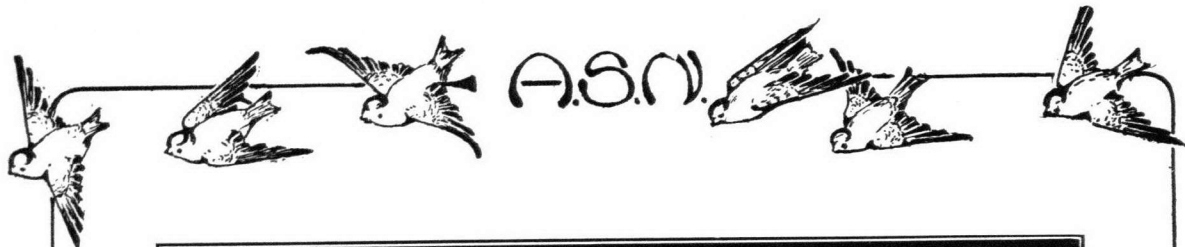
The
Students of the Class of 1923
of
The Army School of Nursing

Dedicate This Book



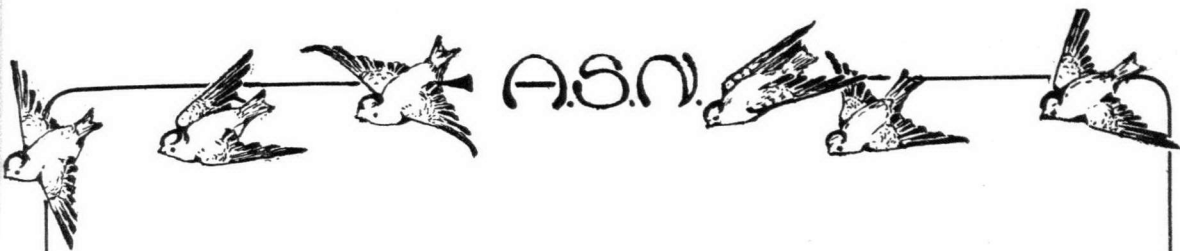
To Colonel Glennan, our commanding
officer, we offer this volume to express, in
part, the appreciation we so keenly feel.

1923



MAJOR GENERAL MERRITTE W. IRELAND
Surgeon General, U. S. Army

1923



Merritte Weber Ireland

MERRITTE W. IRELAND, Surgeon General, U. S. Army, was born at Columbia, Indiana, May 31st, 1867. He received the M. D. Degree from Detroit College of Medicine in 1890, and from Jefferson Medical College in 1891. In that year he was appointed Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Army, with the rank of First Lieutenant. From that time he saw service as Captain, Major, Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier General, and finally was appointed to the grade of Major General in August, 1918. In October of 1918 General Ireland was appointed Surgeon General of the Army.

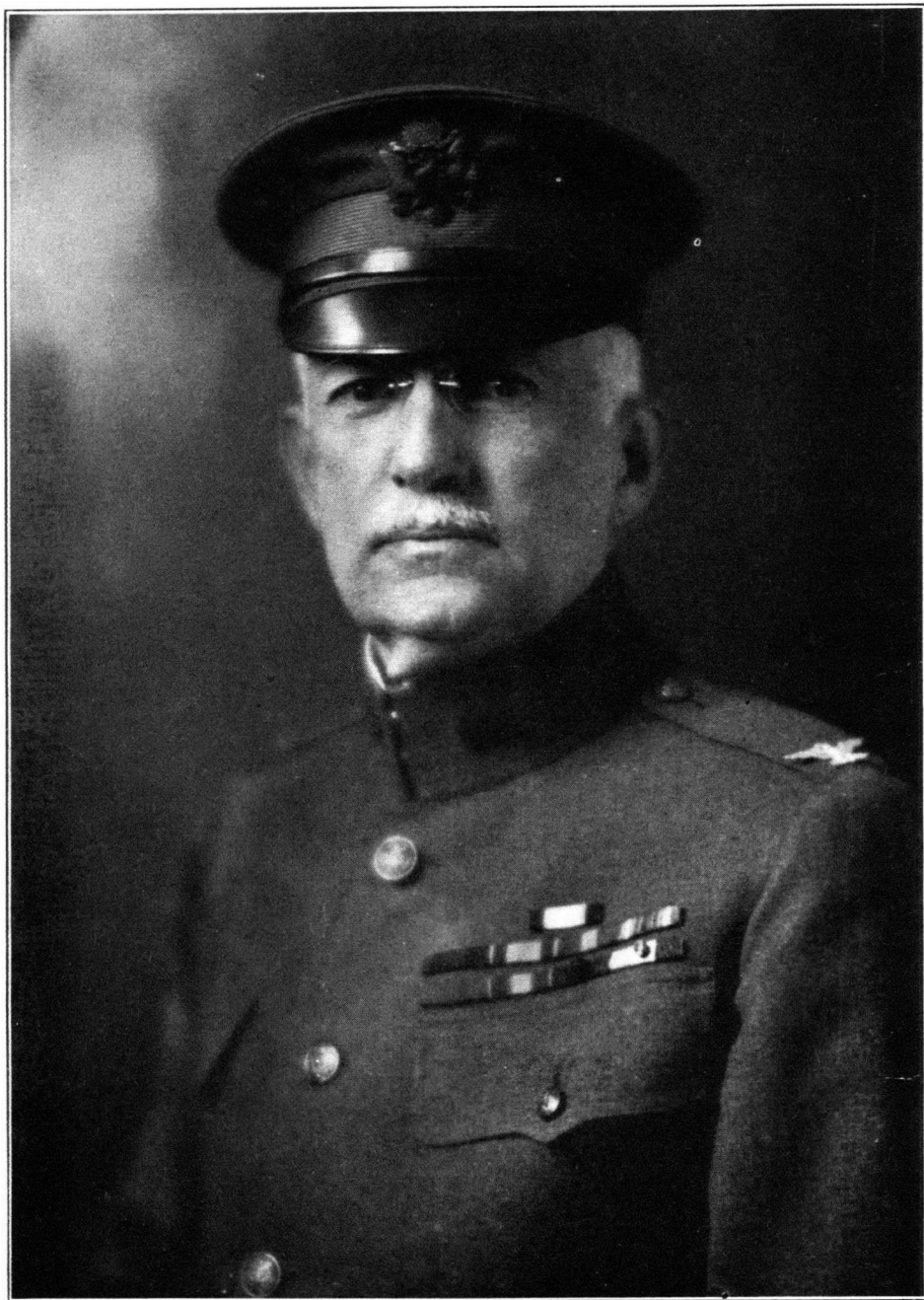
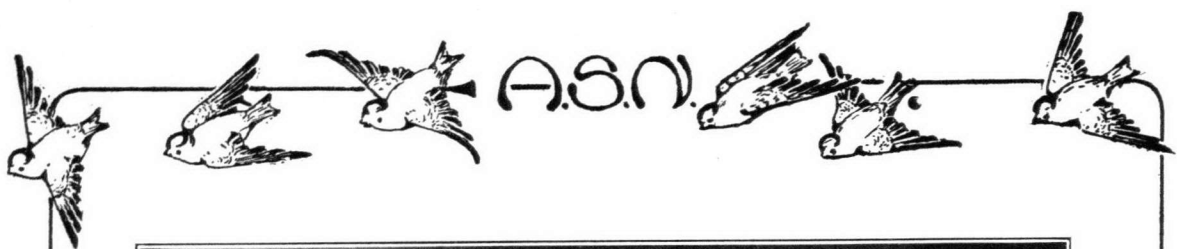
In his Army career General Ireland had service at various Western stations, in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, in the Philippines twice, once during the Philippine Insurrection, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and with the American Expeditionary Forces where he was Assistant to the Chief Surgeon of those forces until May, 1918, when he was appointed Chief Surgeon, a position he held until his return to the United States to become Surgeon General in October, 1918.

General Ireland has received the Distinguished Service Medal, the French Medaille des Epidemies, the French decoration, Commandeur, Legion d'Honneur; the British decoration, Companion, Order of the Bath; and the Red Cross Silver Medal from the Serbian Government.

He holds the degrees of LL. D. from Jefferson Medical College and Gettysburg College; A. M. from the University of Michigan; is a Fellow, Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, Scotland, and a Fellow, American College of Surgeons.

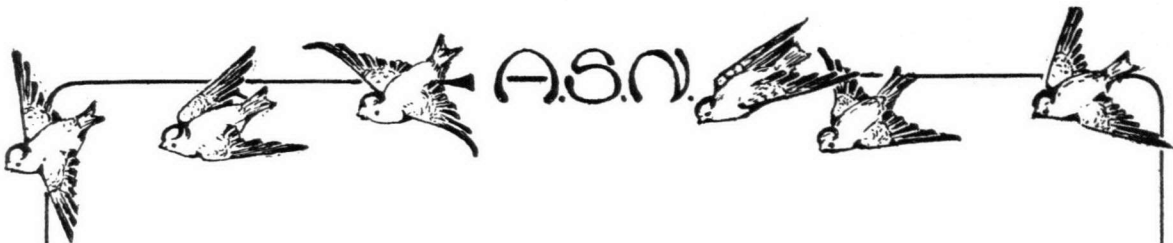
General Ireland is also a member of many scientific, educational, and philanthropic organizations.





COLONEL JAMES D. GLENNAN, M. C.
Commanding Officer, Walter Reed U. S. A. General Hospital

1923



Colonel James D. Glennan



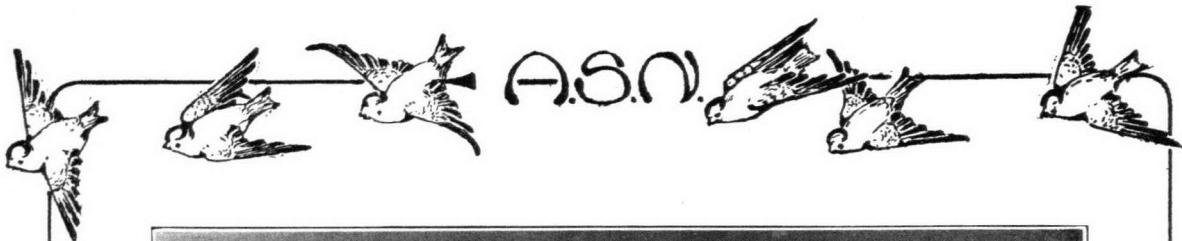
COLONEL JAMES D. GLENNAN, Medical Corps, United States Army, was born at Rochester, New York, on March 2, 1862, and in early infancy moved with his parents to the District of Columbia, so that he is truly a Washingtonian. He completed his medical studies at Columbian University, now known as George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

In 1888 he was commissioned in the Medical Corps and served several years at posts on the western frontier and with Indians, and was on duty with the Seventh Cavalry in the Sioux Indian Campaign in 1890. In 1898, as a Major and Brigade Surgeon, he saw active service in the Spanish-American War and in the Philippine Insurrection, and was Chief Surgeon with the Mexican Punitive Expedition in 1916.

At the beginning of the World War Colonel Glennan was assigned to duty in the office of the Surgeon General as officer in charge of hospitalization for domestic service. Early in 1918 he was sent overseas as Chief of Hospitalization and Evacuation Division of the Chief Surgeon's Office, American Expeditionary Forces, and while on that duty was promoted to the grade of Brigadier General.

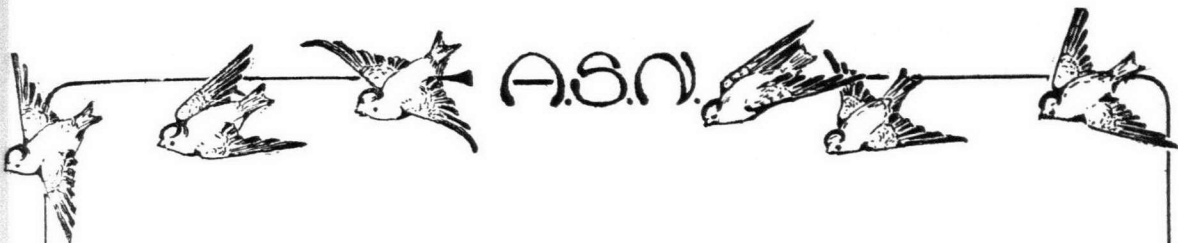
On returning to the United States Colonel Glennan was assigned to Walter Reed General Hospital, his present station, as commanding officer. During his long Army career Colonel Glennan has also been commanding officer of the Division Hospital, Manila, P. I.; The Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.; and the Soldiers' Home Hospital, Washington, D. C.





MAJOR JULIA C. STIMSON
Superintendent Army Nurse Corps; Dean, Army School of Nursing

1923



Major Julia C. Stimson

JULIA C. STIMSON was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, and received her preliminary education at the Brearley School, New York City. She was graduated from Vassar College in 1901 and received the A. B. degree. She later took post-graduate work at Columbia University, New York City, and at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, and received the A. M. degree from that institution in 1917. In 1921 she received the honorary degree Sc. D. from Mount Holyoke College.

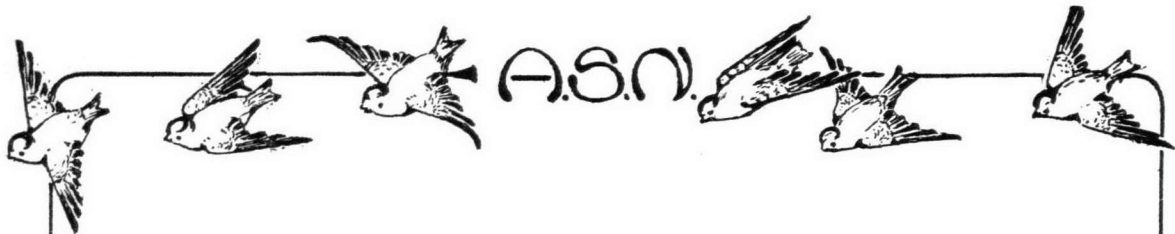
In 1908 Miss Stimson was graduated from the New York Hospital Training School for Nurses. Following her graduation she was for three years superintendent of nurses at Harlem Hospital, New York City. In 1911 she took charge of social service at Washington University Medical School, St. Louis, and later became superintendent of the training school for nurses at the Barnes Hospital and the St. Louis Children's Hospital, in addition to being administrator of social service.

Miss Stimson became a member of the Army Nurse Corps and sailed for Europe in May, 1917, as Chief Nurse of Base Hospital No. 21, the St. Louis Unit. This hospital served with the British Expeditionary Forces in France, and Miss Stimson remained there until April, 1918, when she was assigned to duty with the American Red Cross in Paris. There she was made Chief Nurse of the Red Cross Nursing Service in France. In November of that year she was appointed Director of Nursing Service, A. E. F., where she had the supervision of over 10,000 members of the Army Nurse Corps.

Upon her return from Europe in July, 1919, Miss Stimson was appointed Acting Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps, and Dean, Army School of Nursing, and on December 30, 1919, she was appointed Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps. When, by the act of Congress dated June 4, 1920, the members of the Army Nurse Corps were given relative rank, Miss Stimson became Major Stimson.

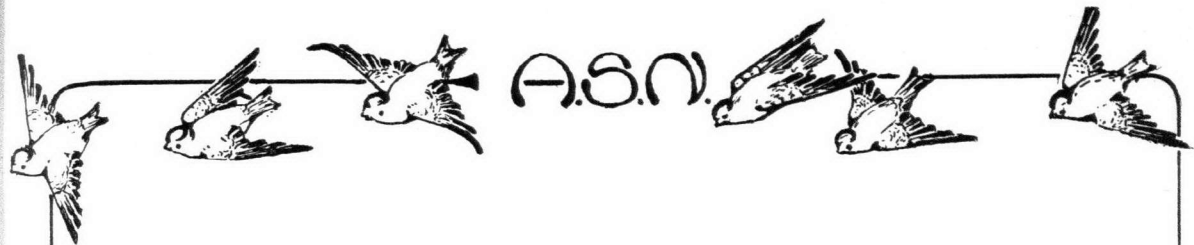
Major Stimson has received the Distinguished Service Medal, the British Royal Red Cross, first class, and the French award, *Medaille de la Reconnaissance Francaise*, as well as a citation from Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.

She is the author of "Nurse's Handbook of Drugs and Solutions" and "Finding Themselves," and has written many reports and articles.



ANNIE W. GOODRICH
First Dean, Army School of Nursing

1923



Annie W. Goodrich

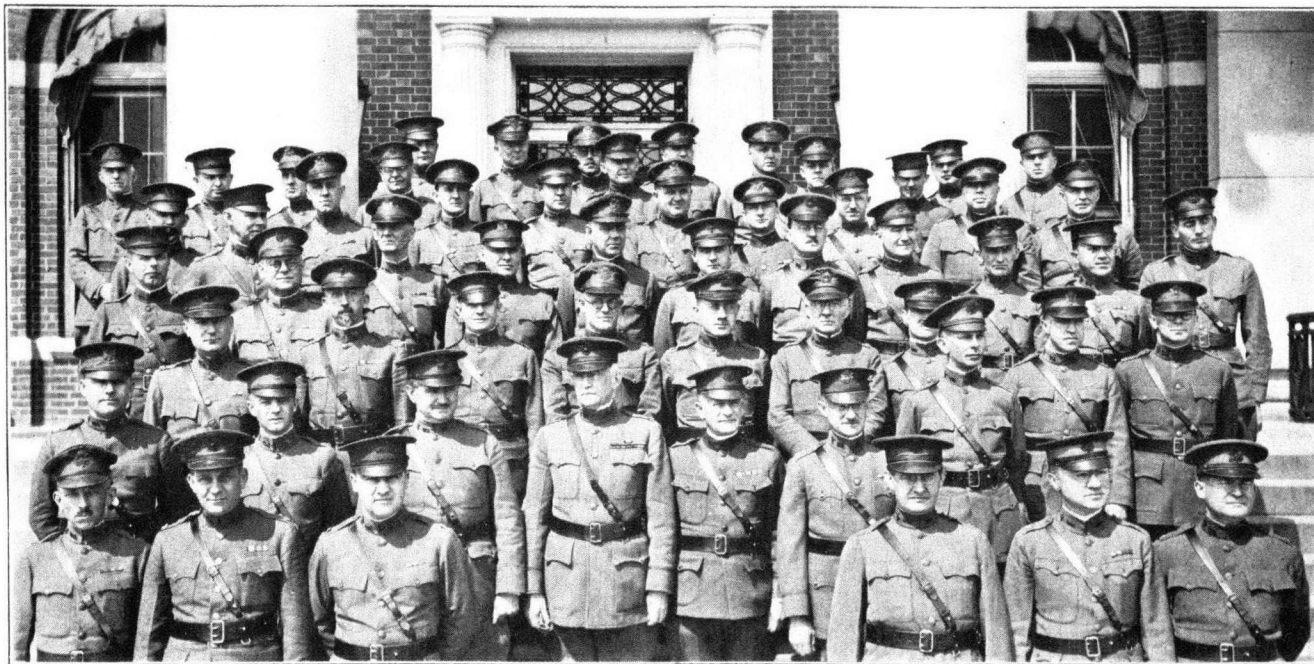
MISS ANNIE W. GOODRICH was born of American parents in New Brunswick, New Jersey. She received her preliminary education in the private schools of Connecticut, England, and France. In 1892 she was graduated from the New York Hospital Training School for Nurses, and for the eight years following her graduation she served as Superintendent of Nurses at the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, New York City. During the next ten years she held similar positions at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, the New York Hospital, New York City, and Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City. From 1910 to 1914 she was Inspector of Nurse Training Schools, New York State Education Department.

Miss Goodrich became Director of Nurses, Henry Street Settlement, New York City, in 1917, and left this position to act as Dean of the Army School of Nursing from early in 1918 to August of 1919. As its first Dean, she organized the Army School of Nursing and effected the enrollment of 1,800 selected young women as students. She left the Army School to resume her duties as Director of Nurses at Henry Street Settlement, where she has been ever since that time. In addition to her duties at Henry Street, she is Assistant Professor in the Department of Nursing and Health, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City. She has been affiliated with Teachers' College for many years, as she was lecturer there from 1904 to 1913, and Assistant Professor from 1914 to the present time, with the exception of the time spent in Washington in connection with the Army School.

In the autumn of 1921 Miss Goodrich was granted the honorary degree of Doctor of Science by Mount Holyoke College. In March, 1923, the War Department awarded the Distinguished Service Medal to Miss Goodrich in recognition of her exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services as organizer and first Dean of the Army School of Nursing.

Miss Goodrich has written many articles on the subject of nursing and has been closely connected with various nursing organizations. She has held the offices of President, American Nurses' Association; President, American Federation of Nurses; and Vice-President, International Council of Nurses.

In April, 1923, Miss Goodrich was appointed Dean of the first university undergraduate school of nursing in the United States, which has been established at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.



OFFICERS

From left to right—First row: Maj. Norman T. Kirk, Maj. S. Jay Turnbull, Maj. Don G. Moore, Maj. John W. Sherwood, Maj. Adam E. Schlanser, Maj. Guy L. Qualls.

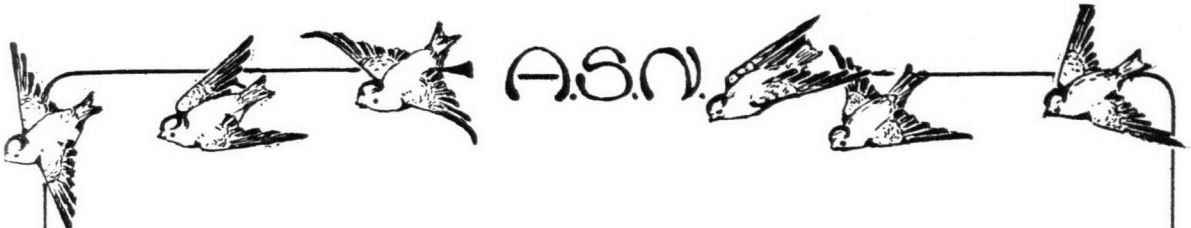
Second row: Maj. Raymond E. Scott, Maj. Raymond W. Bliss, Lieut. Col. William L. Kellar (chief surgeon), Col. James D. Glennan (commanding officer), Lieut. Col. Paul S. Holloran, Lieut. Col. Lloyd L. Smith (medical chief), Maj. Mickey, Capt. Francis M. Tench, Capt. Phillip Cook.

Third row: Maj. Robert E. Parrish, Maj. Lucius L. Hopwood, Maj. John Dibble, Maj. James B. Montgomery, Maj. Edmund B. Spaeth, Maj. Philander C. Riley, Maj. Henry K. B. Hufford.

Fourth row: Capt. Patrick S. Madigan, Capt. George B. Terry, Maj. George B. Newell, Maj. Roy T. Morris, Maj. Brown S. McClintic, Maj. Hertel Makel, Capt. Arthur H. Nylen, Capt. Albert P. Kinberger, Maj. Henry C. Bradford, Maj. James P. Crawford, Capt. Harris T. Doust.

Fifth row: Lieut. James L. Alverson, Maj. James E. Phillips, Maj. Henry C. Coburn, Maj. Albert W. Kenner, Capt. Nolan N. Canter, Capt. John F. Lieberman, Capt. Francis E. Weatherby, Capt. Carlton C. Starkes, Capt. Chauncey Dovell, Capt. Earle F. Greene.

Sixth row: Capt. James N. Lothrop, Capt. James B. Mann, Capt. William J. Freebourn, Maj. James G. Morningstar, Capt. Hayes, Capt. Clarence C. Olsen, Maj. Edgar F. Haines, Maj. Charles M. Watson, Maj. James A. Bethea, Capt. William E. Sankey, Capt. Joseph R. Darnell, Capt. De Forest Ballou, Lieut. L. Van Ness Ingram, Capt. William B. Foster, Jr.



Faculty of Administration

Maj. Gen. MERRITTE W. IRELAND,
Surgeon General, U. S. Army,
Washington, D. C.

Maj. JULIA C. STIMSON,
Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps,
Dean, Army School of Nursing,
Washington, D. C.



**Walter Reed General Hospital,
Washington, D. C.**

Col. JAMES D. GLENNAN, Commanding.

Lt. Col. WILLIAM L. KELLER,
Chief of Surgical Service.

Lt. Col. L. L. SMITH,
Chief of Medical Service,
Advisor, Army School of Nursing.

Capt. ELIZABETH D. REID,
Assistant Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps.

First Lieut. ELIZABETH MELBY,
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps,
Supervisor of Instruction, Army School of
Nursing.

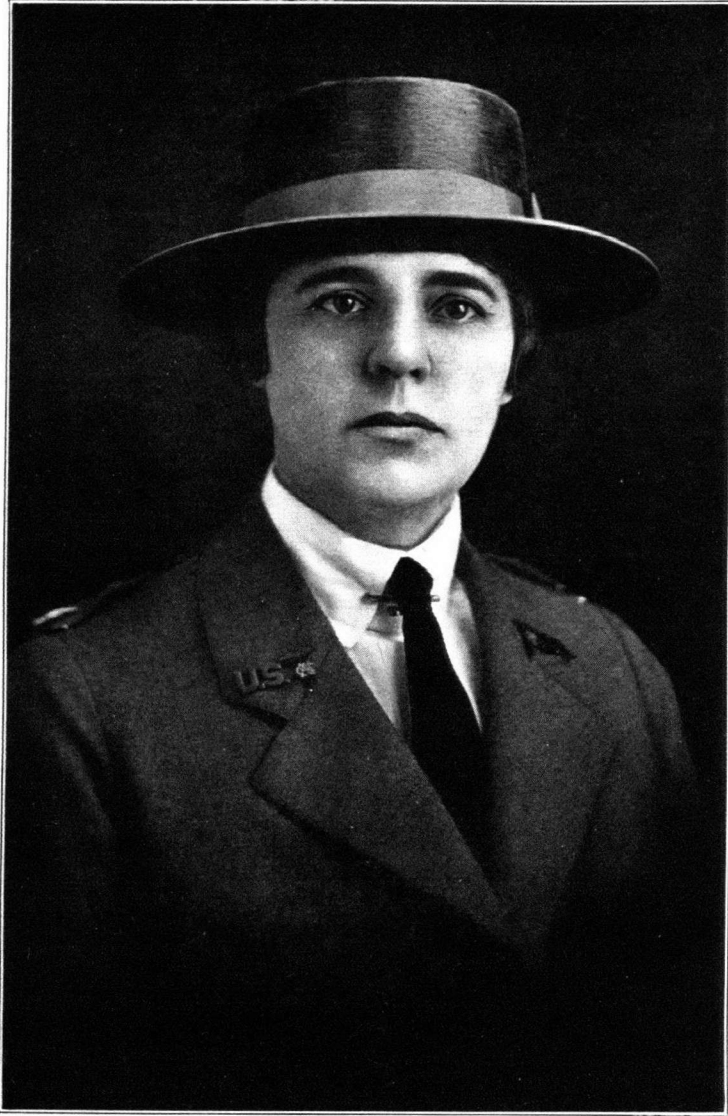
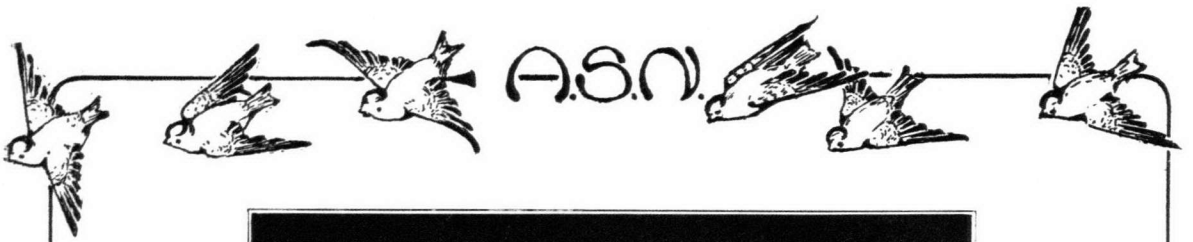


**Letterman General Hospital,
San Francisco, Calif.**

Col. ALBERT E. TRUBY, Commanding.

Capt. DORA E. THOMPSON,
Assistant Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps.

First Lieut. RUTH I. TAYLOR,
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps,
Supervisor of Instruction, Army School of
Nursing.



CAPTAIN ELIZABETH D. REID

Chief Nurse, Walter Reed General Hospital—April, 1922—February, 1923

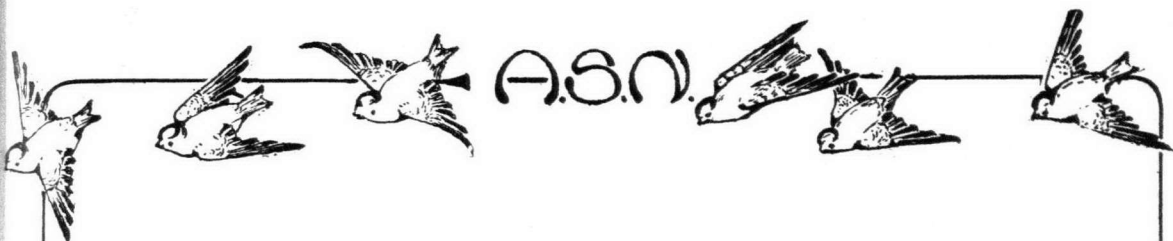
OUR CHIEF NURSES

When we arrived at Walter Reed on October 1, 1920, we were greeted by Miss Anne Williamson, who watched over us and helped us during those trying days of probation and shared with us our joy when we received our caps. Regretfully we said good-bye to her when we left for Philadelphia, because we knew that when we were to return a new chief nurse would be presiding.

After eight months' affiliation, on Easter Sunday, 1922, we were welcomed to the Post by Miss Elizabeth Reid. We found her to be a friend who had our interests close at heart. When Miss Reid left for New York to take up work at Columbia University we were pleased to learn that she would be succeeded by Mrs. Julia Flikke, whom we had already learned to love.

For three years these chief nurses have been our guardians, giving us freely their counsel and help and, greatest of all, an inspiration to better work and higher ideals.

1923



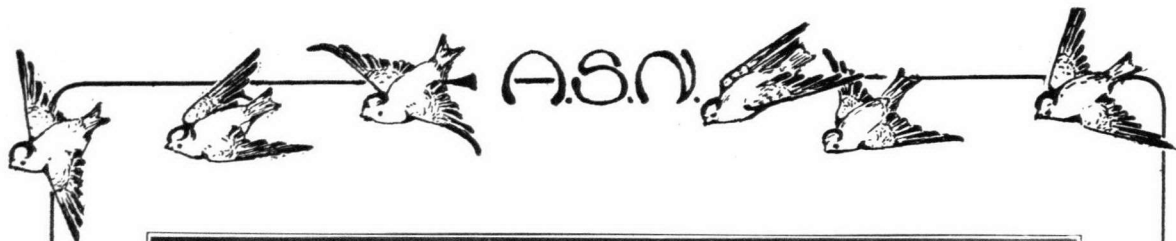
Officers of Instruction

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

- Col. Seibert D. Boak, D. C.,
Chief of Dental Section,
Lecturer in dental diseases.
- Lt. Col. Lloyd L. Smith, M. C.,
Chief of Medical Section,
Advisor, Army School of Nursing.
- Maj. J. W. Betha, M. C.,
Chief of Urology Section,
Lecturer in venereal diseases and urology.
- Maj. James P. Crawford, M. C.,
Lecturer in chemistry.
- Maj. John S. Gaul, M. C.,
Lecturer in septic surgery.
- Maj. Henry K. B. Hufford, M. C.,
Lecturer in orthopedic surgery.
- Maj. Norman T. Kirk, M. C.,
Lecturer in orthopedic surgery.
- Maj. James B. Montgomery, M. C.,
Lecturer in physio therapy.
- Maj. Alexander D. Parce, M. C.,
Lecturer in principles of surgery.
- Maj. Robert E. Parrish, M. C.,
Lecturer in otology, rhinology, and
laryngology.
- Maj. Philander C. Riley, M. C.,
Lecturer in general medical diseases.
- Maj. William L. Sheep, M. C.,
Lecturer in abnormal psychology.
- Maj. Raymond E. Scott, M. C.,
Lecturer in microbiology and pathology.
- Maj. John W. Sherwood, M. C.,
Lecturer in occupational therapy.
- Maj. Edmund B. Spaeth, M. C.,
Lecturer in ophthalmology.
- Maj. Charles M. Walson, M. C.,
Lecturer in public sanitation.
- Capt. Noland M. Canter, M. C.,
Lecturer in Röntgenology.
- Capt. Philip L. Cook, M. C.,
Lecturer in peripheral nerve surgery.
- Capt. Joseph R. Darnall, M. C.,
Lecturer in materia medica.
- Capt. Herbert N. Dean, M. A. C.,
Officer in charge of military drill.
- Capt. Chauncey E. Dowell, M. C.,
Lecturer in empyema surgery.
- Capt. Beverley M. Epes, D. C.,
Lecturer in dental diseases.
- Capt. William B. Foster, M. C.,
Lecturer in anatomy and physiology.
- Capt. James B. Mann, D. C.,
Lecturer in dental diseases.
- Capt. Elizabeth D. Reid, A. N. C.,
Assistant Superintendent, Army Nurse
Corps.
- Capt. William E. Sankey, D. C.,
Lecturer in dental diseases.
- Capt. Carlton C. Starkes, M. C.,
Lecturer in anesthesia.
- First Lieut. Jessie M. Braden, A. N. C.,
Charge nurse, laboratory.
- First Lieut. Lucy W. Holden, A. N. C.,
Instructor in operating-room technique.
- First Lieut. Elizabeth Melby, A. N. C.,
Charge instruction, Army School of
Nursing.
- First Lieut. Mary W. Tobin, A. N. C.,
Instructor in practical nursing.
- Second Lieut. Lillian M. Smith, A. N. C.,
Instructing supervisor.
- Miss Genevieve Field, head dietitian,
Instructor in dietetics and diet in disease.
- Miss Alberta Montgomery,
Supervisor of occupational therapy.
- Miss Emma E. Vogel,
Supervisor of physio therapy.
- Miss Bertha B. York,
Head physio therapy aide.

Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.

- Lieut. Col. Julien R. Bernheim, D. C.,
Lecturer in dental diseases.
- Maj. Charles K. Berle, M. C.,
Lecturer in physio therapy.
- Maj. George D. Chunn, M. C.,
Lecturer in constitutional diseases.
- Maj. Haskett L. Conner, M. C.,
Lecturer in anatomy and physiology.
- Maj. Harry Louis Dale, M. C.,
Lecturer in diseases of the ear, nose, and
throat.



Mrs. Julia O. Flikke

1923



Maj. Roland A. Davison, M. C.,
Lecturer in diseases of urinary tract.

Maj. William G. Guthrie, M. C.,
Lecturer in diseases of liver and pancreas.

Maj. Edward G. Huber, M. C.,
Lecturer in public sanitation.

Maj. Augustus B. Jones, M. C.,
Lecturer in communicable diseases.

Maj. Max R. Stockton, M. C.,
Lecturer in diseases of the eye.

Maj. Ward S. Wells, M. C.,
Lecturer in diseases of circulatory system.

Maj. Thomas D. Woodson, M. C.,
Lecturer in mental diseases.

Capt. James W. Duckworth, M. C.,
Lecturer in surgery.

Capt. Kenneth G. Kincaid, M. A. C.,
Lecturer in applied chemistry.

Capt. Edward J. Strickler, M. C.,
Lecturer in elements of psychology.

Capt. Elmer S. Tenney, M. C.,
Lecturer in bacteriology.

Capt. Leonard W. Weaver, M. C.,
Lecturer in skin and venereal diseases.

First Lieut. Margaret E. Thompson, A. N. C.,
Instructor in ethics and hospital house-keeping.

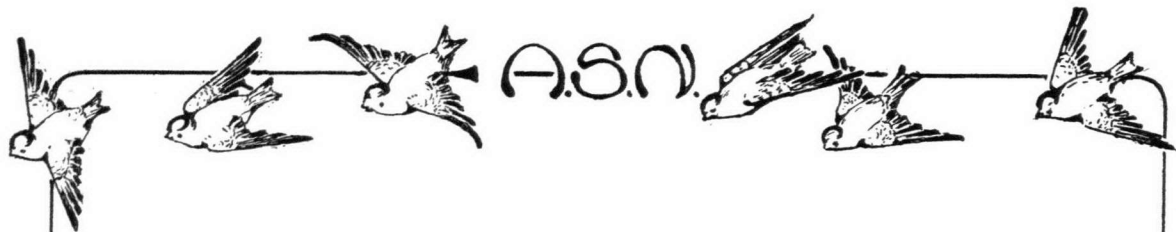
First Lieut. Ruth I. Taylor, A. N. C.,
Instructor in nursing principles and methods.

Second Lieut. Frances D. Troutman, A. N. C.,
Instructor in operating-room technique.

Miss Evaline M. Kerr, head dietitian,
Instructor in nutrition.

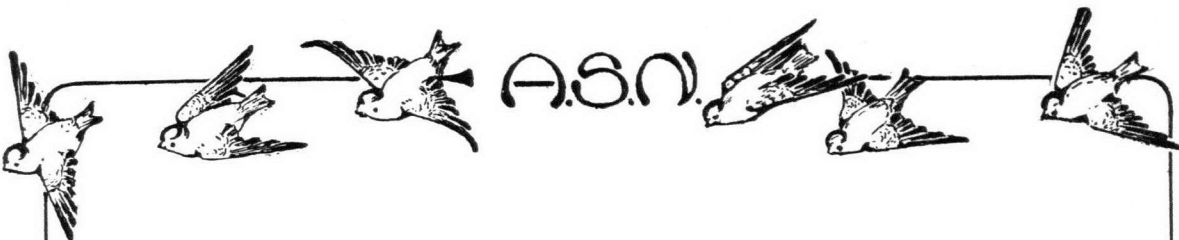
Miss Perle Dubois,
Supervisor of occupational therapy.





MAJOR WALTER REED, M. D.

1923



Major Walter Reed, M. D.

"When nature has work to be done she creates a genius to do it."—EMERSON.



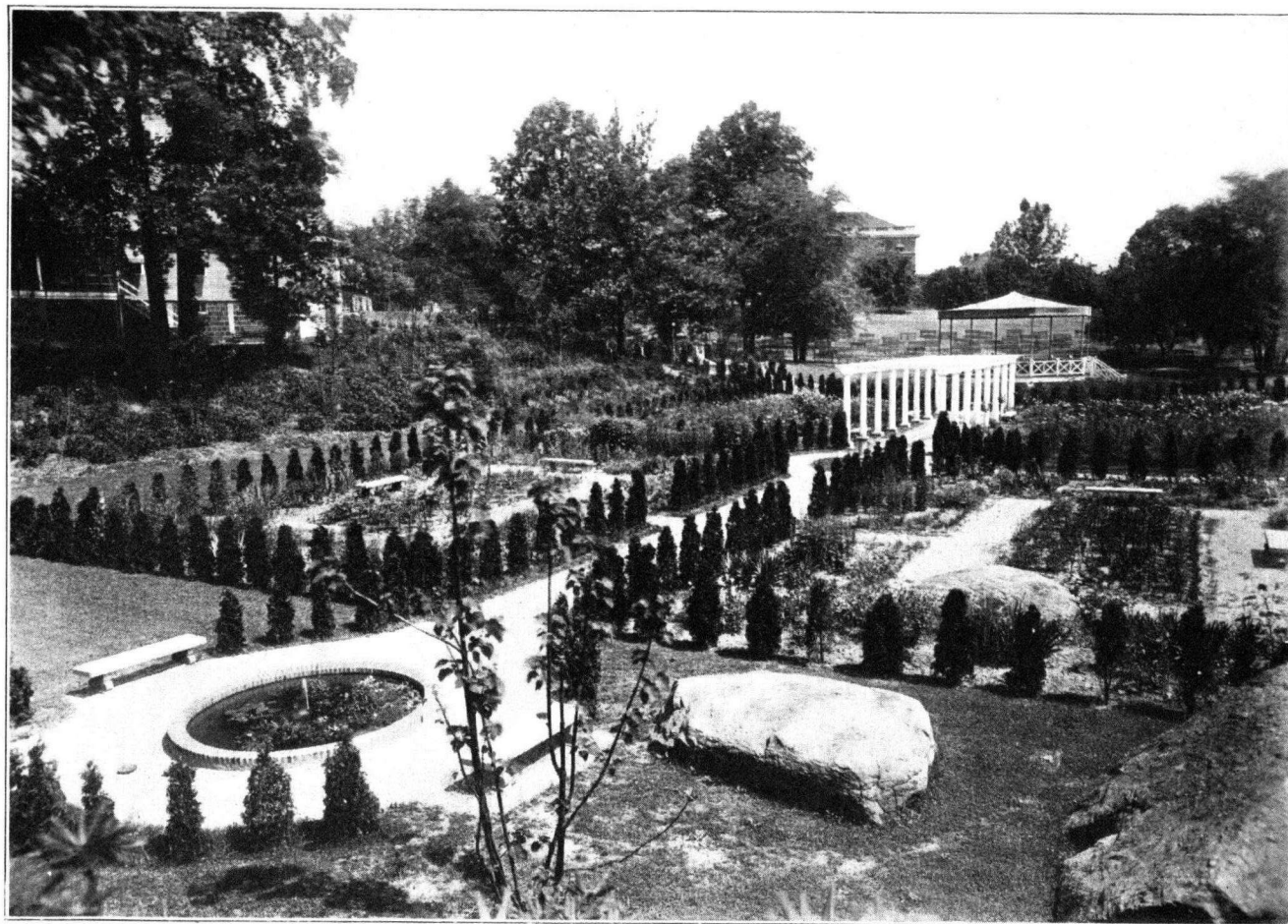
ALTER REED was born in Gloucester County, Virginia, September 13, 1851. His parents were descendants of our English Colonial pioneers and he inherited from them the perseverance, self-control, and force of character which marks so significantly those early struggles in the Colonies.

When the boy was six years old he began his education at a private school in Farmville, Prince Edward County. His keen desire for knowledge was manifested in his untiring efforts and his rapid advancement. At the age of 16, Walter Reed entered the University of Virginia and two years later, in 1867, was graduated, receiving his degree of Doctor of Medicine. A few months after graduation he matriculated as a medical student at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, receiving his M. D. a year later.

The next few years were spent by the young doctor in various New York hospitals and as a district physician to one of the poorest districts in the city. The work afforded him a varied field of experience but permitted little time for study and so, after serious reflection, Dr. Reed decided to give up his civilian life and applied for entrance into the Medical Corps of the Army.

In 1875 he brilliantly passed his entrance examination, received his commission of First Lieutenant, and his appointment at Willets Point, New York Harbor. The following year he was transferred to Camp Lowell, Arizona, but before he left was married to Miss Emilie Lawrence, of Murfreesboro, North Carolina, who shared with him the hardships of that western frontier life. There followed for the Reed family eighteen years of garrison life, including fifteen changes of station—years of training in constant daily, unselfish devotion to the needs of others, often amid most uncongenial surroundings—a broad training which prepared Lieutenant Reed quite unconsciously for the great work in store for him. While stationed in Baltimore, in 1881, Captain Reed, he had recently been promoted, pursued his studies at Johns Hopkins University. His work there included courses in pathology, bacteriology, and research work, as well as general medicine and surgery. In 1893, when ordered to duty in the Surgeon General's Office, he was promoted to the rank of Major and appointed Curator of the Army Medical Museum and Professor of Bacteriology and Clinical Microscopy in the United States Army Medical School. Major Reed's years of service in Washington, which were notable because of contributions to the scientific world, not only in the capacity of an instructor but also as a pioneer in new fields of research work, finally culminated in that momentous expedition to Cuba in 1900. Yellow fever had broken out

1923



The Formal Gardens, Walter Reed General Hospital



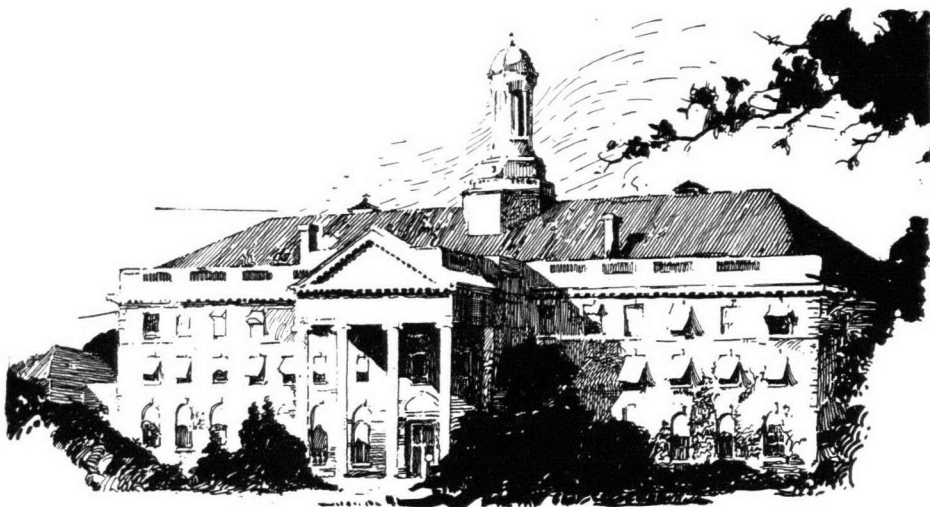
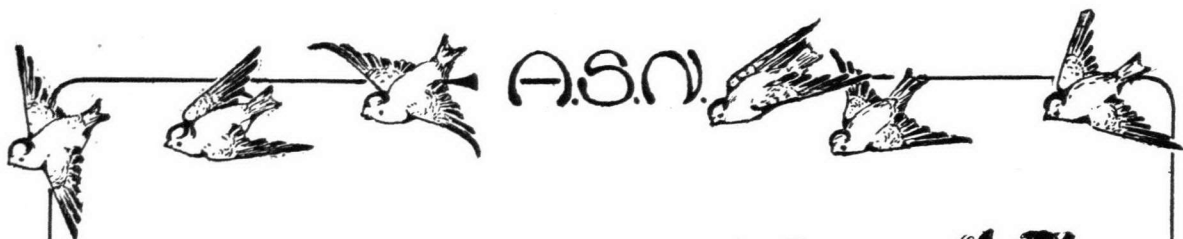
among the American troops stationed at Havana. The mortality rate was extremely high, as no available means of controlling the disease was at that time known. A committee headed by Major Walter Reed, whose assistants were Dr. James Carol, Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, and Dr. Aristides Agramonte, was sent to Havana to investigate the condition there. The record of that investigation is a story of unflinching duty, of self-sacrifice and self-effacement, a story of men who unhesitatingly volunteered to offer themselves as subjects for tests whose outcome might be and sometimes were fatal. The unfaltering work of these men and their wonderful, inspiring loyalty to their cause made the commission successful.

After carefully observing a great many cases and aided by bacterial and microscopical study, Dr. Reed discovered that the mosquito *C. fasciatus* serves as the intermediate host for the parasite of yellow fever. Thus by protecting patients from the carriers and eradication of the mosquitoes, a definite method of control was made possible, although the specific organism which causes yellow fever was unknown. Experiments were conducted to discover the exact length of time necessary for incubation. It was at this time that Dr. Lazaer was bitten by one of the dread carriers. He developed yellow fever in its most virulent form and died a few days later. The hardships and sacrifices of that little band of workers in Cuba brought direct results. Not a single case of yellow fever occurred in Havana and as far as is known in Cuba in 1902. The world was thus freed of a dread disease.

Upon his return to Washington, Major Reed resumed his work at the Army Medical School and as Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology in Columbian University. In 1902 Harvard University bestowed upon him the honorary degree of M. A., and shortly after the degree of LL. D. was conferred on him by the University of Michigan.

At the zenith of his career, with great work done but such far-reaching possibilities before him, the great man was obliged to leave the field to other daring searchers. At the Army Hospital Barracks, on November 22, 1902, Major Reed was operated upon for appendicitis. Due to his weakened condition and lowered vitality, he was unable to cope with the complications that followed and he died the sixth day after the operation. He rests with the world's heroes at Arlington. On a knoll overlooking the City of Washington stands the beautiful marble monument which his wife and two children have erected to his memory.

Dr. Reed was a skilled surgeon; he was a world-famed bacteriologist; but the greatest lesson of his life is: "that the secret of happiness and usefulness lies rather in giving what we can to life than in getting what we can from it."



History of Walter Reed General Hospital

WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL is maintained for the care of the sick and wounded in the Army, as well as those discharged or disabled during the war. The late Major Walter Reed, of the Army Medical Corps, a famous surgeon, sanitarian, and bacteriologist, whose investigations and researches in typhoid fever, cholera, and yellow fever are especially noteworthy, is the man in whose honor this institution was named. The history of the Walter Reed General Hospital is one of rapid development.

The hospital is situated in Takoma Park on a tract of land comprising 109 acres. The ground on which the hospital stands has a military history of its own. It is on the site of the skirmish of Fort Stevens, which was the engagement between the Union forces under General McCook and the Confederate troops led by General Early.

As early as 1862, it had been recommended by the Surgeon General that a permanent hospital be established in Washington in connection with the Army Medical School, but it was not until 1905 that Congress authorized the purchase of the land which was designated as the site of the new military hospital to be given the name of Walter Reed General Hospital. The Administration Building was completed in 1908. As the Hospital expanded, additional buildings were erected and at the present time, besides the numerous temporary buildings, there are eight permanent buildings, the prevailing type of architecture being Maryland Colonial.



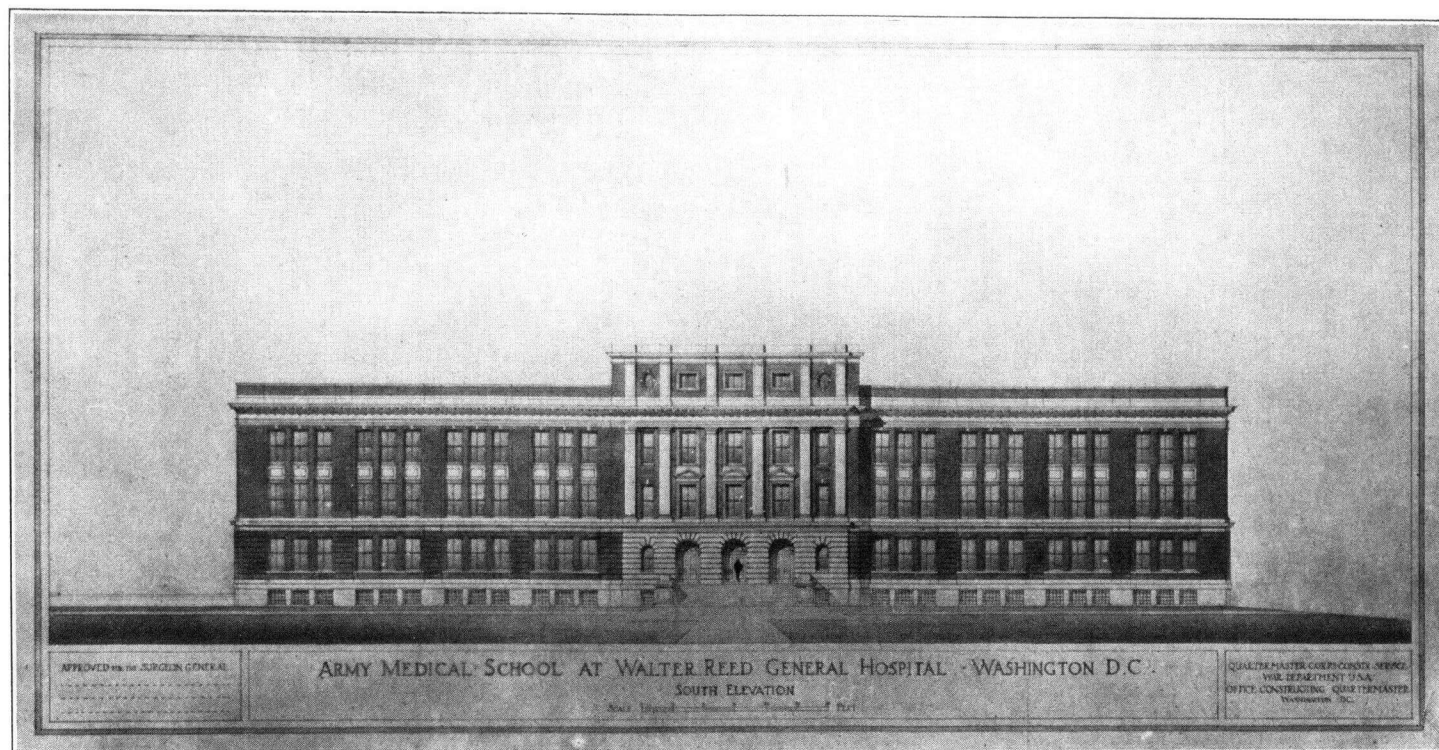
The Hospital was formally opened on April 14, 1909, there being on duty at that time five officers, sixty-two enlisted men, and three civilian employees. The patients in the hospital at the end of May included five officers, eleven enlisted men, and one civilian. On June 21, 1911, one chief nurse and three nurses joined the personnel, a fifth nurse arriving three days later. The enormous expansion which became necessary may be better understood when we learn that the bed capacity increased from 950 beds at the end of 1917 to 2,500 beds at the end of 1918. Though the construction of temporary buildings had been begun in 1917, additional land was acquired a year later and more temporary buildings were constructed to meet this need. The first real contingent of overseas wounded arrived in July, 1918, and thereafter until the end of the year averaged about 300 monthly. At the close of the year there were 865 orthopedic cases, 620 being amputations.

With the increase in the numbers of patients followed a corresponding increase in the personnel and all the hospital facilities. All indications that the hospital is building for the future, when it will undoubtedly be the Army medical center of Eastern United States, is manifested by the complete and thorough equipment of its various departments. The Laboratory, X-Ray Department, Hydro and Electro Therapy Departments, Occupational Therapy

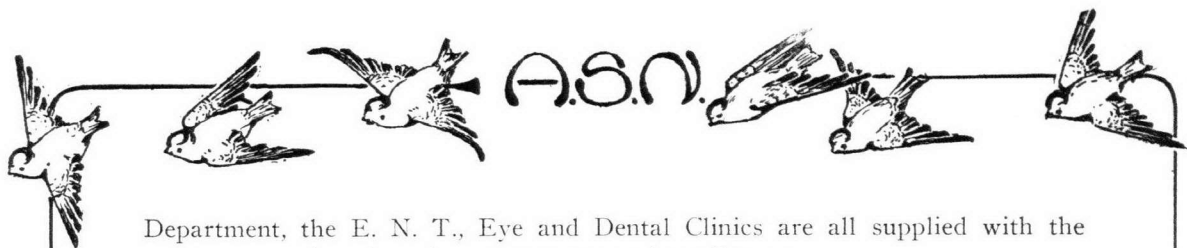


1923

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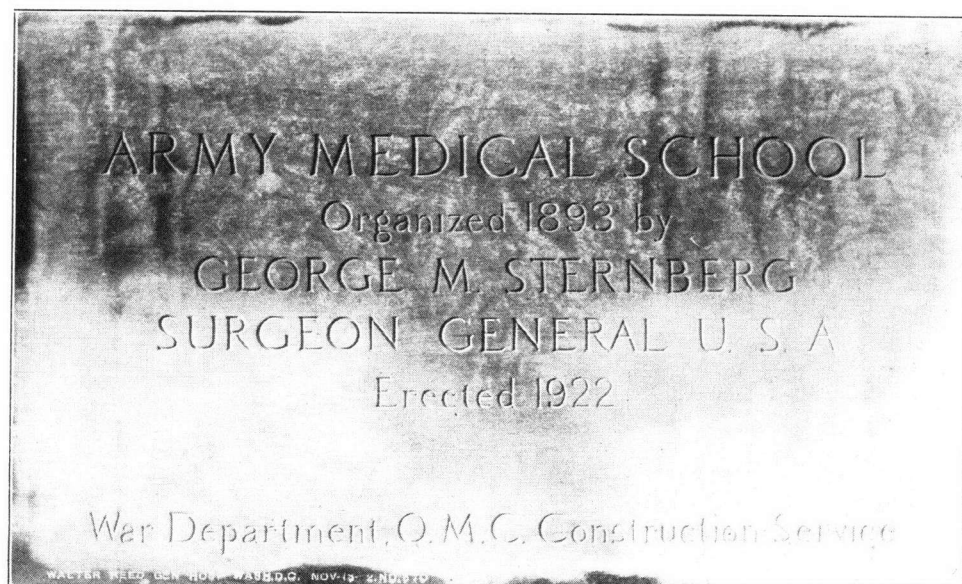
Army Medical School, Walter Reed General Hospital

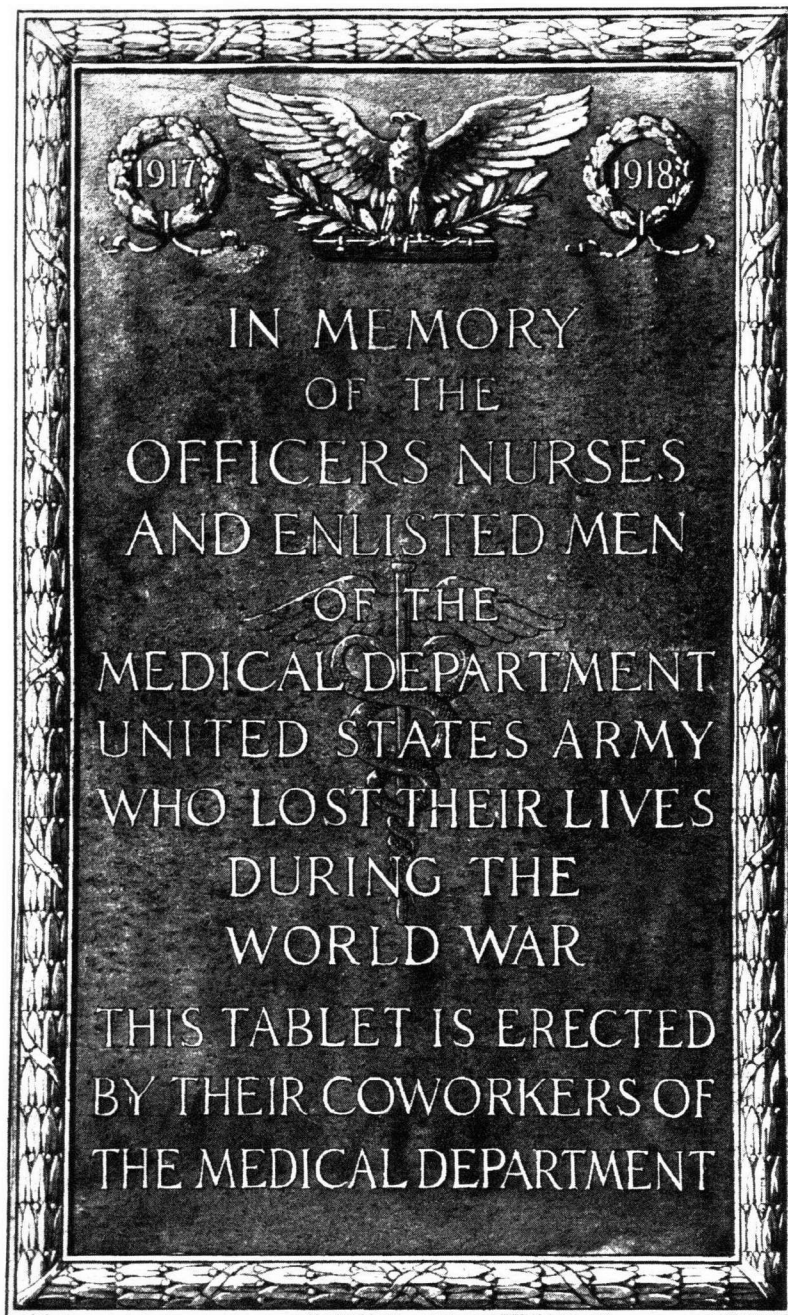
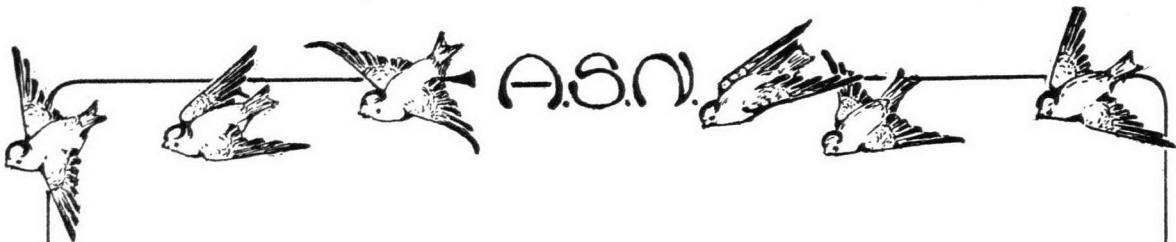


Department, the E. N. T., Eye and Dental Clinics are all supplied with the most approved and modern apparatus and appliances.

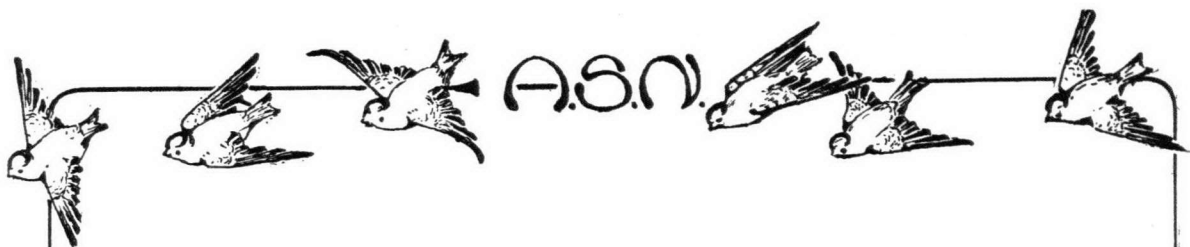
The Army Medical School Building is now in the course of erection. Plans are also made for a building to contain the Surgeon General's Library, the largest collection of medical literature in the world, and the Army Medical Museum. In addition to the hospital, the training activities conducted at Walter Reed include the Army Medical School, the Army Dental School, and the Army School of Nursing; also training courses in dietetics, physio-therapy, and laboratory technique. Thus besides being the largest military hospital in the country, it is an important training center for the personnel of the various branches of the Medical Department of the Army. When all the plans for its future expansion are realized, it is probable that the name of the hospital will be changed to the Walter Reed Medical Center, the hospital proper comprising one department and the various training activities another.

Walter Reed is a hospital, and it is a paradise of natural beauty—gardens between the wards, gardens everywhere, and trees and shrubbery and lawns. This beautiful hospital, which has restored to health and usefulness so many men from across the seas, is a glorious memorial to the brave American surgeon who gave his life to rid the world of a great scourge.





1923



History of Occupational Therapy

SINCE the year of 1791 there has been mention of occupational therapy by various doctors, though the practice of supplementing medical treatment with curative and diversional occupations was not known by that name until December 28, 1914, when Edward Barton, at a conference of hospital workers called by the Massachusetts State Board of Insanity at Boston, used that term.

From a slow, struggling existence, occupational therapy was suddenly swept into the current of necessity which the war had created and, to meet the emergency, schools of occupational therapy were established where short courses of intensive training were given to young women, most of whom had already had experience in teaching, design, craft work, library work, commercial and academic work, etc.

The first reconstruction aides in occupational therapy were appointed by the War Department early in 1918.

Three enthusiastic, determined women, Mrs. Helen T. Smith and the Misses Julia and Alice Brice, began the work at Walter Reed General Hospital in Wards A and B, now 18 and 19. They faced many obstacles and discouragements. They made the diet kitchen of Ward 18 their headquarters, cloak room, office, and supply room. They soon discovered that the refrigerator on the porch made an excellent storeroom for their reed and raffia, until one day it was discovered by the inspector. This was the first of a long series of adjustments to unfamiliar regulations, but they cheerfully continued to do their work and to learn the ways of the Army.

At the end of the first month there were thirty patients working. They made baskets with odds and ends of reed and bead chains from bits of bead trimmings sent in by Washington ladies. Each day at 12 o'clock the nurses came for instruction in basketry and mop-making, at that time considered a suitable and worth-while occupation.

April 25, 1918, a Director of Occupational Therapy was appointed. With this added dignity, the department was moved into the old Lay Mansion, a two-story, weather-stained building which stood on the ground back of the nurses' mess hall where the two tennis courts now are. The Supervisor's office, the supplies for the craft work, the weaving shop, and the academic and commercial departments occupied the rooms upstairs, while the orthopedic shop and other offices occupied the lower floor. The woodworking, drafting, and jewelry were crowded into temporary quarters in the power house.

During September and October of 1918, the number of aides rapidly increased. Talented women left important positions and professions to lend their services to occupational therapy.

In November, 1918, the department was moved to the new building in

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Commanding Officers' Quarters, Walter Reed General Hospital





the ninety section which had just been completed, and where the department now continues its work. That was an important epoch in the history of occupational therapy at Walter Reed General Hospital. At last there was an opportunity to develop new ideas and to formulate better plans to broaden the scope of the work.

Many aides were appointed and sent to this hospital for a short course of work preparatory to appointment for overseas service, as well as for work in the many Army hospitals then being established in this country. With this in mind, a series of lectures and demonstrations were arranged and given. There were lectures on psychology, Army discipline, and customs of the service, and the importance of cooperation with doctors and nurses. There were demonstrations of various crafts that could be done with very little equipment or extra planning; there were others analyzing the various movements of joints and muscles as they were brought into play in using different tools, devices, and machinery. This was the outgrowth of tests made in metrotherapy, a subject dealing with the measurement of improvement in the range of movement in joints and strength of muscle as applied to orthopedic cases, and many patients of this type were assigned to definite shop work in order to develop and strengthen the injured members. Aides were continually coming and going; some were sent overseas; others were sent to the Army hospitals in this country. With the signing of the armistice more definite plans were made and conditions became more settled in the spring of 1919.



Occupational Therapy, Walter Reed General Hospital

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Nurses' Quarters Number One, Walter Reed General Hospital





Many classes were organized, including work in various academic and commercial subjects, instruction for civil service, the use of office appliances of various types, printing, photography and motion-picture work, art work, drafting, weaving, electrical work, wood work, jewelry and metal work, oxy-acetylene welding, auto mechanics and machine-shop work, vulcanizing, and various types of work in agriculture, including greenhouse, dairy, and poultry work.

As the department grew and new work was established, reorganization and new systematizing was necessary. Besides furnishing diversion to occupy a patient's mind and thus hasten his recovery by keeping him in a contented attitude, and being a therapeutic measure for those assigned to a definite curative work, the shops and classrooms furnished a large exploratory field to prepare patients for vocational training after their discharge from the hospital. For others it has supplied an avocation that they are carrying into their homes. For still others it has been the means of developing an appreciation for better quality in many of the little things that contribute to their environment.

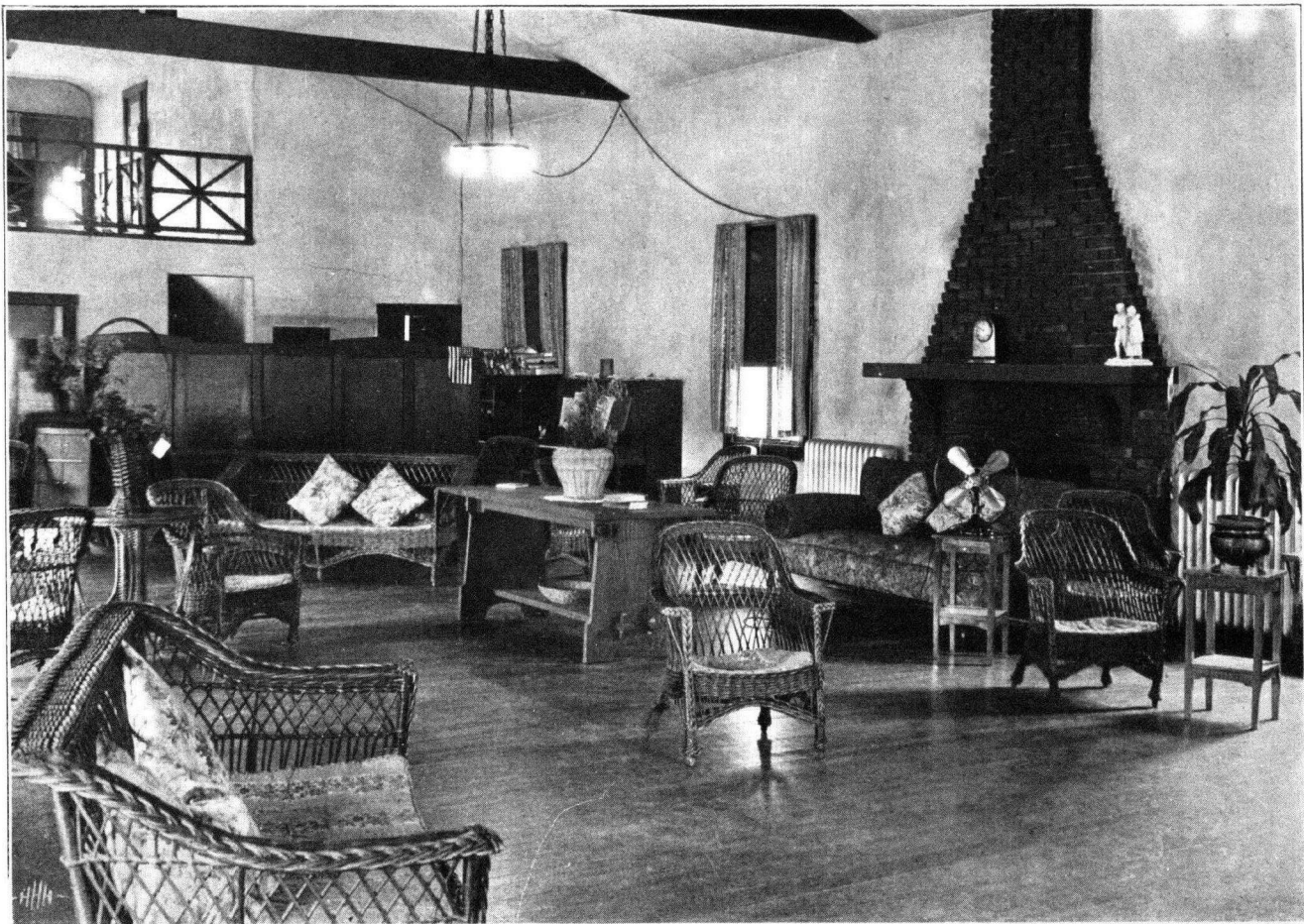
In the spring of 1921 "The Come-Back," an official Army publication, was discontinued as such, but the name was allowed to be applied to the little paper since then published by this hospital under the direction of the occupational therapy department.

When the need for aides was at its height a one-year course in occupational therapy was established, but as the war emergency passed and other schools supplied the demand, this was discontinued. Also, short courses in the work have been arranged and given to the student nurses of this hospital.

For the interest and education of the public, and the disposal of extra products made by the patients, an exhibition and salesroom was established in Building 95, where visitors may see or purchase the work of the patients.

In the summer of 1919 the Aides' Club came into being. A large remodeled farmhouse, located a couple of blocks away from the hospital grounds, was secured for headquarters. This, with the aid of sixteen Army tents and one mess tent, furnished living accommodations and many unforgettable experiences to the aides.

During the war emergency the Medical Social Service Department of the Army had a large personnel and functioned most cooperatively as an independent organization. Later, however, they were reduced in numbers, their work being largely completed or absorbed by other organizations. The remaining personnel are now a part of the occupational therapy department, though they still conduct a sort of clearing house for the social need of the patients as discovered not only by themselves, but by other occupational therapy aides, all of whom do some social service work; also by ward surgeons, nurses, other agencies, and individuals. They are especially active in disseminating information regarding the school and shops.



Nurses' Recreation Hut, Walter Reed General Hospital





The school cares for all the patients desiring academic or commercial work. Instructors are sent to the individual patients confined in bed or wards until they are able to go to the classrooms or shops, where they may avail themselves of complete courses along academic or commercial lines. From time to time, as they fit in with other work, educational trips to the Capitol, Library of Congress, Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and other public buildings are planned for the patients.

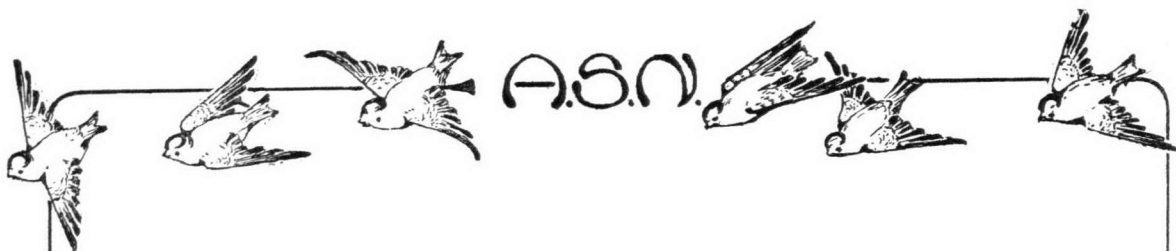
Craft work, which has always been one of the most popular forms of occupational therapy, both for its stimulating interest and therapeutic value, is provided for the patients in the wards, while the shops offer work in various arts, crafts, and technical subjects. To fit the urgent needs of the department many of the shops have been moved, remodeled, or enlarged.

Cooperation for social affairs and pageantry in connection with July the Fourth celebrations, Christmas activities, etc., has always received special attention from the entire department.

From time to time instructive lectures by doctors and other personnel of the post, as well as experts in various crafts and subjects of interest have furnished inspiration for the high standard of work maintained by the department.



Occupational Therapy, Walter Reed General Hospital



History of Physio Therapy at Walter Reed General Hospital

THE Physio Therapy Department as we know it to-day at Walter Reed General Hospital was one of the early departments of the institution. Previous to the arrival of physio therapy aides, corpsmen, especially trained, administered treatments in hydro and electro therapy in two rooms in the basement of the Administration Building. In February, 1918, when the first aides reported for duty, physio therapy activities were transferred to Wards 18 and 19, where the first patients were treated. As the number of overseas patients increased, the scene of physio therapy action was shifted to the building on Georgia Avenue, now occupied by the physio therapy aides. Here the sun parlor served as a treatment room for massage, the ward kitchen as an office, and the linen room was converted into a hydro room. In a few months the department was moved again, this time to Ward 56, where the whole ward was given over to treatments in massage, the electro and hydro therapy departments still being located in the Administration Building.

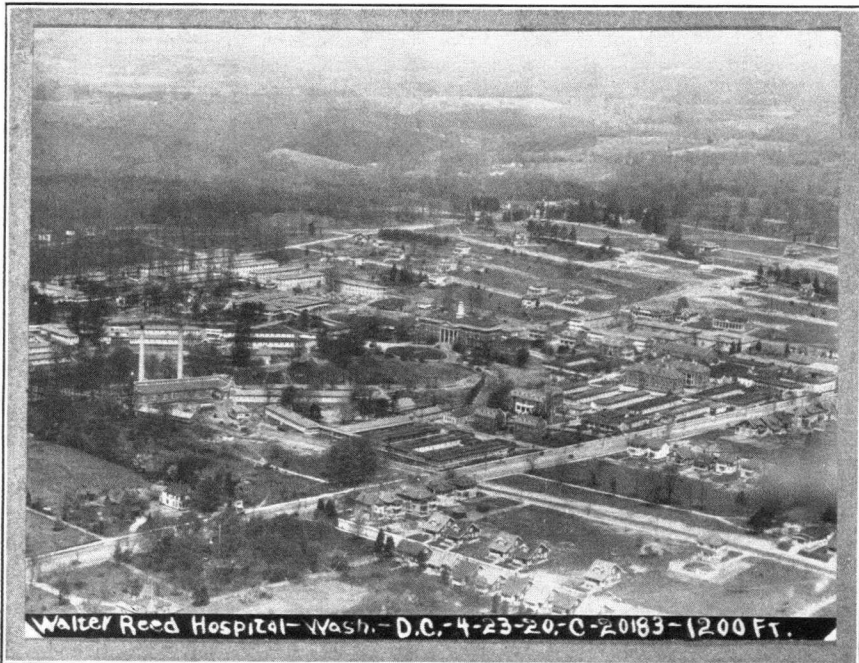
It was not until April, 1919, that all the branches were consolidated in the elaborate new physio therapy home, known to all "Walter Reedites" as Ward 76. The department consists of a large room, containing thirty plinths for treatments in massage and electro therapy, two rooms for cabinet baths and tonic hydro treatments, a well equipped gymnasium, and several private treatment rooms. Here the real work of expansion began. The latest hydro and electro apparatus was installed. The number of trained aides increased very rapidly, until today the physio therapy department at Walter Reed is one of the largest and best equipped in the whole country.

We can not pass by these early days without an expression of appreciation for the pioneers in this work—Miss Marguerite Sanderson, Miss Mary McMillan, and Major Frank B. Granger. Their faith in the value of physio therapy and their determination to establish and maintain high standards helped lay the foundations of a department then very much of an adventure in Army hospitals, but which has long since proved its value as an adjunct in the treatment of patients.

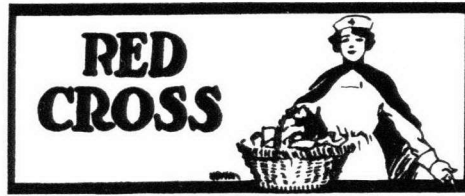
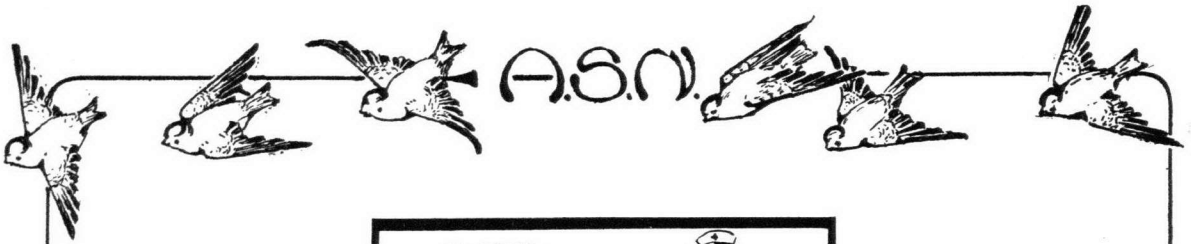
In July, 1919, the swimming pool, a gift from Walter Reed's fairy god-mother, Mrs. Henry Rea, was dedicated. Its popularity brought many people to Ward 76, though the administration of the pool was under the direction of the recreational officer. It was not until late in 1921 that the management of the pool was transferred to the physio therapy department.

Physio therapy, being an innovation in Army hospitals, met with a great deal of opposition. Its progress was slow. It was not until 1920, under the direction of Major James B. Montgomery, that the department was placed on a safe and sound working basis. Since that time there has been an increasing confidence in the value of physio therapy, and consequently the co-operation of the other services has grown proportionately.

In October, 1922, due to a lack of trained aides to fill the vacancies in Army hospitals, the Surgeon General authorized a course in physio therapy to be given at Walter Reed. This hospital was chosen as the training center because of its unusual facilities. In conjunction with the Army School of Nursing, an intensive course of four months was given to this class, consisting of fourteen graduates of physical educational schools. Of these, eleven received certificates of proficiency, ten of whom accepted appointments as physio therapy aides in Army hospitals.



Walter Reed Hospital—Wash.—D.C.—4-23-20-C-20183-1200 Ft.



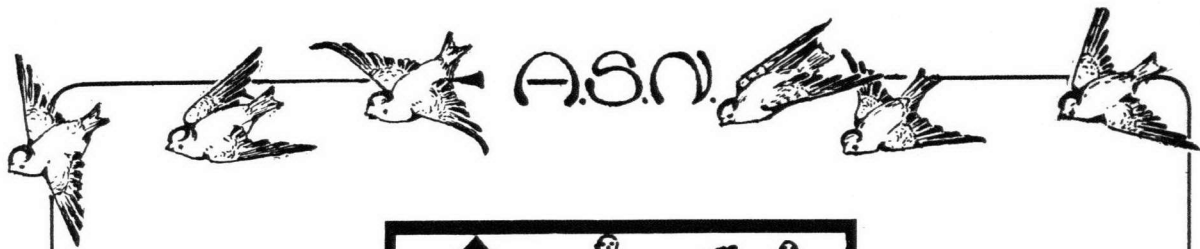
During the war the Red Cross assumed the task of safeguarding the welfare and the homes of our fighting men and aided in maintaining the morale of the forces in the field. They took upon themselves the responsibility of assisting ex-service men to become reestablished or made self-supporting through the proper use of governmental provisions. The activities at Walter Reed General Hospital are directed by a field director and her assistants, aided by the devoted and untiring "Grey Ladies." Their work includes home service, entertainment, ward visiting, and distribution of supplies. They aim to keep the morale of the men to the highest possible standard.

At Walter Reed General Hospital there is a large Red Cross convalescent home where in winter time moving pictures are shown four times a week. There are musicales on Sunday afternoon in which local, as well as artists of national and international fame take part and where the music given is of the very highest character. Every two weeks there is a dance, and twice a month there is a social evening at home at which games are arranged with prizes and refreshments. Although the hospital is of easy access to the city, whenever an entertainment is staged at the Red Cross House the attendance is always very large, and at the weekly performance of vaudeville, which is given by the performers of the Keith Circuit, the house is filled to capacity.

For the wards where there are great numbers of bed patients entertainment is likewise provided for those men who are unable to take part in the festivities at the Red Cross House. Aside from the entertainment mentioned, outdoor athletic sports are arranged. To enumerate the entertainments arranged in the city by local organizations or provided by local theaters would be almost impossible in this brief narrative.

The activities of the American Red Cross are not only confined to the patient body of the hospital, but at all times a ready hand and a hearty welcome is extended to the entire personnel of the hospital.





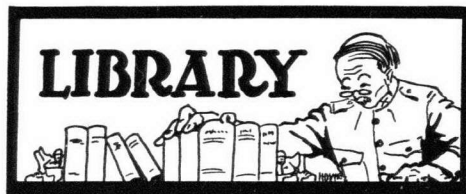
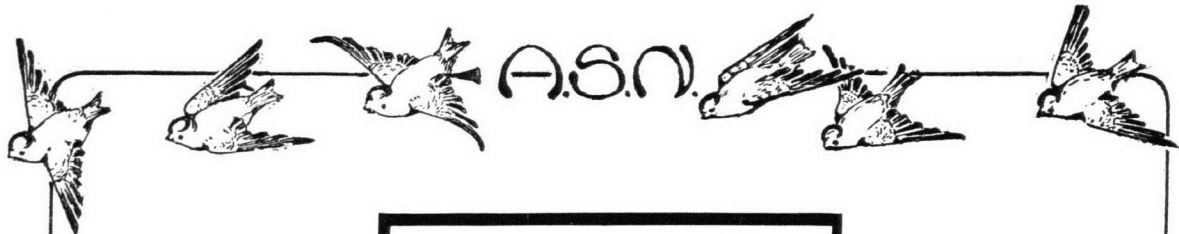
The work of the Knights of Columbus at Walter Reed General Hospital had its inception with the ceremonies of the dedication of the local hut by His Eminence, the late Cardinal Gibbons, on November 24, 1918.

During the period that followed and down to the present day the activities of the Knights of Columbus have been many and varied, and anything and everything that would contribute to the greater comfort of the veterans of the World War and the personnel who administer unto them has been considered within the scope of the task undertaken by that organization when officially designated for welfare work among our troops at home and overseas.

The Knights of Columbus will continue to function at Walter Reed General Hospital until their full duty to the sick and wounded veterans of the World War has been discharged in accordance with the contract they assumed in the early days of the war.



Electric Score Board, World Series



The Post Library is maintained for the use of the entire personnel of the post. The library is one of the regulation temporary buildings and was at one time a ward. It is centrally located and is a cheerful and comfortable place in which to read or write letters. There are over 10,000 volumes on its shelves, representative newspapers from all sections of the United States, and the best magazines are always to be found in the reading room.

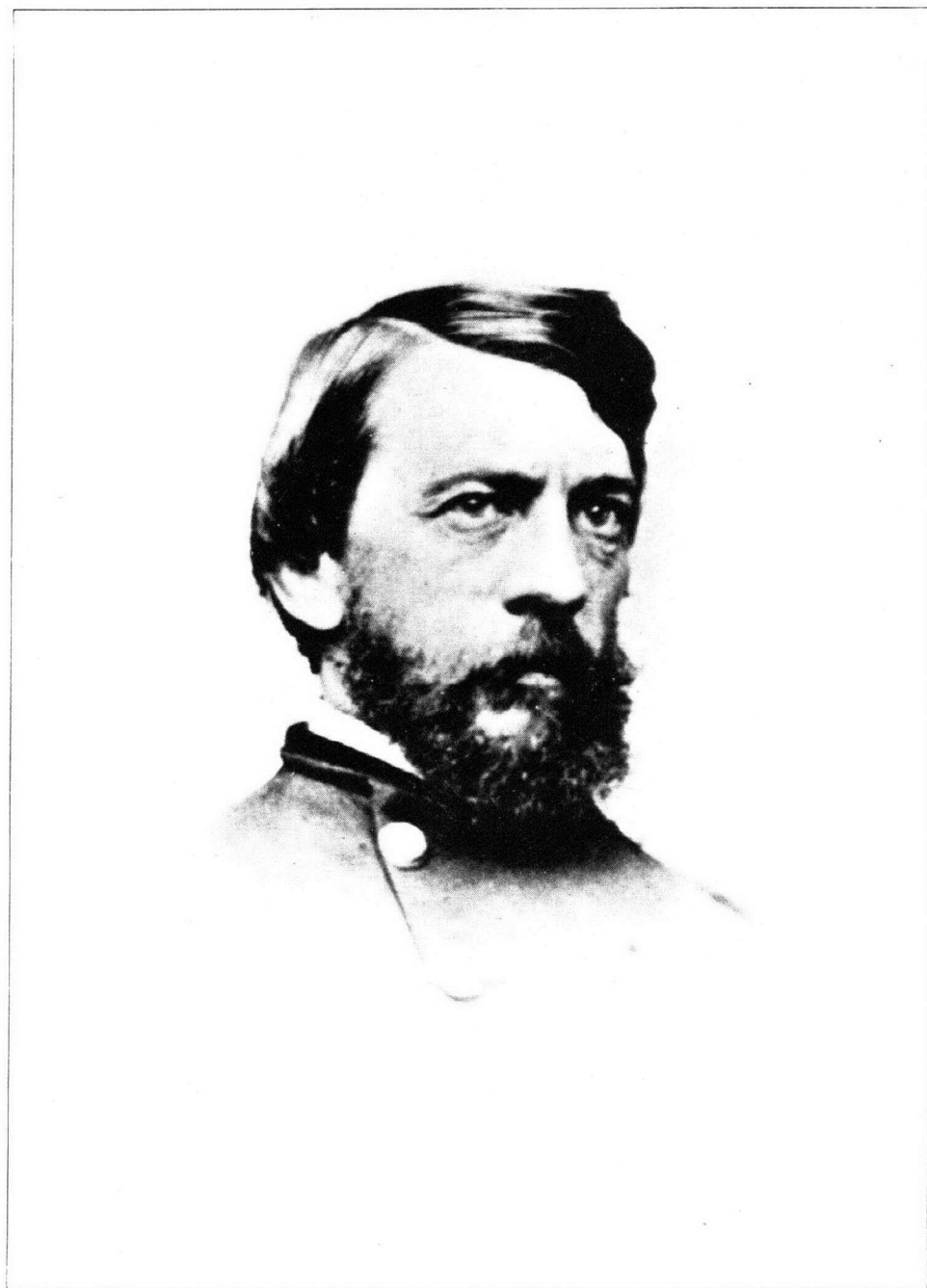
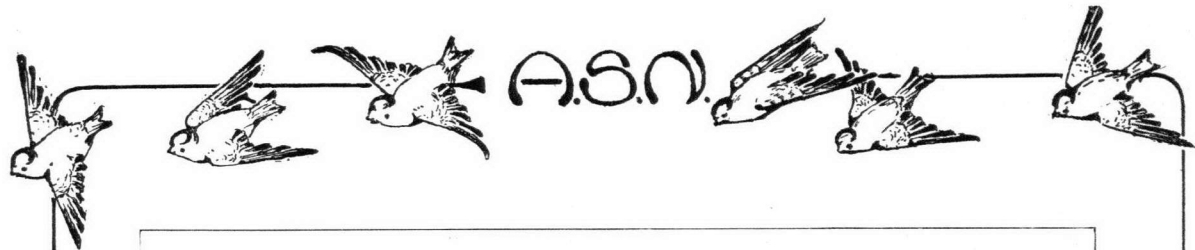
The service to the patients in bed is the essential difference from that rendered by a public library to its patrons. At least once a week every bed-patient is visited by a librarian with a book-cart containing fifty books and as many magazines from which to make a selection. If there is nothing on the book-cart that appeals to the patient a note is made of his preferences, which are later sent to him.

The library is open from 9 a. m. to 9 p.m. daily, Sunday included. It is under the jurisdiction of the Surgeon General's office and is supported largely from local funds.



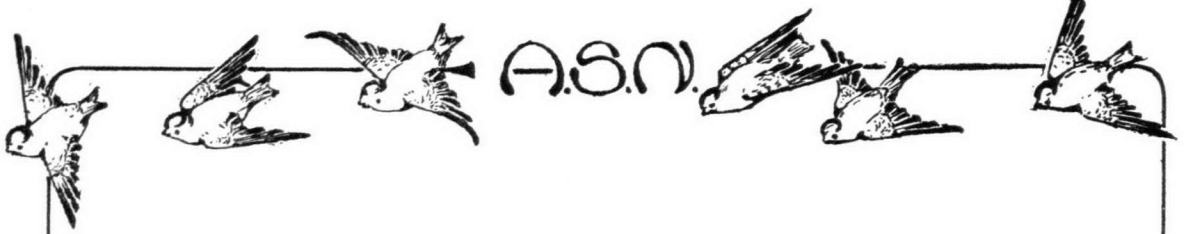
The Y. M. C. A. was one of the welfare organizations early on the post, occupying during the summer of 1917 part of the basement of the Main Building and later a room in the Red Cross House, the present "Y" building being dedicated on Christmas Eve, 1918.

Since that date the "Y" program has included dances, movie shows, picnics, lectures, vaudeville entertainments, religious meetings, sightseeing trips, and all kinds of athletics, with tennis and basketball propably the outstanding. While ward work was relinquished in December, 1919, the building continued to attract many patients, detachment men, nurses, and aides, there being a well-stocked library, game room, pool tables, social room, writing room, and gymnasium—truly a place where visitors may spend their leisure hours profitably.



MAJOR JONATHAN LETTERMAN, M. D.
Medical Director, Army of the Potomac

1923



Major Jonathan Letterman, M. D.

JONATHAN LETTERMAN was born in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, on December 11, 1824. His father, an eminent surgeon and physician in the western part of that State, carefully educated his son for his own profession. His studies were directed by a private tutor until he entered Jefferson College in his native county in 1842, from which he was graduated three years later. Letterman continued his medical studies at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, graduating from that institution in March, 1849. In the same year he successfully passed the examination given by the Army Medical Board in New York City and was appointed an Assistant Surgeon in the Army.

The young Surgeon's first service was in Florida in the campaigns against the Seminole Indians. When stationed at Fort Ripley, Minnesota, he marched with troops to New Mexico and continued there on frontier duty for four years. In 1859 he was on duty at Fort Monroe, Virginia; 1860 found him in California, where he was engaged in an expedition against the Pah Ute Indians; in November, 1861, he accompanied troops from California to New York City.

In June, 1862, Captain Letterman was appointed Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac, with instructions to proceed to Harrison's Landing, where the troops were then stationed. To his care had been committed the health, the comfort, and the lives of thousands of soldiers. With a sincere determination to faithfully discharge his duty, Letterman first directed his attention to the removal from the Peninsula of the great number of sick, wounded, and broken-down men; secondly, he strove to institute sanitary measures for improving and preserving the health of the troops, and lastly to provide sufficient medical supplies that the work might be well done. The great need of an ambulance corps had long been felt, and Dr. Letterman drew up the plans which organized an efficient and rapid means of transporting wounded soldiers. The details of the organization were perfected and embodied in the act passed by Congress in 1864. Medical supplies for use in the care of the wounded were woefully insufficient. By careful selection the amount of supplies was reduced and adequate means of transporting them made available. In 1862 Dr. Letterman published an important circular establishing field hospitals and providing for all the details necessary for the prompt and efficient care of the wounded. The Ambulance Corps, the method of supply, and the Field Hospital system were carefully designed to work as a whole and the success of the organization was demonstrated by the excel-



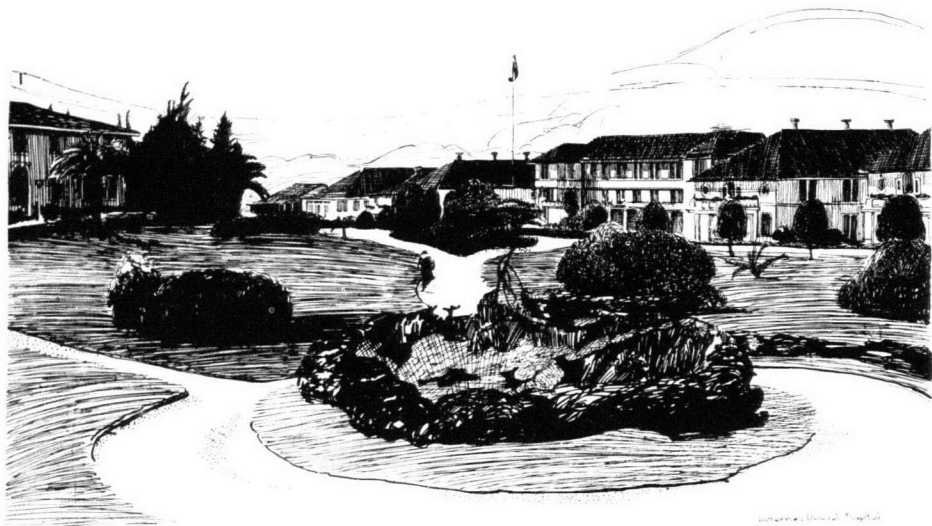
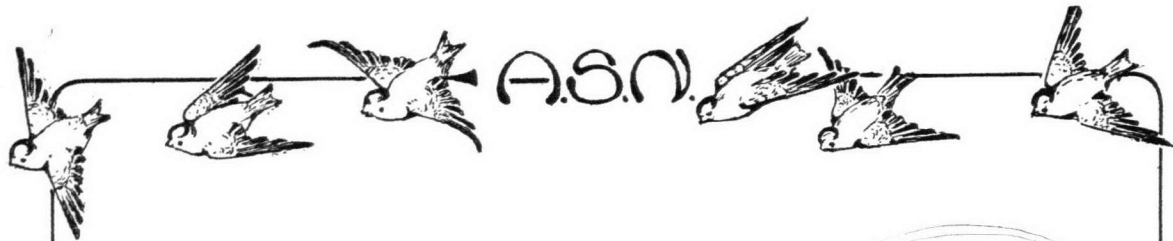
lent care which was given to the wounded in the battle that followed. Amid the labors required to accomplish these results he did not lose sight of the importance of proper record keeping, and his reports were clear and comprehensive, kept with a degree of accuracy and care which could have been secured only in a well organized and thoroughly disciplined Medical Department.

In October, 1863, Dr. Letterman was married to Miss Mary Lee, of Maryland. A few months later he requested the War Department to release him from his duties. It seems he must have felt that other hands could now be trusted with the guidance of the instrument which he had so laboriously designed and perfected. In 1864, on being relieved from Army duty, Dr. Letterman accepted a position as superintendent of a commercial company in Southern California, and while thus engaged published his work entitled "Medical Recollections of the Army of the Potomac." It is filled with practical observations and is a valuable contribution to the science and art of military administration. While serving as coroner of the city and county of San Francisco in 1867, a great affliction fell upon him in the sudden death of his devoted wife. After finishing his duties as a public official Dr. Letterman retired to private life, and though the years that followed were busy and filled with marked success, he never recovered from the sorrow caused by his wife's death. His health was already seriously impaired by chronic disease of the intestines, and after a serious illness of a few weeks he died on March 5, 1872. He is buried at Lone Mountain Cemetery, near San Francisco.

"Dr. Letterman's character was of such simplicity that no extended phrases are required to do it honor. His directness of speech and manner expressed the frankness and sincerity of his nature. A true friend to all who gained his confidence, he was unswerving in his devotion to the right, and it may be truly said that he was an honest man in thought and deed. To him is justly due the praise of originating a system of medical administration which alleviated the suffering and preserved the lives of thousands of his countrymen, added to the vigor and effective fighting strength of the principal Army of the Republic, and materially aided in perfecting and maintaining its discipline.

"For having done these things, he has a just claim to the grateful remembrance of his professional brethren, of his military associates, and of his countrymen."





The Letterman General Hospital

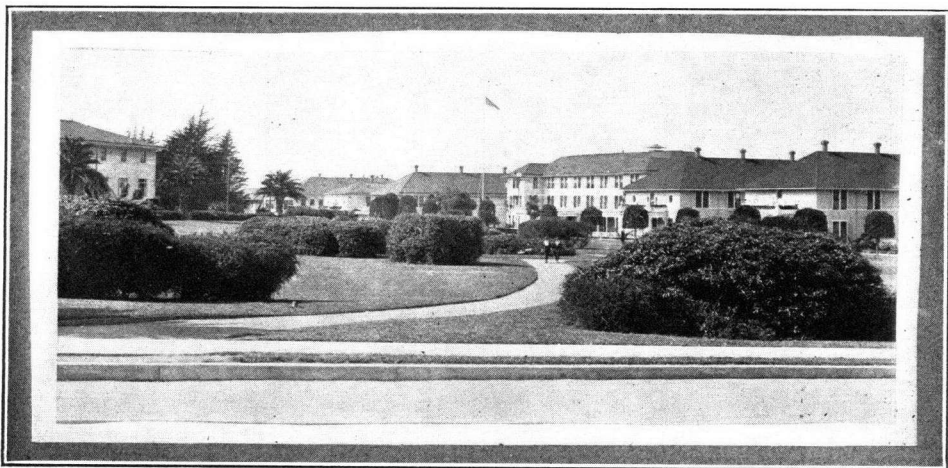
THE Letterman General Hospital, beautifully located only a short distance from the city of San Francisco, was organized and founded in 1898 and then known as the United States Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco. The need of a hospital had arisen when the Eighth Army Corps assembled at this western city for organization. Service for the troops was performed under canvas at Camp Merritt, but the climate proving unfavorable for this method of accommodation, the new barracks at Presidio were assigned for the purpose pending the suitable construction of a hospital. The location selected seemed most desirable because of its proximity to the city and hospital care could easily be afforded to troops going or coming from the Philippines and Hawaii. Another feature considered was the bracing and invigorating climate, which is never very hot and never very cold, and is therefore particularly fine for a general hospital. It has since been demonstrated that patients returning from the tropics recuperate there very rapidly—vitality is restored probably much sooner than in any other section of this country.

The new hospital accommodated only 380 patients and in 1901 it was found necessary to use six of the wooden barracks as wards. On June 10 of the same year the northeastern part of the hospital was destroyed by fire. It required much work and time to repair the damaged property, but nevertheless improvements were continued—a chapel and library being built during that year. In the years that followed fewer patients were admitted to the hospital, due to a decrease in the number of troops in the Philippines, but the work

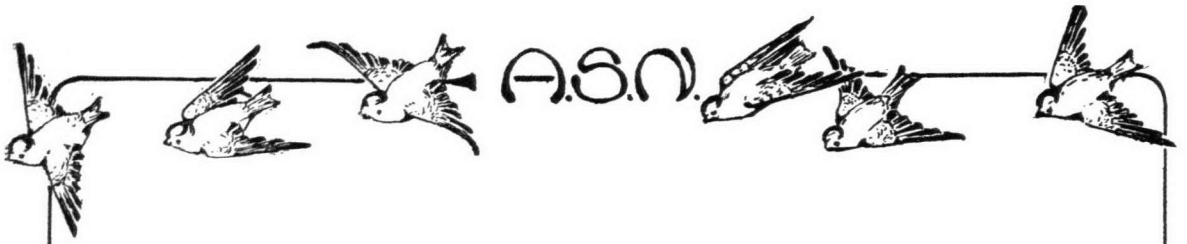
in the various departments was expanded and perfected. By an order of the War Department on November 23, 1911, the old name of the hospital was changed to the Letterman General Hospital, in honor of Jonathan Letterman, Medical Director, Army of the Potomac. The hospital, at that time the largest Army hospital of the United States, was used as a base hospital for the Philippines and Hawaii, post hospital for the Presidio, San Francisco, Fort Winfield Scott and several smaller posts in the harbor of San Francisco, and a general hospital for the western part of the country.

When the casualty cases of the World War poured into Letterman during the years 1919-1920, the hospital was ready to assume the great task of administering the best of care to these wounded soldiers. In addition to attending to the surgical and medical needs of the men, reconstruction work was instituted, educational activities were developed, and facilities for recreation were improved. Every feasible opportunity for rehabilitation was placed within the grasp of these patients that they might be able to return to civilian life ready to meet its trying demands. At the present time the Letterman General Hospital consists of an Administration Building, operating room, laboratory, twenty-two permanent wards and many temporary field wards for emergencies, the class room for the Nurses' Training School, and the Nurses' Quarters. The capacity as fixed by the Surgeon General is 750 beds.

The Letterman General Hospital occupies as pretty a spot as the mind can picture. On every side rise the time-scarred Sierra Nevadas and it overlooks the beautiful San Francisco Bay. Amidst such golden tranquillity and serene grandeur, broken bodies are healed, weary souls are strengthened, and the patients leaving, carry with them a remembrance of kindness, helpfulness, and beauty—an inspiration to "carry on" once more.



Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, California



1923

Miss Ida Bjorkquist,
Iron River, Mich.

Miss Edna Daulton,
Melvina, Wis.

Miss Ruth Freshour
Kingston, Ohio.

Miss Anna Gudelsky,
Fullerton, Md.

Miss Elizabeth Joubert,
Enumclaw, Wash.

Miss Gertrude Marshe,
Proffitt, Va.

Miss Margaret MacBryde,
Washington, D. C.

Miss Katherine McCurdy,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Miss Juanita McElroy,
Germantown, Pa.

Miss Margaret Meredith,
Staunton, Va.

Miss Marguerite Miller,
Connersville, Ind.

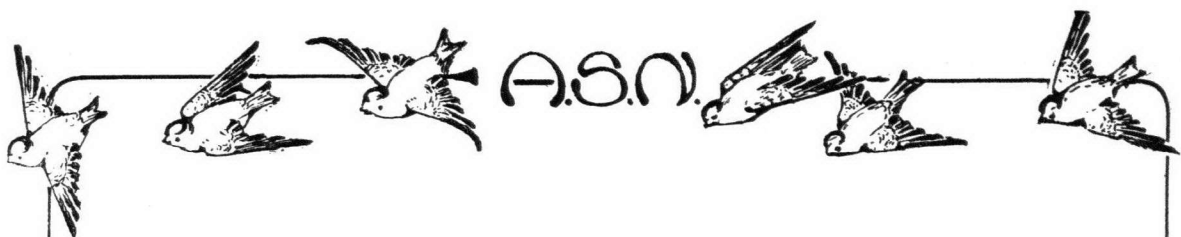
Miss Villa Mohler,
Spokane, Wash.

Miss Martha Patton,
Sewickley, Pa.

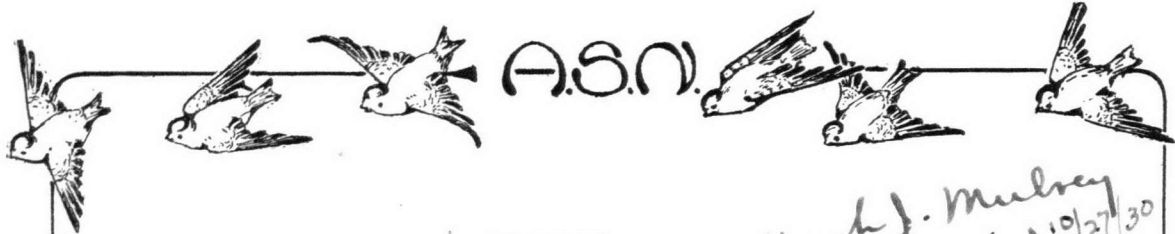
Miss Edna Ritenour,
Fairfax, Va.

Miss Beulah Weidman,
Stratton, Nebr.

1923



1923



Mrs. Hugh J. Mulvey
Died 10/27/30

IDA BJORKQUIST

IRON RIVER

MICHIGAN

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"There is no happiness in having or getting, but only in giving."

Mrs. C. Paulson

EDNA DAULTON

MELVINA

WISCONSIN

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—New York Lying In, New York, N. Y.

Gynecology—New York Lying In, New York, N. Y.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

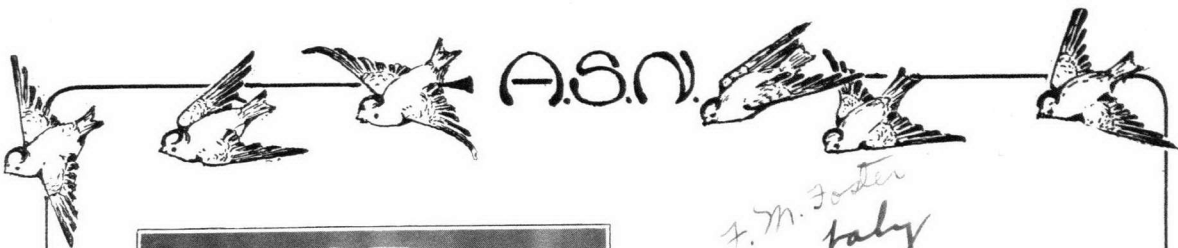
Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"All great things grow noiselessly."





*Mrs. F. M. Foster
Italy*

RUTH FRESHOUR

KINGSTON

OHIO

Affiliations :

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations :

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Camp Sherman, Ohio.

"There is a certain simplicity that makes everyone her friend, but it is combined with a subtle attribute of reserve."

ANNA GUDELSKY

FULLERTON

MARYLAND

Affiliations :

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

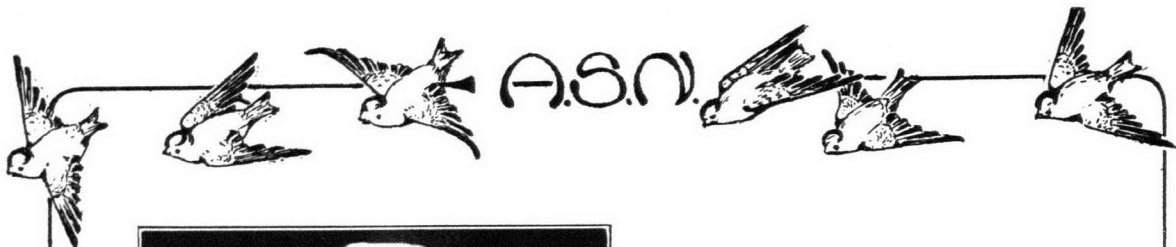
Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations :

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"She has a laudable affection for conversation."





ELIZABETH JOUBERT

ENUMCLAW

WASHINGTON

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"That means nothing to me."

MARGARET MacBRYDE

WASHINGTON

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

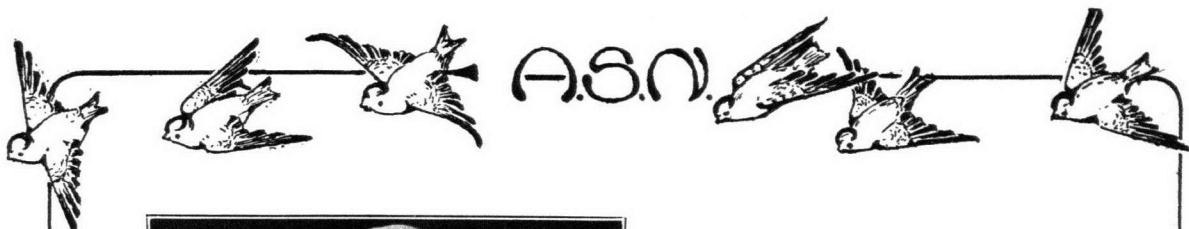
Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"She is high-minded and liberal."





GERTRUDE MARSHE

PROFFIT

VIRGINIA

Affiliations :

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations :

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"She has a musical, regular and harmonious disposition."

*Married 1923
To
W. E. Carpenter
N. Y. C.*

KATHERINE McCURDY

FORT WAYNE

INDIANA

Affiliations :

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Bellevue, New York, N. Y.

Pediatrics—Bellevue, New York, N. Y.

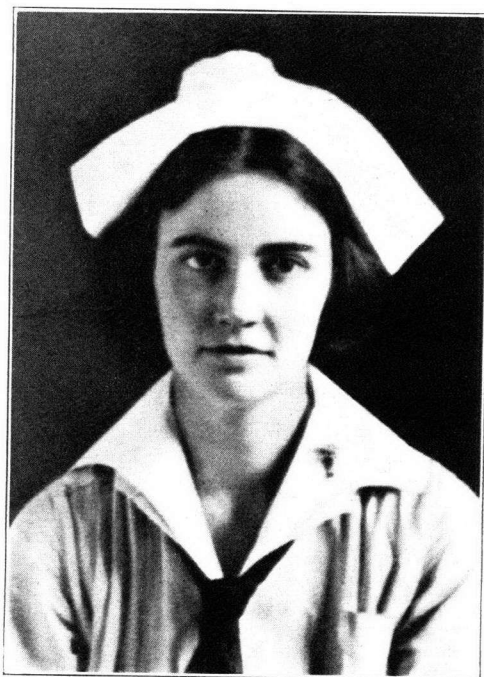
Military Stations :

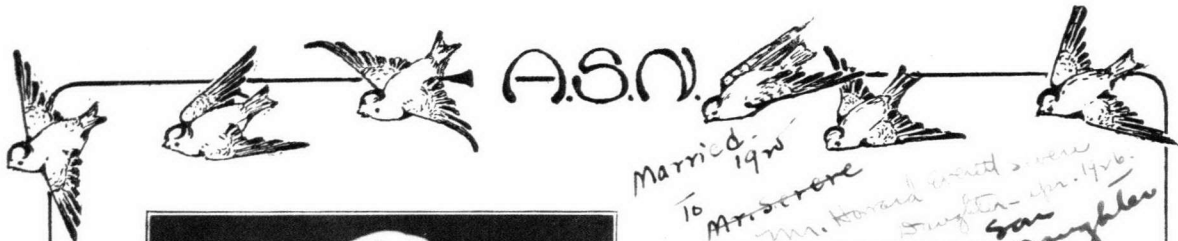
Camp Custer, Mich.

Camp Sherman, Ohio.

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"Breezy, independent, and high-spirited. Katherine is now a Public Health nurse in Illinois."





Marrried 1920
 To Andrew
 Mrs. Howard McElroy
 daughter - Apr. 1926.
JUANITA McELROY
 4 daughters

GERMANTOWN PENNSYLVANIA

Affiliations :
 Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.
 Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.
 Military Stations :
 Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"Her flights of imagination are just enough to give us for one instant an additional peep of that smile which beams, and plays, and twinkles and hovers over her whole character."

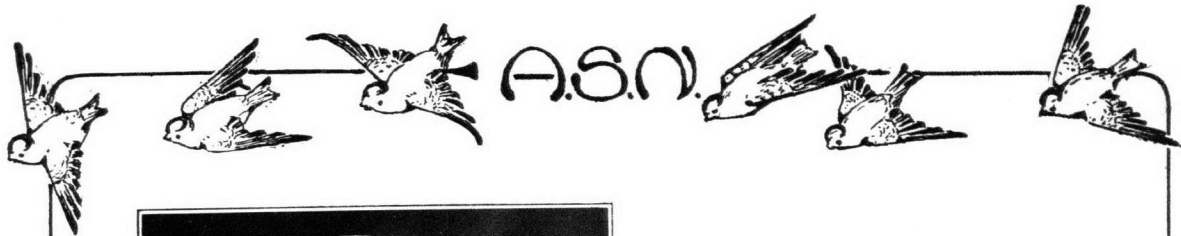
MARGARET MEREDITH

HOPEWELL VIRGINIA

Affiliations :
 Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.
 Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.
 Military Stations :
 Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"She is philosophical but for the most part keeps her thoughts to herself."





MARGUERITE MILLER

CONNERSVILLE

INDIANA

Affiliations :

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations :

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"She was found gazing with dreaming eyes into the distance."

*Married 1923
to
Edwin H. Howard.*

VILLA MOHLER

SPOKANE

WASHINGTON

Affiliations :

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

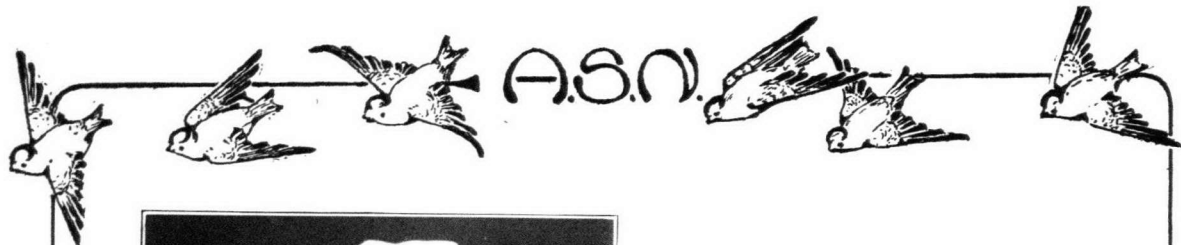
Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations :

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"The East has her admiration, but the West her Love."





MARTHA PATTON

SEWICKLEY

PENNSYLVANIA

Affiliations :

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gynecology—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Psychiatry—St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations :

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"She has an eager desire for the knowledge of all real existence."

Mrs. Jos. Hanka

EDNA RITENOUR

FAIRFAX

VIRGINIA

Affiliations :

Obstetrics—New York Lying In.

Gynecology—Columbia Hospital, D. C.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—I. V. N. A., Washington, D. C.

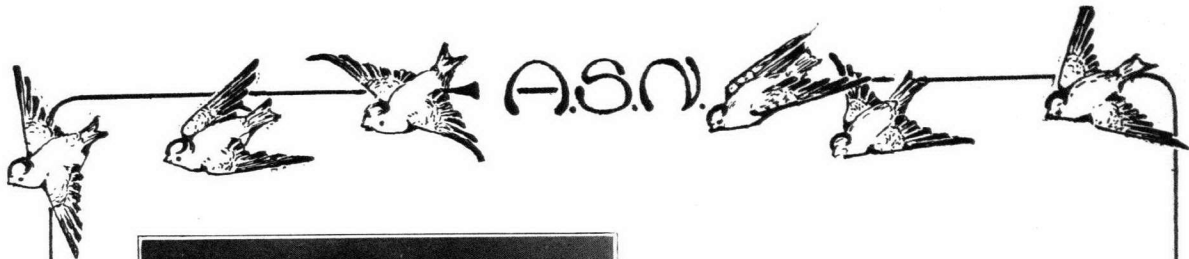
Psychiatry—Bloomingdale, New York.

Military Stations :

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"She enjoys basking in the sun, mighty tranquil, in an absolute vacation of all thought."





BEULAH WEIDMAN

STRATTON

NEBRASKA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Stanford University Hospital, California.

Gynecology—Stanford University Hospital, California.

Pediatrics—Children's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Letterman General Hospital, California.

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Camp Greene, North Carolina.

"Silence is woman's ornament." •



OFFICERS OF CLASS OF 1923

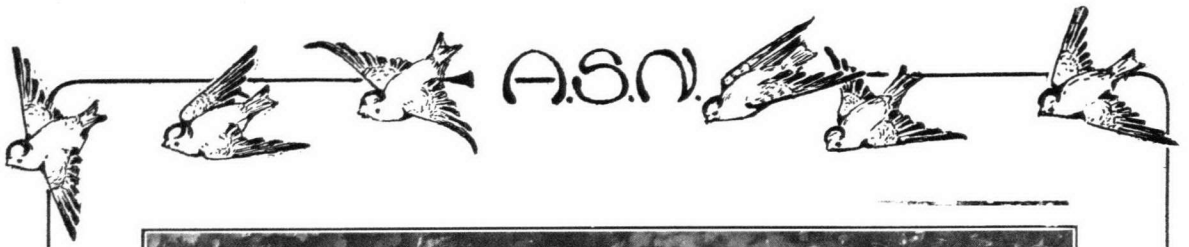
President.....Margaret Meredith

Vice-President.....Villa Mohler

Secretary.....Martha Patton

Treasurer.....Anna Gudelsky

1923



Probation Days—Class of 1923

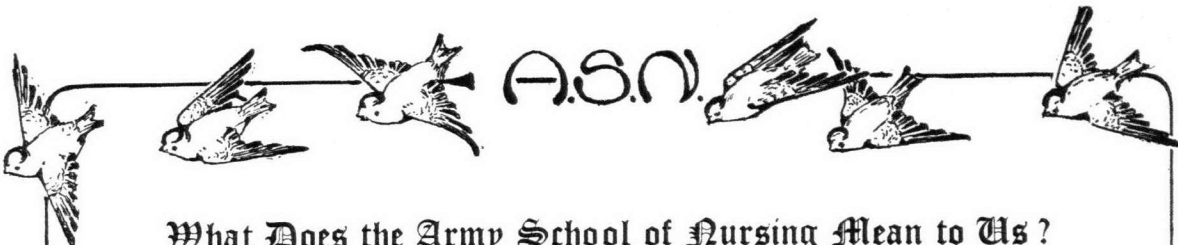
Co the Army School

Bright spirit of the Army School,
 To you we shall remain
 Loyal, steadfast, and ever true;
 You have not called in vain.
 Bright beacon shining through the gloom,
 You've led us through the fray,
 And now, with tender, grateful hearts
 We sing your praise today.

Bright Spirit of our Training School,
 The lessons you have taught
 Of duty, sacrifice, and love,
 Are graven on each heart.
 You've fitted us to face the world
 With souls deep, strong, and true.

All honor to the Spirit of
 The Red and White and Blue!

GERTRUDE MARSHE, '23.



What Does the Army School of Nursing Mean to Us?

Timidly, expectantly, and hopefully we arrived at the Walter Reed Hospital on October 1st, 1920. The first question seemed to be: "Why have you entered training?" In unison we replied: "We want to be nurses."

Within the next few days we had our course of study before us, and we wondered with awe at the amount of studies listed thereon. In our minds we added these requisites to the course: Self-control, order, promptness, neatness, obedience, consideration for others, and self-knowledge.

As time went on, mystery after mystery in the medical line unraveled itself and we learned to love and respect our A. S. N. more and more every day. History teaches us of the past—we are not the first on the road of experience. Millions have lived, learned, and mastered new ideas. Hence we should profit from their experiences.

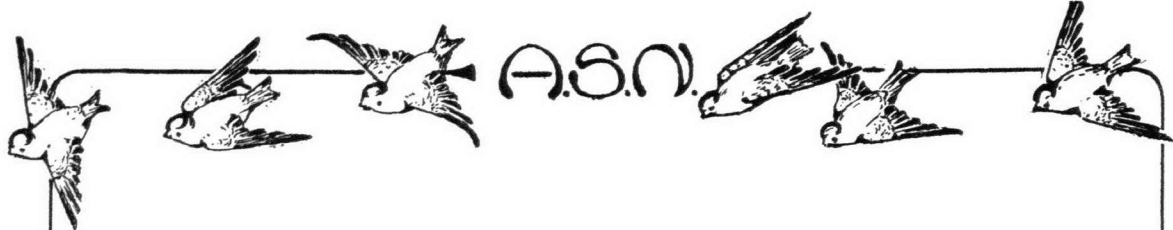
Time has taught us so much that, as we are about ready to graduate, we can not help expressing our deepest regrets in leaving our A. S. N. to go out into the world which now seems so vast and wide.

We came to the Army School of Nursing to learn a profession. Here we found our life's work, and we found ourselves.

GERTRUDE MARSHIE, '23.



Graduation Days—Class of 1923



Commencement Exercises

Lacking the spectacular, but losing none of the significance connected with the graduation of the first class, fourteen members of the Class of 1923 received their diplomas on June 1. The exercises were held in the lecture room of the Army School of Nursing and were attended by all the Army graduates on duty at Walter Reed Hospital, the entire student body, and many of the officers and friends.

The procession to the scene of the ceremonies started from the Recreation Hut with Miss Lillian Smith and Miss Mary Tobin, supervisors of student nurses, leading the escort of Army graduates, followed by the Classes of 1924, 1925, and 1926 of the Army School of Nursing, and last in line the graduates of 1923. The measured tread of all evidenced the value of the military drill as part of the curriculum.

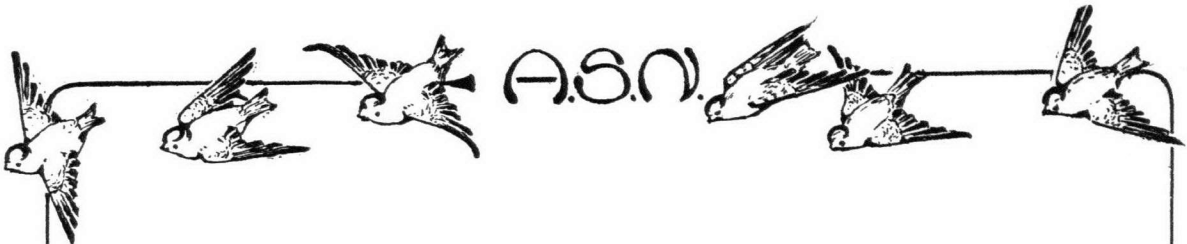
The graduating class occupied seats on the platform, together with General M. W. Ireland, Surgeon General of the Army; Colonel J. D. Glennan, commanding officer of Walter Reed General Hospital; and Major Julia C. Stimson, superintendent of the A. N. C. and dean of the A. S. N. Miss Stimson gave the address to the graduates. In this there was a departure from the usual theme conventional for such occasions, and the ideals held up for the students about to enter the nursing profession were those of real, living, human beings, women who had done and were doing all that an ideal nurse might attain within the span of life. Miss Stimson cited Miss Annie W. Goodrich, the founder and first Dean of the Army School, as one model. Miss Goodrich is known to all, and her achievements in the nursing world make her a model after whom all would gladly pattern themselves. Miss Stimson also spoke at length concerning Mlle. Jeanne de Joannis, a native of France and one of the most active in the task of amplifying the sphere of activities of the professional nurse throughout the French Republic. Mlle. de Joannis has accomplished much, and, for her, the innumerable obstacles were only things to be surmounted. No one in America will ever have to face the difficulties encountered by Mlle. de Joannis in her endeavors to elevate and broaden the field of professional nursing in France, but the indomitable courage of that wonderful woman is a shining example for all.

Miss Stimson stressed very strongly several points characteristic of the career of the models who served as the main theme for her remarks, and the new graduates were urged to adopt those principles now at the very threshold of their careers and make a practical application of them throughout their lives. The suggestions recommended were that all continue towards the exaltation of duty; acquire thorough professional education and an all-round experience; develop a deep spiritual conviction; initiate a consecration of purpose and maintain a broad general interest.

General Ireland in a few words congratulated the graduates upon the successful completion of their studies and handed the diplomas to each in turn.

At the conclusion of the exercises, graduates, students, and guests gathered at the Recreation Hut where tea and light refreshments were served.

A delightful program rendered by the Army Band in the Formal Gardens concluded the festivities for the afternoon.—*The Come-Back*, June 8, 1923.



Planting of the Ivy

The Class Day exercises as part of the commencement program were held on Saturday, June 2, at 2 o'clock. The students gathered at the Recreation Hall and, headed by the Seniors, marched in a body to the Formal Gardens. The ceremonies began with the singing of the school song, and Miss Edna Daulton then read the history of the Class of 1923. The Class Will furnished Miss Juanita McElroy an opportunity to demonstrate her ability with legal terms, and Miss Ida Bjorkquist went adrift into the realms of the future and revealed to the chosen ones present the events that are to come in the lives of the girls of 1923. Miss Anna Gudelsky voiced the sentiments of appreciation for the wonderful help and inspiration furnished by the Class of 1921, and Miss Corder '26 paid tribute to the Seniors in a clever poem.

The rite of planting the ivy next followed in order, and a sprig from Mount Vernon was planted at the base of the steps leading from the east side of the Formal Gardens. Miss Meredith accompanied the act of planting with the following speech:

"In keeping with the custom established by the Class of 1921—the first class to graduate from the Army School of Nursing—and adding our link to the chain of tradition which will in time be the heritage of each succeeding class, we, the graduates of the Class of 1923, gather here this day to plant this sprig of ivy. May it grow apace with our beloved Alma Mater, and symbolize the memory ever green in our thoughts—of the days we passed within these pleasant precincts.

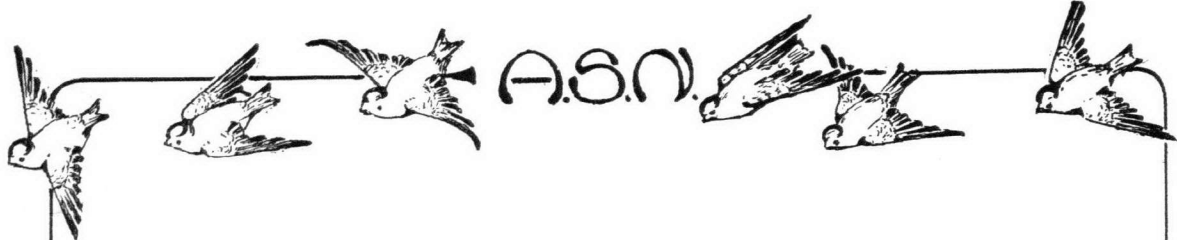
"The trowel used on this occasion of ceremony is the donation of Ralph Grimm, a former patient of Walter Reed Hospital. It is of his own design and workmanship. We pass it on to the care and custody of the new Seniors, the renewing to the donor the sentiments of appreciation expressed by our predecessors—the former graduates of the Army School of Nursing."

Miss Arlyn Carlson, for the Class of 1924, accepted the trowel and replied to Miss Meredith:

"Worthy President and our dear Senior Class: In accepting the silver trowel, may I, on behalf of the Class of 1924, pledge my faith in the endeavor to carry on the work which you have so faithfully done in our beloved Army School of Nursing. To do less than the best we can is failure; and with this in mind, and the example you have set, may we strive to be conscientious, earnest women working together to save life in a world where millions die for want of care.

"And, in turn, we shall plant the ivy as a symbol of the endurance and beauty of our profession and our school, and try to live up to the ideals entrusted to our care. To follow the advice of Omar, 'To gather something from everyone thou passest on the highway, and from every experience Fate sends thee, and out of the wide experience thus gained of human weaknesses and human needs, to distil in thine own heart the precious oil of Sympathy. And no man fills his vase with it until he has first been pricked by the world's disappointments and bowed by its tasks.'

"The Class of 1924 wishes you happiness and success in the field of nursing where our Florence Nightingale Lamp will light the way."—*Come-Back*, June 8, 1923.



Class Will

To the Administrative Officers of our school, through whose efforts and patience we have finally reached the long anticipated goal, we pledge our best—our undying loyalty to this our Alma Mater, to keep alive, by living, the ideals on which this institution has its mighty foundation. We, the Class of 1923, will to you the past three years, filled with our earnest desires and many shortcomings; our disappointments and rich compensations; our failures and our victories; to you, in whose hands this unshapen clay of experience shall be molded into stepping stones for the classes yet to come, made firm by the all-pervading spirit of our motto, "To the stars through difficulties."

To the Probationers, just entering the field, this field in which surely the harvest is more than ready and the harvesters as yet few, we will to you, first, as a foundation, "Nutting and Dock, History of Nursing." Read it if you wish—for he who runs may read) but do not tarry too long in the study of history of nursing—make it! For only then can you appreciate it. We know!

Next, we pass on to you the Service Club. Make hay while the sun shines. Probies, for soon you shall rise early and work late. Enjoy your 8 a. m. breakfast while you may.

We will to you our "Manual," bound with the fiber of our hearts, and written with our very blood, the product of bitter experience. This little book which will help you to do and to say the right thing at the right time. It is, however, but the first volume, for we have many more before us. Then some day you shall go affiliating, and we will to you these tickets with Pullman. One for dear old Blockley, one for St. Elizabeth's, and one for Henry Street; and for all of these adventures a guard to set before your lips, that you may see and hear and think, and never say, "That isn't the way we do it at Walter Reed." And lastly, Probies, our sincere and sympathetic interest, and a hand ready to help you at any time, as the dear old Seniors of '21 helped us when we were "Probes."

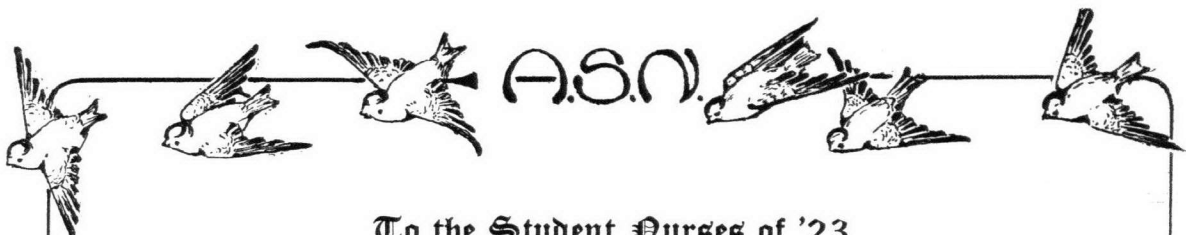
To the Juniors who have acquired their first few installments of confidence and an extra layer of epidermis, who face the world with less timidity, who can discuss the profession with an astounding outlay of technical words, accomplishing the desired effect on their lower classmen—to you we will this Emergency Brake, for "pride cometh before a fall." (We of 1923 might add here that no one was kind enough to will us such a brake, hence our many scars!)

To the Class of 1924, close following in our footsteps, and in whose brilliancy of existence we even now shine as lesser lights (as electric bulbs after much use) to this fresher (aye, fresher), newer company of young womanhood, eager in anticipation of great Service—eager to decorate the professional horizon with superior deeds—oh, to you we will everything! All that we can not longer use, for ourselves—reveille, taps, our various shades and styles of uniforms (including the new Butterick pattern), the uncovered busses for transportation to baccalaureate sermons—with many tears we will to you the Formal Gardens, in which to cool your heated brows and to become once more uplifted, though we shall hold its memory in our hearts and the perfume of its flowers shall fill our souls when we are far from here.

And then we will to you the Operating Room; the thrill of thrills, all kinds, with that part of Kipling's "If" which so appropriately states "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and—" well, you know the rest. And most of all we will you our wonderful little graduate nurses up here, who haven't forgotten their student days and who make it all worth while, even when in an emergency we attempt to thread a tiny needle, our No. 6 hands gaily clad in No. 8 gloves.

There are many things we would will to you, but time is limited and so we have mentioned those things which have been closest to our hearts.

And now to quote the Class of 1921, we will to you our boys. As the seniors before us gave them into our keeping, we, in turn, give them into yours—these wonderful boys who gave their best for us and the flag which today waves unblemished and under which we are privileged to serve.



To the Student Nurses of '23

Here's to a good little worker, in a good
cause,
With her tape and bandage, cotton and gauze,
Working long hours without complaint,
With the cheer and patience of a saint.

With her little white cap, and uniform blue,
She's the symbol of Service, faithful and true.
She tenderly and cheerfully eases your pain,
And gives you a new grip on life again.

Some have bad eyes, some the flu,
But the illness is lightened by the Angel
in Blue,
Who aids us all our afflictions to bear
By her capable work and her tender care.

And men of every nation, color, and creed
Who are in the hospital of Walter Reed
Are thankful and grateful as they can be
To the Student Nurses of '23.

Private FRANK GOMBERT, Ward 34.



The Army Student Nurse

I've decided life's worth living—
The reason for this verse—
And my private panacea is
The Army Student Nurse.

'Twas somewhere in the Argonne
An h. e. landed square,
And when the smoke had cleared away
I wasn't quite all there.

Then followed many weary months
Upon a bed of pain,
With all the joy gone out of life—
I'd never play again.

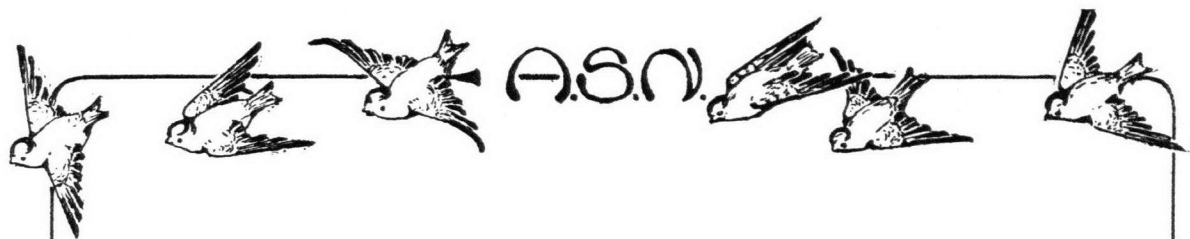
I'm glad I was mistaken,
And I feel that you'll be, too,
If you've come to know as I have
Those gentle souls in blue.

There's nothing that I ask of them
Which they'll not do for me.
I've found the door to Happiness—
An A. S. N. the key.

I'll let you have the secret,
If the "blues" come now and then,
Seek concentrated sunshine
In any A. S. N.



Quarters Nine—Our First Home at Walter Reed



Ever Feel This Way ?

It may be a mansion,
It may be a dump,
It may be a farm—
With an old broken pump;
It may be a palace—
It may be a flat,
It may be a room
Where you hang up your hat;
It may be a house
With a hole in the floor,
Or a marble hotel
With a coon at the door;
It may be exclusive
Or simple or swell,
A wee bit of heaven—
Or one little—well,
Just kindly remember
Wherever you roam,
That Shakespeare was right,
There's

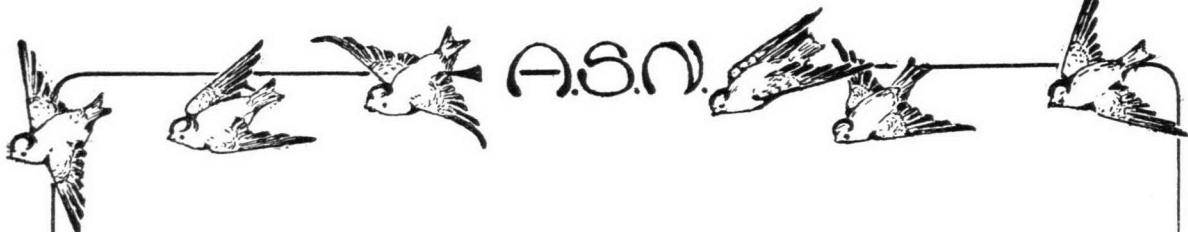
No

Place

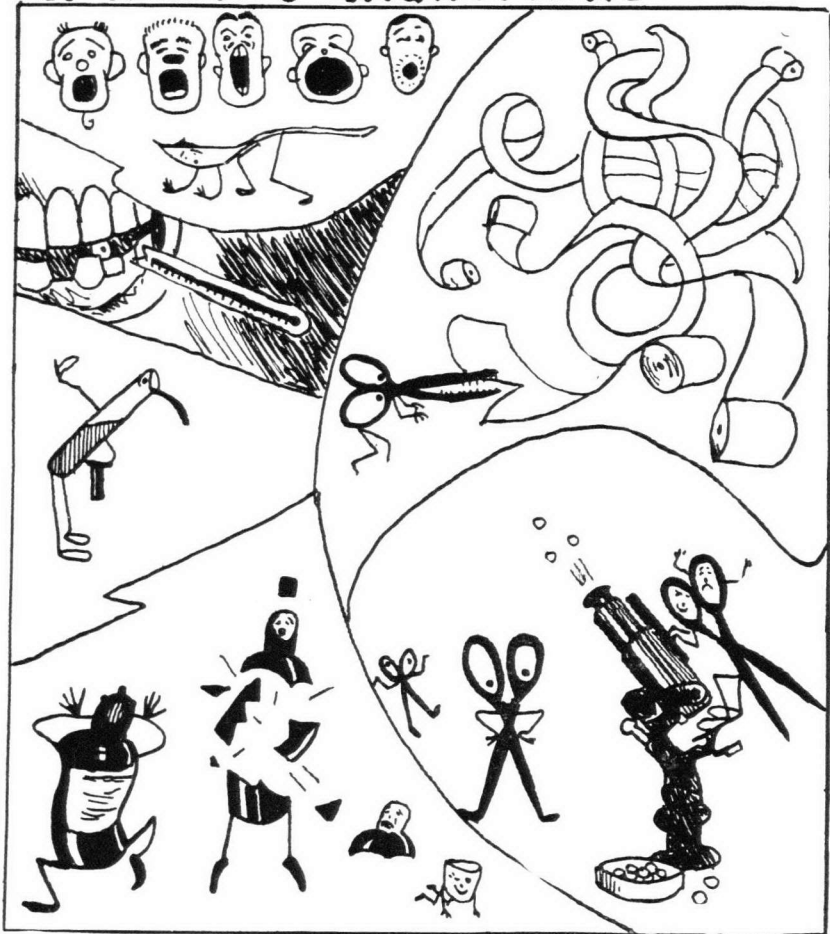
Like

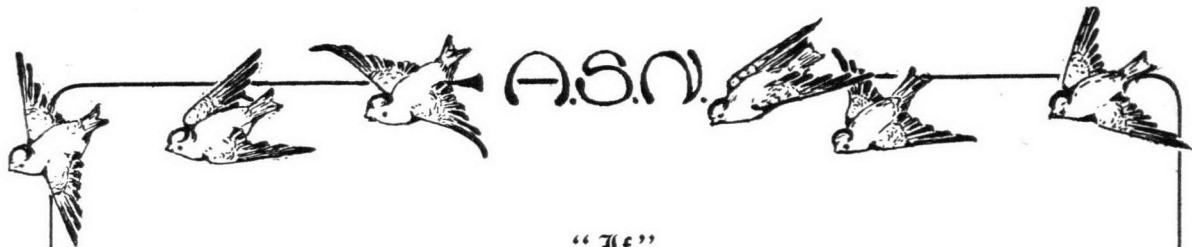
Home.

—CLASS OF 1923.



A NURSE'S NIGHTMARE



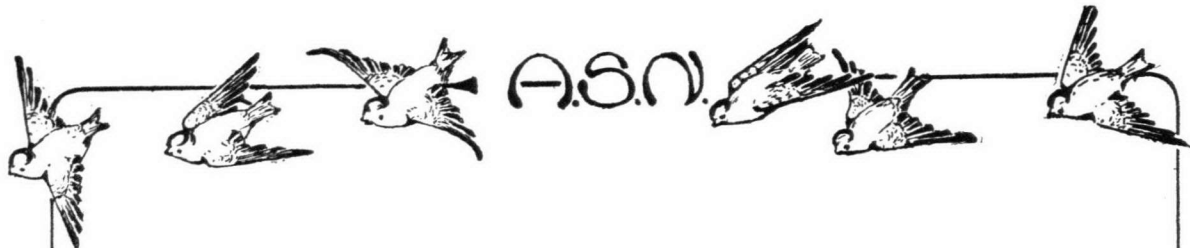


"If"

(With apologies to Kipling.)

If you can rise at 6 a. m. each morning,
And wash, dress, and pass inspection right,
And reach your ward and start the "morning toilets,"
And in an hour clean everything in sight;
If you can give a hundred medications,
Translating individual M. D. scroll,
And leave the patients just the way you found them,
And never poison off a single soul;
If you can take the T. P. R.'s, and chart them,
And stop to answer questions on the 'phone;
If you can quickly tell of Smith's admission,
His temperature, and if he came alone;
If you can say just when Brown had his bone-graft,
And why the night report got in so late,
And, hanging up, explain to someone higher
Just why the ward's in such an awful state;
If you are gifted with the brain of Solomon,
And serve out diets, every one the same,
And, missing count, you serve an extra bean out,
And manfully can shoulder all the blame;
If you can make your beds with nice square corners,
If you can set up trays exactly right,
If you can bow and smile when all is over,
And clean the mess, and leave the tools all bright;
If you can make your patients just adore you,
And carry out your "orders" all the same;
If you can answer every patient sweetly
When underneath you almost hate your name;
If, when the day is past and really over,
And one more hour would put an end to you,
You drag yourself to keep the great engagement,
And find your foot too swollen for your shoe;
If, when you'd like to "hit" the old bed early,
And yet you're glad you're going out with "Steve,"
The office calls and says "Report for duty,
We're sorry, but you're needed to relieve";
If, when affiliations all are over,
You can return with honor to your name,
And learn your rules and regulations over,
And take "State Boards," and come out just the same;
If, when the three long years are really over,
You can come through a victor in the test;
If you can feel you gave the best that's in you,
If you can feel your services were blest;
If when you pause and look in retrospection
Back where the smut and beauty of life meet;
If you have met and solved each problem wisely;
If you have mixed the bitter with the sweet;
If you have seen the worst that life can offer,
Yet, unflinchingly, with courage faced the fight;
If you can know your soul is still uncalledous;
If your ideals still can prove their might;
If you can feel that you have placed a standard;
If by your work you have relieved some curse;
Yours is the World—and yours Life's best diploma,
And, what is more, you'll be at last—a nurse.

JUANITA McELROY '23.



History of the Class of 1923

IN WRITING a history, whether of social events, or of the progress of peoples, so many authors have introduced their subject with—"Back in the Dark Ages." With my most pleasant topic, and one which has been lively and gay, as it should have been, I can not so begin. Much more appropriate would be, "Back in our Golden Ages"—then to continue.

The arrival of each of us seemed a social event in itself; such extended welcomes, and usherings about, and so many nice little things done. All these were greatly appreciated and for each of us constituted our first social affair at Walter Reed. However, we would consider this "much ado 'bout nothing," because still bigger events have occurred which have concerned us collectively.

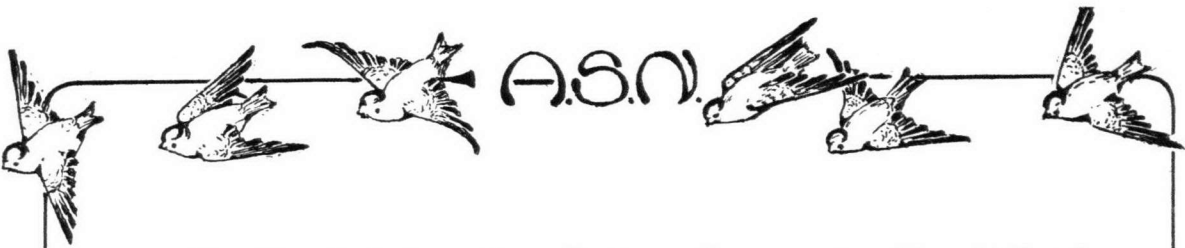
The first of these was indeed a surprise to us all from the unique invitations, the ladies-made men, and the very pleasant evening that followed. For, you see, sixteen charming Senior girls dressed as men presented themselves, after receiving acknowledgments of invitations, at our service as noble cavaliers. Their many little attentions, so charming and pleasing to ladies' eyes, were every whit "right there"—neither were there any wall flowers. There will be "thorns among roses." The Chief Nurse severely reprimanded the authoress and restricted her to quarters (an order subsequently withdrawn), just because she was with a corps-man. Lo, her charming escort had borrowed a detachment man's whites! And Colonel Glennan was there!

The next social function in this current of events was a lively "kids' party." Yes, they were all there, and all dressed up as youngsters, including Miss Williamson and Miss Taylor. How wonderful it was to be back in the spirit of childhood days—to play all the old games, to smile and laugh and be merry, if only for one night!

All too soon it became necessary for us to leave our happy home when we received orders for our eight months of Philadelphia affiliations.

Here, for social events, we occasionally enjoyed the regular Wednesday and Saturday evening dances, 8 to 10 o'clock, when the internes, a couple of them carrying the Victrola, and others helping with the records, came to the Nurses' Home, where they made pleasant those two short evenings.

One day, upon coming off duty, we found tiny, neat folders, like invitations, adorning our dressers. We read them hastily, then re-read them to assure ourselves we were not dreaming, for we were to have a party, a real one, with watermelons and everything, and we did, too. Yes, we were invited out to the porch to devour them. Then we vied in singing a few class songs, after which we none too quietly hastened to the parlor "to trip the light fantastic toe" and to play games.



One thing leads to another. So it was "we came to with a jolt" and declared and made known our sincere intentions of giving the Blockley nurses a party. It was, indeed, past the anniversary date of Washington's birthday, but nevertheless near enough to afford us the privilege of presenting a colonial party. We each secured a colonial costume and, to the surprise and delight of all, especially the Blockley nurses, secured Miss Clayton, Chief Nurse of the Blockley Training School, to dance with us in a dainty minuet.

Again it was time for us "to pack up our troubles," and, eight long, hard months having successfully passed, we returned again to Walter Reed. But not for long—in fact, just long enough to partake of the "goodies" afforded during Alumni Week parties, dances, and picnics.

With these delightfully fresh in our minds, we again turned from Walter Reed, and this time hastened to St. Elizabeth's for a two months' affiliation in psychiatry.

Occasionally, and yet rather regularly, too, on Wednesday evenings some of the class enjoyed the patients' dances at their Red Cross. Again they, and sometimes others, frequented dances held in the various wards.

After our last move, we returned again to Walter Reed before we shall go to New York, where four of our members now are.

Christmas, with the usual cheer and good will which accompanies that joyful festive time, brought us a big dance, a children's party, and an exclusively Nurses' party.

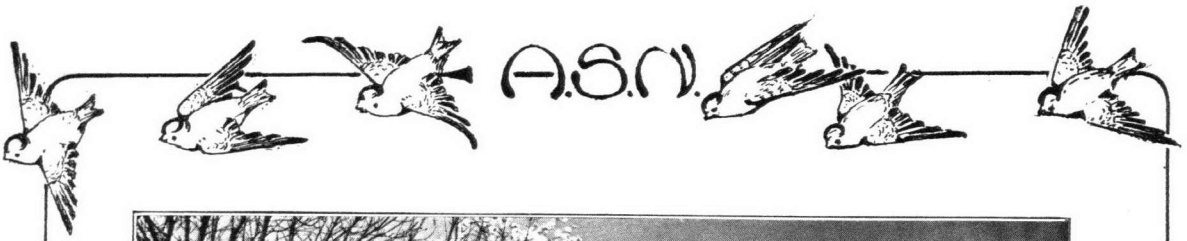
Broken hearts were matched and mended as puzzles were put together in our St. Valentine's enjoyment. How very gracious and full of the sweet old sincere friendship spirit everyone was!

There is a "first time" for everything, and the initial declaration of success by the Walter Reed Orchestra rang true at a "Nurses only" dance.

Many more happy social hours shall we spend together here before we leave to take those new, individual paths in Life which Fate has mapped for us. And may we often return to our dear school-home, there to be with one another again in happy reunion.

ELIZABETH JOUBERT, '23.





Entrance to Quarters in Cherry Blossom Time

Ten Years Hence—A Prophecy

St. Peter said, "I will look
Upon the deeds in my Record Book,
And find in the records of '23
Which people have helped humanity."

And, opening his book, he began to read
Of the student nurses of Walter Reed.
And he cried, "I shall have to see
What became of the Class of '23."

And he quoted, "Of Justice up in Heaven,
Where it be deserved shall it be given."
And, reading there with gaze profound,
These are the histories that he found.

Miss Ida Bjorkquist sallied forth
Into the fields of the frozen North.
She spreads health and cheer where'er she
goes,
Among the tribes of the Eskimos.

Miss Edna Daulton there we see
In a northern Michigan dispensary.
She is doing the best she can
To guard the health of her fellow-man.

Miss Ruth Freshour, after trouble and trials,
Overcoming her obstacles with courage and
smiles,

Has relieved the suffering of the desert band
Of Arabs who travel the trackless sand.

Miss Anna Gudelsky has risen, we see,
To the head of the department of Oral
Surgery

In a place where wise fathers send their boys
Called the University of Illinois.

Miss Elizabeth Joubert, a competent nurse,
Whose name is known o'er the universe,
Has gathered fame and also wealth
By her wonderful lectures on Public Health.

Miss Gertrude Marshe, the Blue Ridge nurse,
Who brightens her patients with cheery verse,
Loved by her people the country wide,
Is known as the little "Blue Ridge Pride."

Miss Margaret MacBryde, the cheery and
bright,

With a smile on her face morning and night,
Goes tripping along with a song so gay,
Scattering sunshine on her way.



Miss Katherine McCurdy, the fiery one,
Who has been to all countries under the sun,
Was given by the press a great ovation
For the aid she has rendered to every nation.

Miss Juanita McElroy is in Mexico,
Where the sun shines hot and soft winds blow,
Giving the people more than wealth,—
An education in sanitation and health.

Miss Margaret Meredith, who will never
shirk,
Is reaping the rewards of honest work;
And a high-ranking nurse she is, indeed,
On the nurse's staff at Walter Reed.

Miss Marguerite Miller also sends
Her best regards to all her friends.
She is a society lady, sweet and nice,
Who can always offer good advice.

Miss Viola Mohler, how our eyes do feast
On the wonderful record she made in the East.
Known alike to the high and low
As the "Little Samaritan" of Idaho.

Miss Martha Patton, who is a good soul,
Has saved many orphans from crime's clutch-
ing toll.

Giving each one a good education,
She makes them an asset to civilization.

Miss Edna Ritenour, modest and shy,
Has produced achievements before the world's
eye,
With patience and toil that never cease.
Her deeds and fame will ever increase.

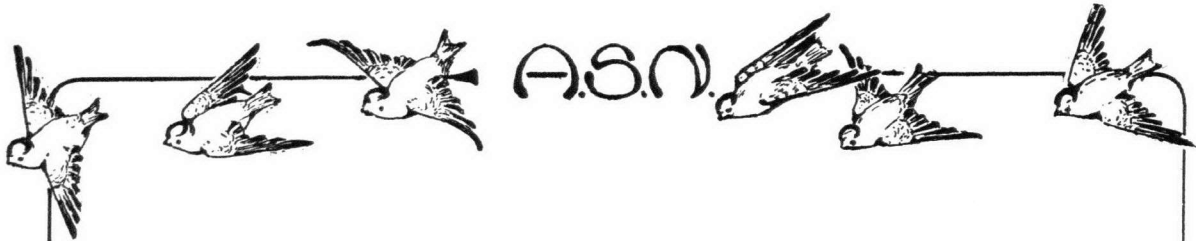
Miss Beulah Weidman, last but not least,
Is doing settlement work in the East.
Rich and poor honor her name,
And all New York resounds to her fame.

And St. Peter said, "Be there Justice in
Heaven,
To these nurses may it be given;
And, when their work is done on earth,
May each one win a heavenly berth."

Thus readeth our prophecy.
If it is fulfilled, in time we'll see
These names shall be honored o'er land and
sea,
As the famous Class of '23.

IDA BJORKQUIST, '23.





Let a Little Sunshine In

The veterans of the Crimean War were enjoying a reunion. The ranks were growing pitifully thin. Forms were bent, cheeks furrowed, locks whitened.

A group was gathered around the camp fire recalling reminiscences of camp and field and hospital. Finally one battle-scarred veteran said: "Boys"—they're always "boys," you know, even though the eye may be dimmed, the ear dulled, the step shortened—"boys, let's take a vote and see who gets the most. Who was the most popular one connected with the campaign?"

It took. Scraps of paper and stubs of pencils were soon produced and the balloting began—a secret ballot. Then the counting of votes began. Each name was to be placed in a separate place, and then the piles counted. "Piles," did I say? No; there was but one pile. It grew and grew; for all unknown to the others, every one of these old veterans had written upon his slip of paper the same name.

And it wasn't the name of the commander-in-chief. It wasn't the name, even, of the hero who led the Charge of the Light Brigade.

No; every man had written upon his slip one name—Florence Nightingale. Florence Nightingale, that angel of mercy who had braved the dangers of the battlefield; who had endured the hardships of the army camp; who ministered so tenderly, so lovingly, to the sick and the suffering in the hospital wards; who had taken the last messages of the dying, and closed the eyes of the dead.

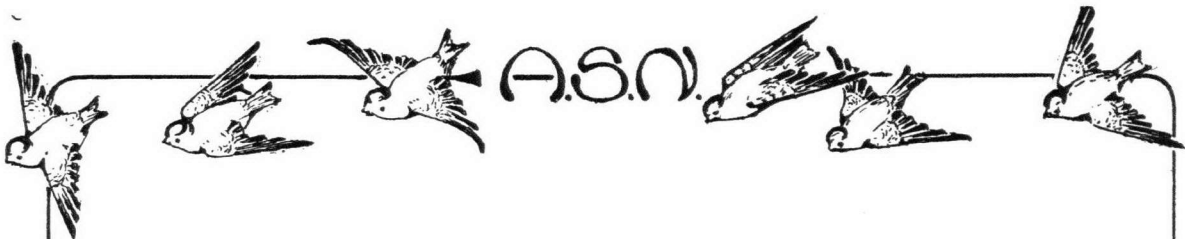
Florence Nightingale! Would that there were more with her courage, her hope, her cheerfulness, her love, as well as her trained ability today. And why not? Why not be an angel of love? Why not be a star in some one's sky? There's enough of darkness in this old world. Throw open the shutters—the shutters of the soul—lift the sash and let the blessed sunshine in. Absorb so much of it that you can't keep it all on the inside, so it just naturally bursts through and radiates to dispel the clouds in others' lives.

And if, perchance, a cloud some day should settle down over you, be sure to wear it wrong side out, for then the silver lining will be on the outside and the other fellow won't know a thing about it.

There ought to be a well-beaten track between the heart and the lips. Strew your flowers along life's pathway, adding joy and sunshine to the lives of others. But you must have it before you can give. So—

"Clear the darkened windows,
Open wide the door,
Let a little sunshine in."

IVY L. THOMASSON, Ward 23.



Farewell to You of '23

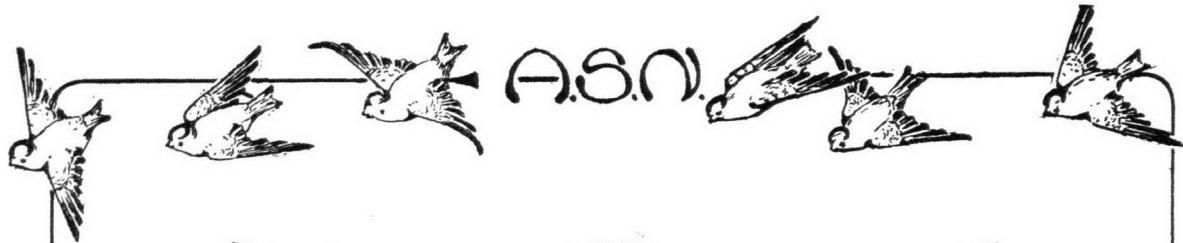
Dear little girls in blue,
We bid farewell to you,
Farewell to you as girls in blue,
But not as nurses kind and true.

For, where you girls do go
In dresses white as snow,
The Blue you wore for loyalty
Becomes your badge of royalty.

And now, dear girls of '23,
Soon members of the A. N. C.,
The A. S. N. congratulates each,
And wishes you luck a-plenty.



1923



Margaret Sundley



Lillian Rohange



Hazel Corinne Young



Annie Gregg



Frances Quinn



Helen Dorian



Edna Lindquist



Helen Bilderbach



Annamarie Koch



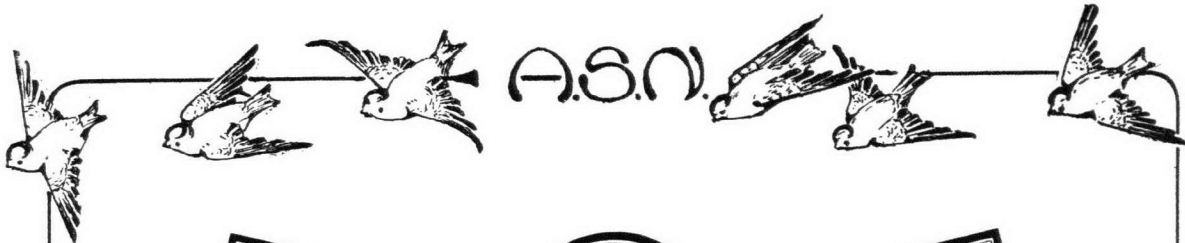
Elizabeth Moore



LaVerne Fitzgerald

Class of 1924

1923



Lillian Tournand



Hattie Feather



Lorraine Hance



Nettie Alley



Violet Eddy



Norma Cady



Lulu Wolf



Helen Miller



Mary Hicks



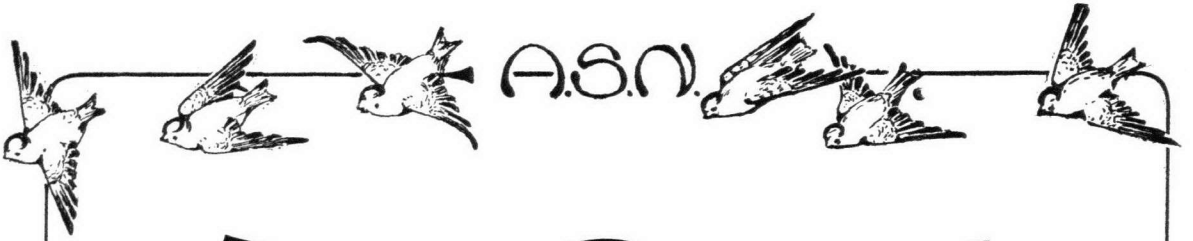
Emma Linn



Arlyn Carlson

Class of 1924

1923



Martha Hauch



Eleanor Palmer



Lucille Rhoades



Ione de France



Imogene Abbey



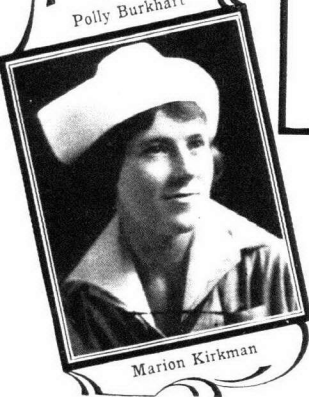
Dorothy Fulton



Polly Burkhart



Beatrice McBride



Marion Kirkman



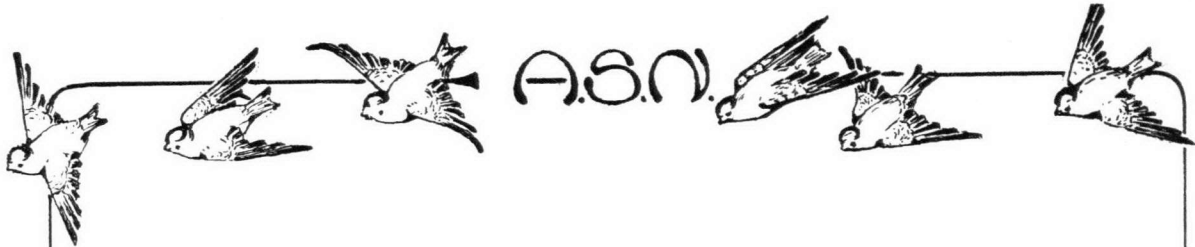
Ethel O'Connor



Grace Perry

Class of 1924

1923



Class of 1924

CON OCTOBER 5, 1921, thirty-three young women entered the third class of the Army School of Nursing at Walter Reed General Hospital. Due to physical inability and transfer, we are now twenty-two of the original group. During September, 1922, were added the nurses from the Public Health School of Nursing, Fort McHenry. These, with Mrs. Dorian of the "first Army Training School class," have made the class of '24 thirty-six in number.

Miss Minnegerode and members of the Public Health Service Staff believed that the public should be trained to appreciate and maintain sanitary conditions. Through her influence a school of nursing was established to function as a part of the Public Health Service. The hospital selected for the school was the Fort McHenry Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. Miss Emma Nichols became chief nurse, and Miss Mary W. Tobin supervisor.

About December first the students who had been accepted for the first class of the school received their orders to report on January third at Fort McHenry. During the first six weeks there was only class work, and at the end of this period, four hours daily on the ward, in addition to classes.

On the first day of May every one was greatly excited, for "the new class was coming." Also, on this day Fort McHenry was officially turned over to the Veterans' Bureau. Though this meant little at the time, it proved to be of importance a few months later. The school advanced rapidly until the middle of August. At this time the Veterans' Bureau lacked facilities to maintain the school. The students asked for transfer to the Army School of Nursing at Walter Reed. Here they were accepted with full credit and were incorporated in the class of 1924. The bright, pretty, pink uniforms of these girls added a new cheerfulness to all the hospital, but we loved them even more when they were dyed to the "bluebird" color.

Their Arrival at Walter Reed

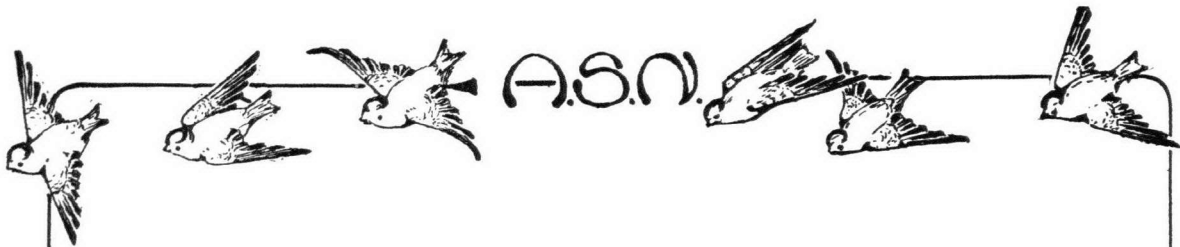
The "Pinkies" from Fort McHenry arrive on the wards at Walter Reed.

"Yes, Major, McCartney was drunk last night. I am positive of it."

"Confine him to the ward."

"Lord, Major, have a heart! What you talking about? As sure as I'm settin' here, I was never drunk in my life; I swear I wasn't! What're you treatin' me this way for? And McCartney strode indignantly away from his bed to the window.

"I guess you'd better keep me to the ward," came McCartney's faltering voice. "I'm drunk this time, sure. Here comes them 'blue-birds,' but today my eyes sees them all 'pink ladies.'"



Book of Army School of Nursing

—Page 1924.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.

Place: Walter Reed General Hospital. Nurses' Quarters Seven.

Time: Fall of 1921

Have you heard of our class of thirty-two
Who were entered as "probes" a month ago?
We're a wonderful group, let me tell you,
So full of vim and gayness, too,
That one hardly knows what next to do.

And at exactly six-forty-five,
Quarters Seven is much alive.
Then it quite resembles a busy beehive,
For every one in it does earnestly strive
With hair under nets and aprons held dear
Inspection to pass, and all answer "Here."

And then to our wards we wend our way,
To make up our beds without delay.
To fold in slips and blankets lay,—
According to specific rules are they.
When the two brief hours of duty have fled,
Back to the school room we probationers sped,
There to delve in books galore,
Then write, write, write, till our arms are
sore.

Then back to our rooms to cram and store
Steps in nursing from A to Z,
Naming the bones in Anatomy,
Learning symbols in Chemistry,
And Military Drill does finally
Finish our work quite creditably.

Then does come our own recess,
Upon which we put considerable stress.
Down to Takoma or Washington
To eat ice cream and have some fun,
Or, out for a walk, to Rock Creek Park,
Lunches with us, our steps we mark—
"Weenies" to roast, marshmallows to toast,
Stories to tell, that is our boast.

When dusk around us closes in,
Back to the Post we march with vim.
A score and a half, plus two, I said,
In Quarters Seven are housed again.
Feeling refreshed from our outing and spread,
We undress, take our baths, and parade to bed.

SCENE 2.

Time: Four months later.

Oh, the chatter, chatter, chatter,
And the clatter, clatter, clatter,
And the patter, patter, patter,
Up and down our "Quarters" hall.

Folks, my story is a sad one,
Tho' I'd rather tell a glad one;
For we're told our rooms we must vacate.
Now our class has been a glad one,
But just now it is a sad one,
For from Quarters Seven we move at speedy
rate.

First our trunks, and then our baggage,
Then our books, then pick up rubbish,
And our moving task is half complete.
But the part that we miss most
Is the sleeping porch, where ghosts
Played havoc with our sleep on frosty nights.

SCENE 3.

Time: August, 1922.

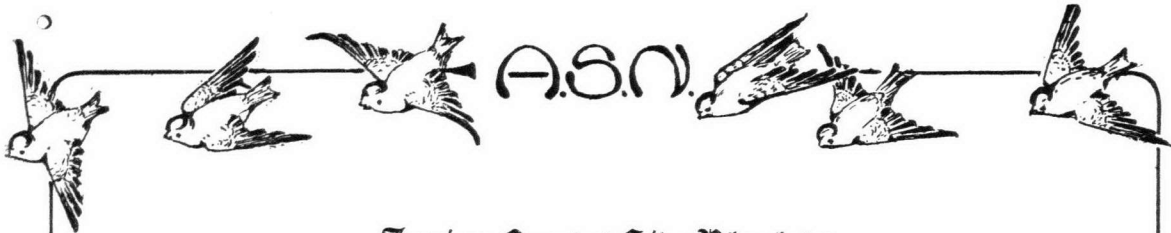
Place: Quarters Three.

And now at last, the half have passed
Those awful days of packing,
In which the lid was oft undid
For things they noted lacking.

Thus on again the time passed, when
Our separation days begin,
With many a sigh and fond good-bye,
Our call of "Come Back" followed them.

Now, as you know, best wishes go
To those who've gone away.
Oh, did you say, "They've gone away?"
Why, yes, to Philadelphia.





Junior Nurses Give Playlets

Three one-act plays were presented by the student nurses, class of 1925, of this hospital at the Red Cross last Friday evening, before an audience of over 400 appreciative persons. The plays were given for the benefit of "The Annual," a magazine published each year by the student nurses. Jerry Isaacs staged and directed the production in an able manner, and music was furnished by the Post Orchestra. The program follows:

I

NEVERTHELESS

By Stuart Walker

Billy Cleves.....Miss Frances Mitchell
Louise Cleves.....Miss Priscilla Vincent
Burglar.....Miss Liechen Kuehn

II

THE MAKER OF DREAMS

By Oliphant Downs

Pierrette.....Miss Isabella Williams
(Mary Ellen Howe)
Pierrot.....Miss Mermel Wonser
Manufacturer.....Miss Mary Stetcher

III

SUPPRESSED DESIRES

1 Act, 2 Scenes

By Susan Glaspell

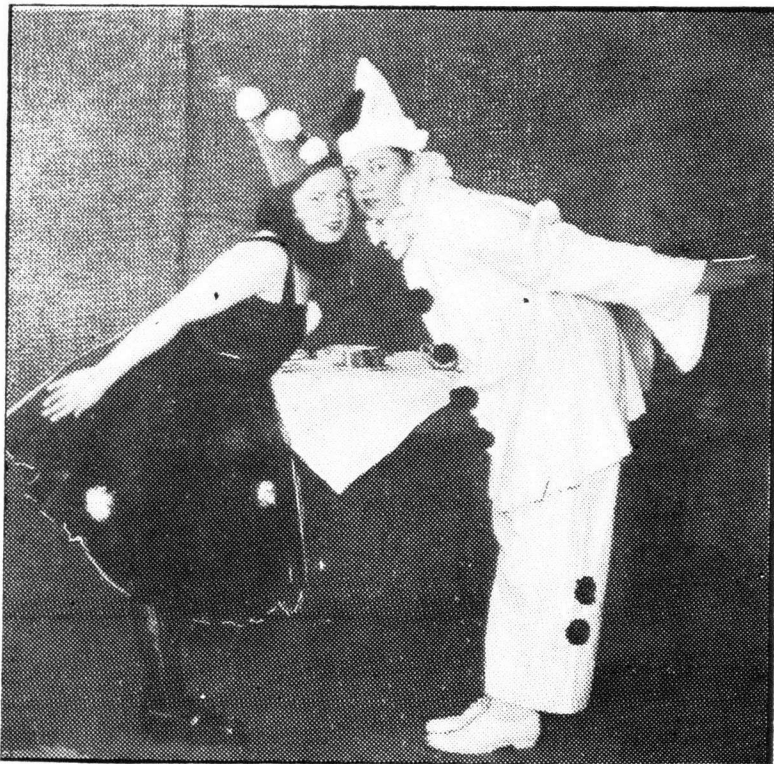
Henrietta Brewster.....Miss Dorothy Mouversly
Stephen Brewster.....Miss Dorothy Conde
Mabel.....Miss Ella Reed

The part of Pierrette in the "Maker of Dreams" was taken by Miss Mary Howe, who, owing to the illness of Miss Isabella Williams, perfected the part on two days' notice.

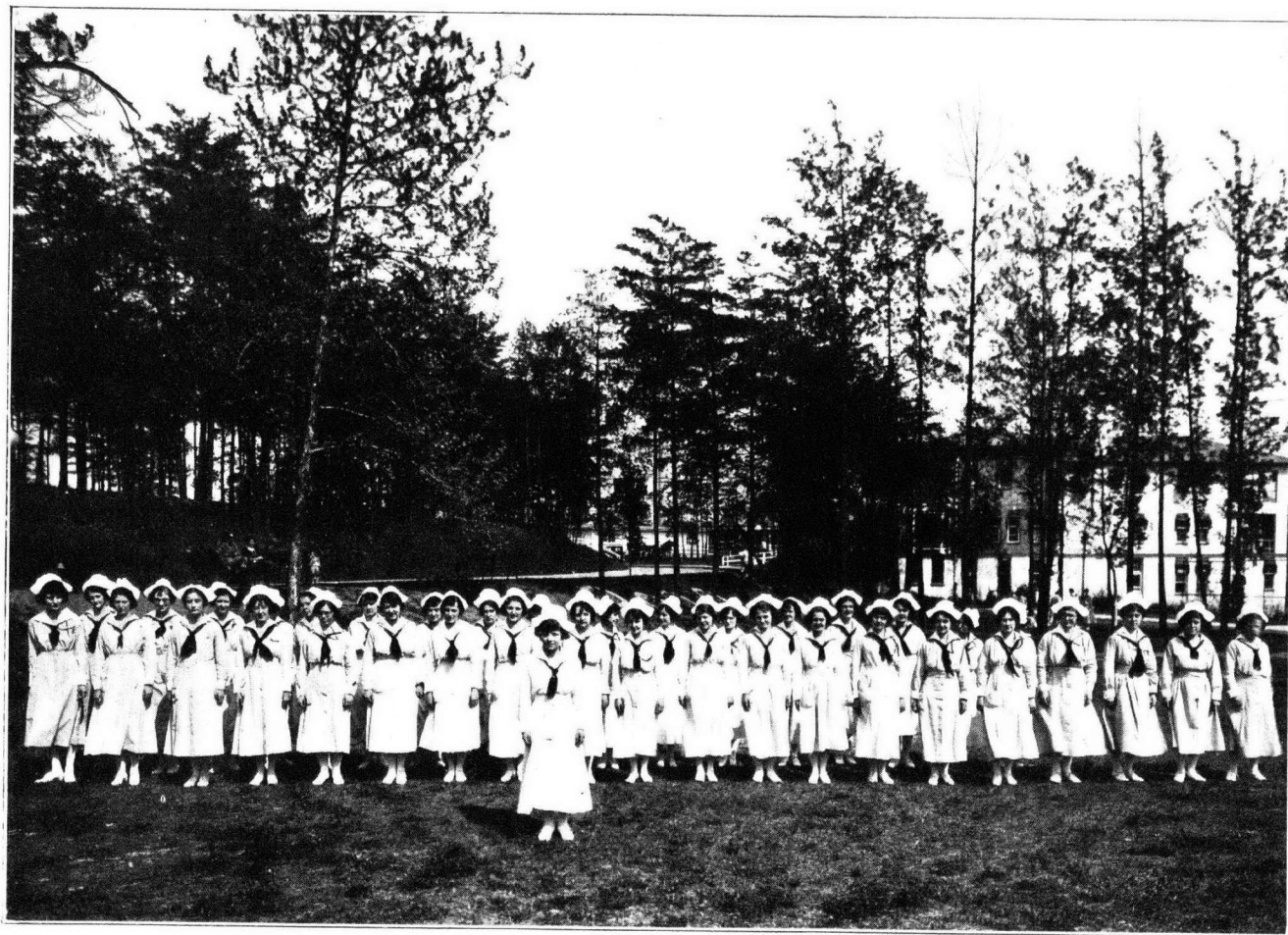
The "New Juniors" deserve much credit for the masterly way in which they produced these plays. "Suppressed Desires" received but one week of rehearsal, owing to the fact that the "Twelve-Pound Look" was ready for production when the permission of the playwright was withheld. So, in one week's time, "Suppressed Desires" was substituted.

To praise individually is impossible here, but it must be said that the work of Miss Priscilla Vincent, as Louise Cleves in "Nevertheless"; the very charming portrayal of the Manufacturer in the "Maker of Dreams" by Miss Mary Stetcher, and the greatly-enjoyed characterization of Stephen Brewster in "Suppressed Desires," as portrayed by Miss Dorothy Conde, were the outstanding features.

—The Come-Back, March 16, 1923.

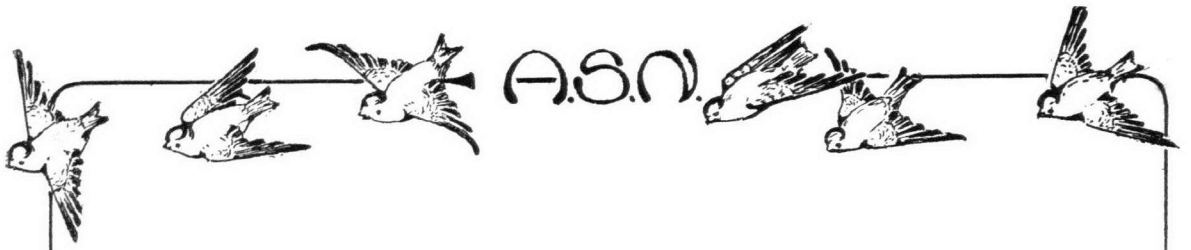


1923



Class of 1925





Juniors, 1925



IN February twenty-eighth, from early morn 'till evening thirteen girls from many parts of the country gathered at the office of the Chief Nurse at Walter Reed Hospital. Our probationary days began on March the first, nineteen twenty-two, and with them so much new routine for us. "Oh, how we hate to get up in the morning!"

After our very strenuous probation period, the fifteenth of June was for us the stepping stone to responsibility. Miss Goodrich presented us with our reward of very dainty caps made by the Juniors. We considered these gifts a great honor bestowed upon us. The only difficulty was that, since our four months ended on July first, we had to be on duty until then without caps. Perhaps the mirrors were not in use most of the time off duty when we were trying to decide which way the caps were most becoming! When it came time to adorn ourselves with them permanently, we many times arrived at the ward capless.

After an enjoyable summer of swimming, tennis, and hiking—to say the least of vacations—as in former school days, we flocked back to our beloved studies. The first real break in our number was made the tenth of July when Madame Mouroux from Paris departed to tour Africa, and then to return to her home. Later Miss Berens, whose home was formerly in Luxemburg, returned to us after an extended leave of three months.

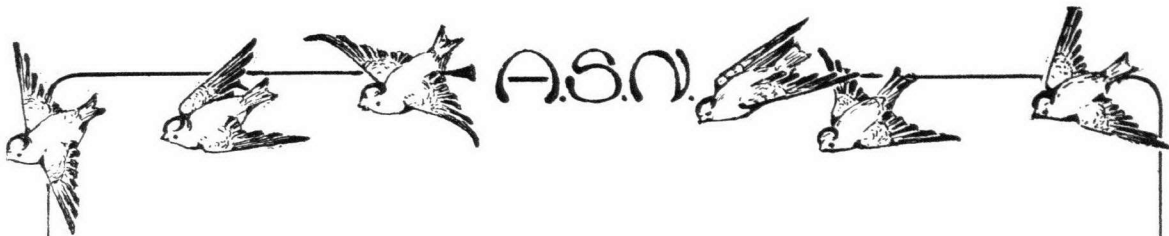
On the fifteenth of September three members were admitted from Fort McHenry—the Misses Portia Pearce, Sadie Adkins, and Mabel Kennedy. This increased our number to seventeen.

At a Hallowe'en Party we had the pleasure of willingly dedicating our places to the new Probationers.

On Christmas morning, with the other students, we renewed Christmas cheer by assembling and singing carols at the various wards.

The third of February at Quarters One, in the space of a very short time, we made twenty-three crisp new caps and then presented them to our new classmates, "the new Juniors," at the Red Cross House, where they had been impatiently waiting like so many little "bluebirds" watching for the much treasured worm.

Thus ends the record of our first year at Walter Reed, and we are now as a class of forty on the threshold of our careers, intermediate students of the Army School of Nursing.



Our First Two Months in Training

Class of 1925

More than two months have passed since we came to the Army School of Nursing at Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco. Before we arrived we were impressed with the fine spirit existing in the school as demonstrated by the letters each of us received from junior students. They were very cordial, gave helpful hints about our uniforms, and the writers offered to meet us at the Ferry Building upon our arrival. These letters made each of us feel that we were welcome, and linked the distance between home and Letterman.

Some of the students were met by ambulances at the dock, and others, who came in advance, were guests at the hospital until the opening day of the Fall Class. The first day was not unlike a freshman's matriculation at college. We met our fellow classmates who came from all points of the compass—Washington, Illinois, Georgia, New York, North Carolina, Texas, California, and San Salvador. Every bit of hospitality was shown us, and so much kindness bestowed upon us that homesickness through loneliness was forgotten. This day we met our Chief Nurse, had the required physical examination, took the Oath of Allegiance, and received a schedule of our classes. In the afternoon we attended an informal tea which was held for us, the preliminary students, where we met some of the Stanford University students who were interested in hospital work and who had come out to Letterman on an inspection tour.

During the first two months no ward duty was assigned, and we attended classes only, from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. These classes were in the following subjects: History of Nursing, Ethics, Personal Hygiene, Setting-up Exercises, Anatomy, Physiology, Bacteriology, Bandaging, Practical Nursing, Hospital Housekeeping and Cooking. The quiet hour for study is spent in the quarters or Reference Library between 7.30 p. m. and 10 p. m., and is always cheered by slipping out one by one to the bread and milk stand. Oh, it is so good!

Our practical nursing consisted of demonstrations and practice in bed-making of all types, admission of patients, care of patients, discharging of patients, and hospital housekeeping. Before starting on the ward duty, poise and self-assurance were acquired by four hours of daily practice in nursing arts in the class room. One certainly does not go blindly into unknown work and methods when the foundation has been thoroughly laid.

During the first two months we learned hospital housekeeping to the last degree. Inspection tours were made of all departments in the hospital, the medical supply, laundry, wards, kitchens and power house. In fact, nothing was missed. After each tour, each student wrote a paper giving description, plan of operation or supervision, and offered any criticisms or suggestions which she considered would aid in bettering that department.



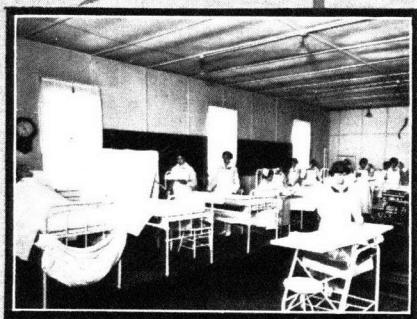
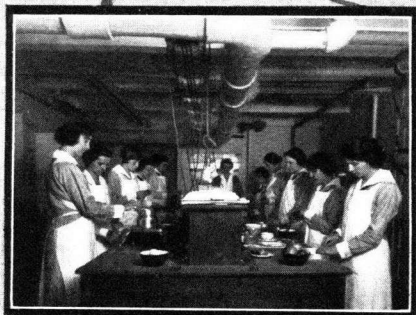
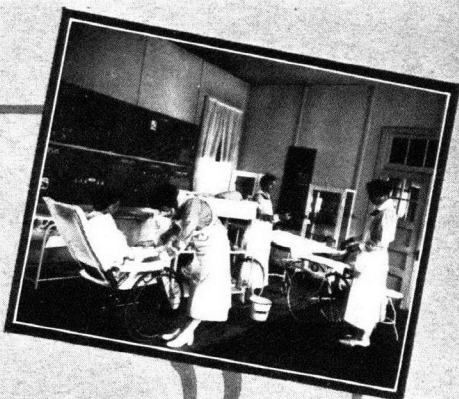
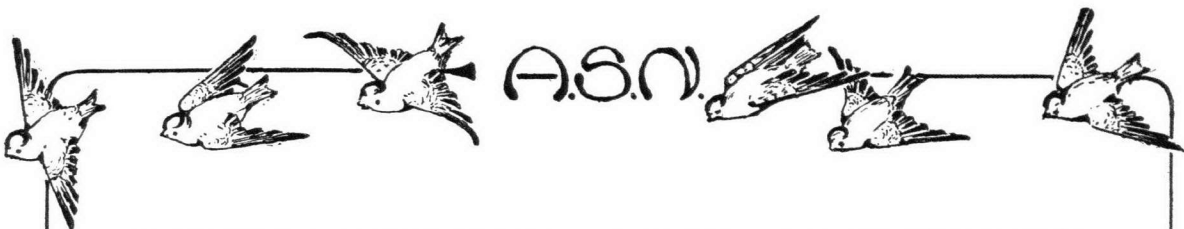
Every Saturday morning inspection of the entire hospital is made by the Commanding Officer and the Chief Nurse. On one particular Saturday morning we accompanied them. It was a momentous occasion, the Colonel having in attendance the Chief Nurse, an aide, the sanitary officer and an orderly. The latter was the instigator of much discussion among us, whether the word was "Attention" or "Inspection" with which he heralded the procession, as all we could get was "Shun." You can well imagine how important we felt, mere blue-uniformed preliminary students, accompanying such people of importance on inspection. In fact, we inspected and afterwards handed in a report to the Colonel and Chief Nurse. This inspection took two hours—two hours of criticizing the order and cleanliness of the wards, diet kitchens, linen rooms, utility and bath rooms—at the end of which time we were all in a state of collapse due to dignity fatigue.

As to something of our life outside of classes—our first Sunday was a free day for all students. The juniors had planned a picnic across San Francisco Bay. We started about 9 a. m. with ample provisions, crossed the bay in a Government boat and were met by an Army truck which took us two or three miles over hills and through tunnels until we reached the ocean. It was a glorious day. After we had rambled around for an hour or two, the chopped bacon and scrambled eggs with coffee and buns tasted the best ever. After a rest, and when the picnic housekeeping was completed, a few of us walked to the great lighthouse that helps to guard beautiful Golden Gate. At 4 p. m., the truck called for us and gaily we returned to the hospital, each declaring it a perfect day.

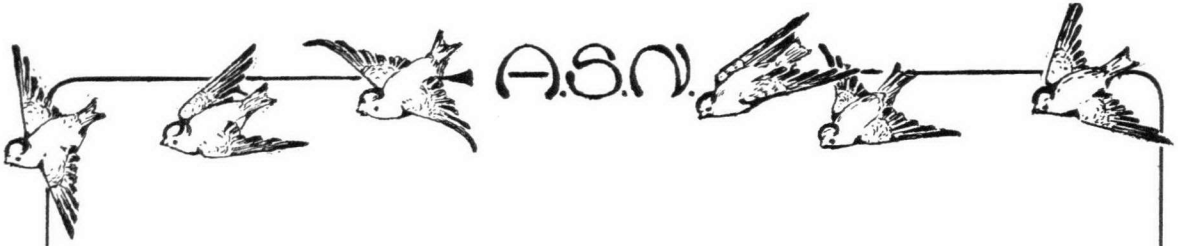
The Nurses' Clubhouse has been the site of many a joyous party. It is a splendid recreation building where we may have music, dances, play pool or cards, and read. There is a good-sized library, to which all have access, supplied with good books, the popular magazines, *The American Journal of Nursing*, *The Public Health Nurse*, and *The Modern Hospital*. Every morning from 9 to 10.30 we may have coffee and toast here, and afternoon tea from 2.30 to 4.30. In our own dining room, which is separate from that of the graduates, we may have guests at any time for meals. We have two very good tennis courts, many delightful walks along the beach to the old Spanish fort and to other points of interest, and there is a fine swimming tank at the Y. W. C. A. We had opportunities to avail ourselves of all of the above recreation during our first two months as well as at the present time, and we surely took advantage of them.

Regardless of necessary strict criticisms from our instructors, and conscientious and concentrated application to study and work, no one pined away in flesh or thought. All hope for the realization of a preliminary student's dream—HER CAP.

(By Grace P. Knowlton and Dorothy J. Livingston, Letterman General Hospital, Class of 1925. Reprinted from *American Journal of Nursing*.)



A Day With the Class of 1926



Walter Reed Handbook for Preliminary Students—Revised Edition

Read these directions and pointers hastily and follow them carelessly. They will get you into plenty of trouble without your bothering to read them at all. Don't ever consider making out application blanks in advance and don't waste any time making your uniforms the correct length. The Supervisors will do that for you.

When you arrive in Washington take any street car you see and keep transferring until you see a Forest Glen or Takoma Park car. Get on it. Under no circumstances ask a policeman where Walter Reed is. He doesn't know any more about it than you do. Now grab a strap, elevate yourself above the common rabble and dangle there serenely for a half an hour or so. If the conductor emits any hideous screeches, don't be alarmed. He is either renaming the streets along that line or haling some of his friends as they pass in their cars. When your right arm becomes numb, descend cautiously from the strap, escape from the car through the rear exit. If the conductor extends his hand toward you, it is a sign that he likes your looks and is inclined to friendliness. Shake his hand vigorously and run. The running is to start the circulation and remove the numbness from your arm.

Now inquire the way to the "Greasy Spoon." After finding this structure, face squarely about and peer intently down the street. If the day is not too foggy you will see two tall smoke stacks piercing the horizon. Now, go over there. You will now perceive there is a red brick building attached to a firm foundation just beyond.

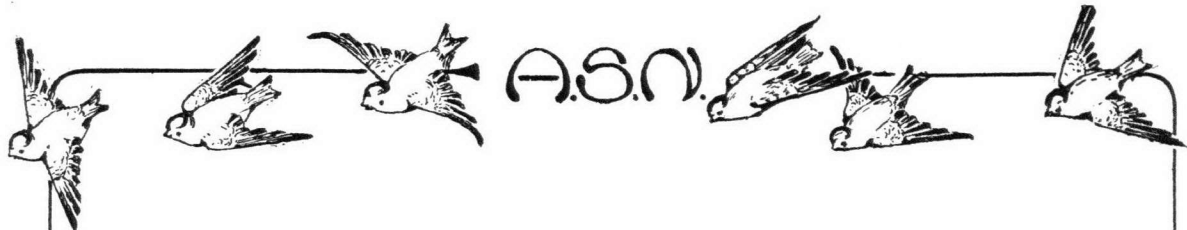
This building is not the one you want. Now, look to your right and walk back 2,347 paces until you come to a similar yet smaller red brick structure. Call one of the flitting creatures dressed all in white and give him your traveling bags and parcels. Be sure and load them down properly—that's what the orderlies are for. Powder your nose and enter with fear and trembling via the front door. Be sure and put on plenty of rouge. Now ask for the Chief Nurse. She is a peculiar individual who likes to become well acquainted with all the "Probies" on the start—so just walk right in at the front of the line—if there is one, reach your paw over the desk and say, "Hello, there, old girl." That's just what she likes, and from that time hence you will receive every courtesy.

(Signed)

PRUDENCE ANDERSON,

ESTHER RANSOM,

1925.



The Preliminary Students

"Our Bunch" has been here long enough now to collect two pay checks, to know that breakfast is not served after 7:30 a. m., to know quarters five from every angle, to know that your room is inspected every Saturday morning whether you want to sleep or not, and, last but not least, to know what a remarkable institution we have chosen to come to.

We realize as we study and look and learn, how broadening this training will be to us. We expected this, of course, but to such an extent, never!

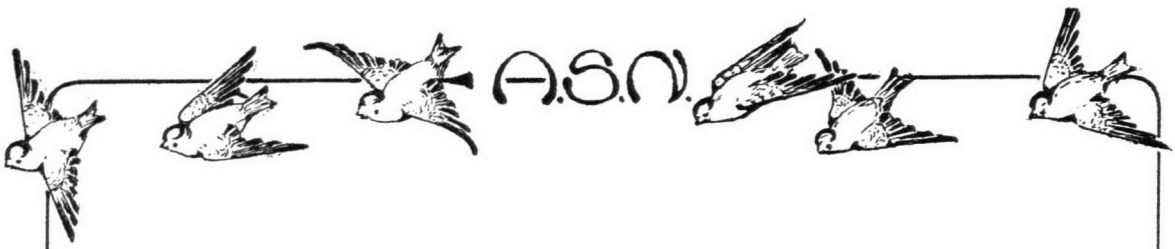
Our instructors are "real" people, and we want to let them know how much we appreciate the many things they have done and are continually doing for us.

We thank you, our upper classmates, for making us feel as if we were wanted. We have lived with the girls in quarters seven, and to them particularly do we bow. We also want to let the junior girls know how much we enjoyed those three little playlets given at the time of our arrival.

We know of nothing we can say to express our many thoughts of appreciation toward you all.

"Our Hospital," we salute you!





The Class of 1926

THE "PRELIM'S" FIRST DAYS

ONE SUNNY morning in March, the would-be "prelims" made their appearance at the door of the Nurses' Quarters at Letterman and timidly rang the bell. A trim nurse greeted them cordially and took them into a cozy reception room. This was reassuring; but still they waited with fear and trembling for the Head Nurse. They expected a kind of ogress. They found a human being, very kind and understanding. The worst was over.

After the formalities of signing many papers, they were assigned rooms in the students' quarters and met some of their new classmates. One of the friendly sophomores took them over to the Administration Office, where they took their oath of allegiance. After this they felt quite proud and chesty, except when they met graduate nurses. Then they went back to quarters to unpack, and talked and talked and talked. The "big sisters" of the upper class were very kind to these lonesome, hungry, little "prelims," and saw that they were shown to their seats at freshman table. The excellent food and service helped to cheer and strengthen the strangers. Altogether, they felt that they were among friends.

Next morning they were rudely awakened at, what they thought, the ungodly hour of six. After a wild struggle into the new uniforms, a mad dash for breakfast, it was six fifty-five. Time for roll call. Before making their appearance at the class room, they all rushed to quarters to powder, and primp, and fluff out their hair. And then—O, the come-down they had! All bobbed heads under nets. No more flying curls. And "pale faces" were the style.

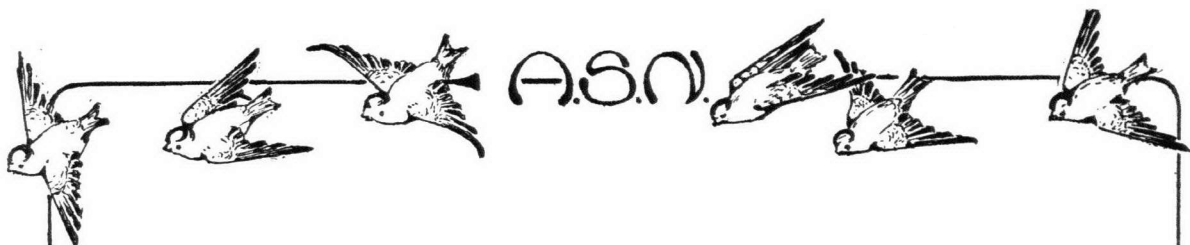
Next came assignment of lessons, physical examinations, leisure. They spent the afternoon poking about the laboratory and acquainting themselves with the hospital routine.

In the evening, they noticed the nurses and students flocking to the Recreation Hut; so they straggled in and stood awkwardly at the side. They watched the fun until an invitation came to join, an invitation eagerly accepted. They sat around the large fireplace and listened to the talk of tennis games and horseback riding, inwardly making up their minds to make a try at the sports. And now they learned that tea was served here every afternoon, and that after sleeping late on Sunday morning they could have breakfast in the breakfast room of the hut.

It was a tired, but joyful and enthusiastic, bunch that turned in that night, and they all dreamed of the wonderful careers which were to be theirs.

By FRANCES RIEDER and HELEN TED MOUNT,

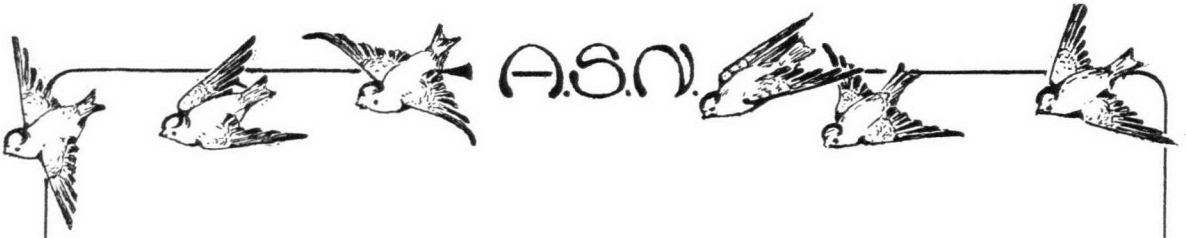
Class of 1926.



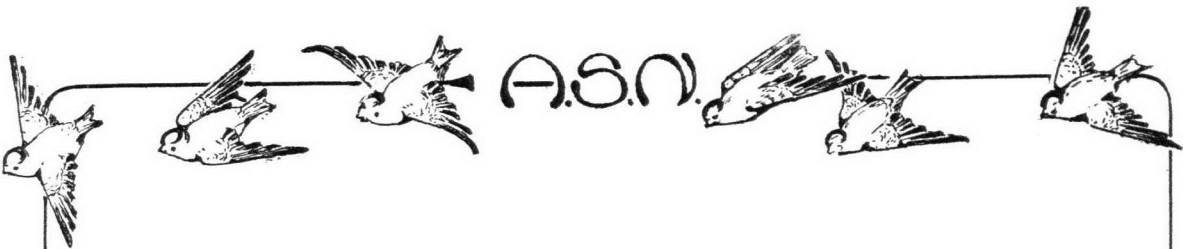
Our Flag

In the Flag we see all the splendid pageant of our History, the outline of every dominant figure in new life since signatures were put to the Declaration of Independence, the toil and triumph of our wars, the progress recorded in every moment of peace. We see this, and more. We see the principles which our great men defended, for which we fought our wars, by which our peace has been made orderly, substantial, prosperous.

These principles are greater than men, greater than the triumphs of war, and the Flag is their epitome.—*American Legion Weekly*.



1923



Blockley Reminiscences

PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Don't you remember—one day, August 15, 1922—when a little group of Army bluebirds alighted from the train in West Philadelphia Station?

It comes very vividly to my mind how, with sundry overflow from well packed trunks, we turned our steps toward Thirty-fourth and Spruce Streets, where we expected to spend eight months acquiring wisdom. I recall how, a little homesick and very tired, we were confronted with a high stone wall—a relic, with many others still remaining, of the old Blockley Almshouse, as this hospital was still known as late as the eighties. We followed this wall until we came to the arched iron gateway guarded by the man in the gatehouse beside it.

It was through this gateway that Evangeline entered at the end of her long, weary search for Gabriel. Longfellow describes this hospital as the almshouse on the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill.

A more modern legend of this old clinic gate is that it is the beginning and end of all Blockley romance. Of course, owing to the shortness of our stay there, you nor I could vouch for the truth of that, but as my mind wanders about among old memories it may be true.

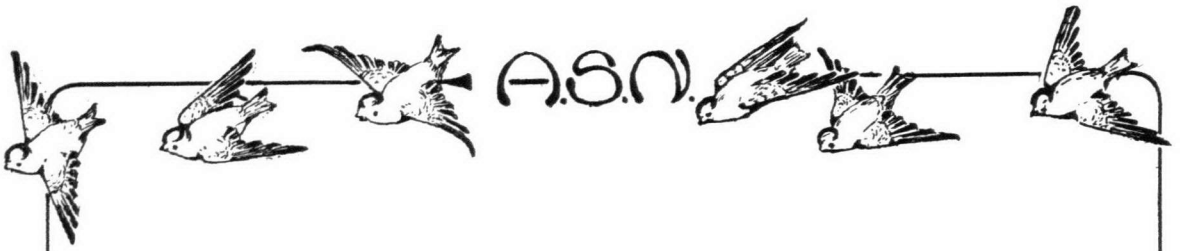
Well, enough of this dreaming—

Don't you remember how our feet dragged as we entered the "Old Home" which was to be our home for several months? Oh, by the way, did you ever hear that up to the building of this nurses' home in 1895, the student nurses were housed in a windowless dormitory in the hospital itself? Since the "Old Home" was built, another one known as the "New Home" has been erected; besides this, a spacious annex is being completed which will make it possible to accommodate comfortably 350 nurses. These facts are interesting, but we are wandering away from our old memories.

Wasn't it wonderful how amicably we adjusted ourselves as to roommates and rooms? Few groups of girls of the present day are as congenial as we were. I wonder if the old name of "Army Alley" still clings to the corridors occupied by the Army girls?

Did ever a dinner taste better than that first one eaten in the beautiful dining room which was situated in the "New Home"? This dining room and the service and food were quite a feature in our eyes, you remember.

Oh, say! Will you ever forget that first day on the wards? What a shock! But Army girls, as well as men, have a way of adjusting themselves to new situations, and we were soon demonstrating our efficiency most capably, thanks to our home school's good training.



Entrance to Blockley

Well, how we did trudge on! One service after another completed. Occasionally one would fall out of the ranks for a time and sojourn in the Nurses' Infirmary, but like a good soldier she, as soon as possible, picked up her pack and traveled on.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention that 600 Blockley graduates did active service in the World War and that a base hospital was located here during the war.

At first we wondered why some things at Blockley were as they were, but as we grew better acquainted with the conditions Blockley had to meet we understood and grew more contented and adaptable to surroundings.

Philadelphia General Hospital is growing in all directions. It is reaching thousands who would in no other way secure skilled medical attention by means of its dispensary and clinic work. It is broadening itself by the splendid training it is giving its nurses and internes.

How tenderly I remember the kindness of Miss Clayton, Miss Dieson, and their able assistants and the courtesy and interest extended to us by Dr. Doane and others.

IMOGENE ABBEY, '24.



Bloomingtondale, White Plains, N. Y.

After having been welcomed so graciously into the beauty and peace of Bloomingtondale's outer court, what wonder we were partly disoriented? The time was not out of harmony, for it was a perfect August evening in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-two. However, place and atmosphere were very much confused. Had we not attained Heaven, after coming, as we did, from the noise, the dirt, and the grind of Manhattan's East Side? Were we not week-end guests at some country estate? Could it be possible those ivy-covered halls sheltered souls in torment and spirits in prison? We were incredulous, and fell asleep to the chirping of crickets, wakening in the morning to the song of birds and the glorious sunshine. Wakened, yes, and with the cold realization that an hour ago we should have breakfasted and reported for duty.

Early in the day we were summoned to the class room to receive our first lesson in orientation. Again we were reminded that we were nurses—that we had come to this institution for knowledge and training in the care of the most sick of the sick; that the field was large and that we at best could hope for only a glimpse into the world of mental illness and chaos and the process of restoring order. But that glimpse alone would be sufficient to give us an intelligent as well as sympathetic attitude toward those whom we had come to help, and from whom we were to learn the rudiments of mental nursing.

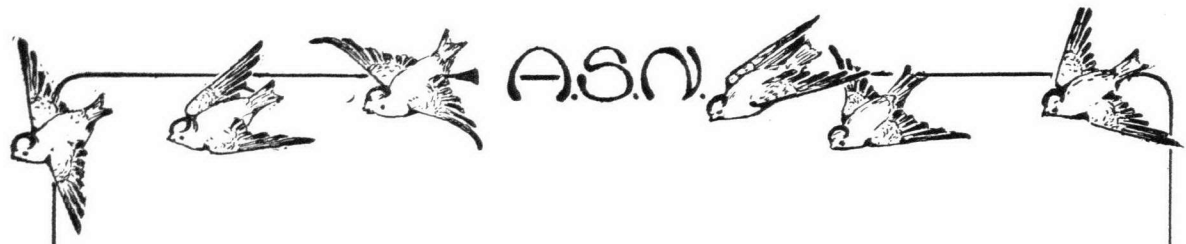
The most impressive feature of this first class was girding about our waists ropes to which were attached several keys, to the doors of the inner courts, this ceremony completely restoring our identity.

Needless to say, our experiences were many and varied, the lessons we learned invaluable, and our sojourn in Bloomingtondale happy and profitable. The classes, lectures, and clinics were hours anticipated with pleasure and eagerness, and the time much too short in which to crowd our endless questions.

We learned the art of occupational therapy, the therapeutic value of baths, and the unlimited value of the element of play in the normal mental experience. We had opportunity to prove the latter when, for one week, our duty was to participate in sports with the patients. We were satiated with tennis and golf. It was strange that seven days of play should become a long week of most laborious work, and we filled it with all of life possible to crowd into 1,440 minutes.

Time under such conditions passes rapidly, and soon we were counting the days when we should return to Walter Reed. Finally came the hour when we returned our keys, which were to us symbolic of the ultimate laying down of our burdens.

EDNA RITENOUR, '23.



Lying-in-Hospital, New York, N. Y.

On May 2, 1921, two junior students arrived in New York with six "Seniors," all bound for the Lying-in-Hospital, where we were to receive three months of training in obstetrical nursing.

Our first day of duty began with a demonstration by our instructor, who showed us the exact way that mothers and babies must be treated and cared for. Afterwards we were taken to the wards, which presented to us a strange contrast with the cozy, home-like ones we had left at Walter Reed.

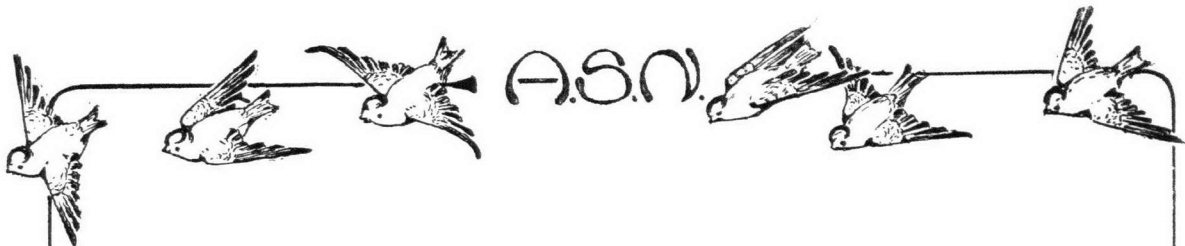
By the aid of kindly supervisors and cooperative doctors, we soon became familiar with the hospital routine, learned from the mothers a bit of Yiddish, Italian, and German, became accustomed to the din of 40 crying babies, acquired skill in guiding the loaded baby cart down the shining corridors to the anxiously waiting mothers, and, profiting by Miss Mullaly's explicit directions, we could pack bags for the doctors on the outdoor service and be confident that their equipment was complete.

Ten hours of duty seemed a long day during those hot summer months. However, it was wonderful, when work was over, to climb up on the Fifth Avenue bus and ride along Riverside Drive just after sunset as twilight was deepening and watch the twinkling lights upon the Hudson and feel the cool river breezes on our faces.

Since this was our first trip to the great metropolis, we visited all points of interest. We viewed the city from the Woolworth Tower, we stood in awe before the Statute of Liberty, we rambled through the winding paths of Central Park to our hearts' content; nor did we forget Chinatown, Coney Island nor the East Side Ghetto with its scores of push carts.

The three months passed quickly. Final "exams" were over. Regretfully we said "Goodbye" to our foreign-born mothers and to the noisy nursery. We left Lying-In behind, but carried away with us deep gratitude to those who had given us such splendid, practical instructions, and who had instilled in our hearts their ideals of service.

EDNA DAULTON, '23.



St. Elizabeth's, Washington, D. C.

In the spring of 1922 it was decided that some time during the following summer the class of 1923 should affiliate with St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., for our psychiatric training.

It was with mingled feelings that we boarded the Army truck which was to take us to our new field of work. As the truck bore us swiftly away from Walter Reed, we felt our hearts contract with that weary feeling called "homesickness." After traveling for about 30 minutes we were told by our driver that our destination was very near. Suddenly rounding a turn, our eager gaze was intercepted by tall iron fences and high stone walls. How our hearts throbbed as we swept through immense iron gates into—what? Fairyland! Ah, we did not dream it could be as beautiful as this. Everywhere one happened to look beautiful flowers, long stretches of grassy lawn, wonderful shrubbery, and tall shade trees met the eye. How eagerly we scanned the beautiful buildings as we drove along, wondering which one might be the Nurses' Home. At last, after many inquiries



Nurses' Home, St. Elizabeth's Hospital

1923



and much delay, we were greeted by Miss Edith Haydon, assistant chief nurse, former student and graduate of Walter Reed, who assigned us to our rooms.

Our psychiatric training had always been a fearful subject of discussion amongst us, and after our first night at St. Elizabeth's, made wakeful by shrieks, strange cries, and weird noises, our fears were increased tenfold.

It was with mingled emotions that we fastened our huge brass keys to long chains which we made secure around our waists. None can imagine the feeling that assailed us as, for the first time, we each unlocked the heavy doors that admitted us to respective wards assigned.

Our work on the wards was very light, as we were there mostly to observe. We went on duty at 8:30 a. m. and came off at 5 p. m. After a few days on the wards we found that there was nothing really to fear, and with fear eliminated, we began to be very much interested. So, altogether, our days passed very pleasantly. Those patients who were confined to wards were kept occupied daily through the efforts of the reconstruction aides, who patiently taught basketry, weaving, toy making, etc. These patients also had their treatments daily in the hydro therapy department. Those who were fortunate enough to have ground parole had access to the Red Cross House, where entertainments and dances were given. These dances were a source of never-ending interest to us and the Army School was always well represented. Each week a band was engaged to entertain the patients, and it was always a great pleasure for us to take as many as possible out on the lawn for the purpose of being near and hearing the music.

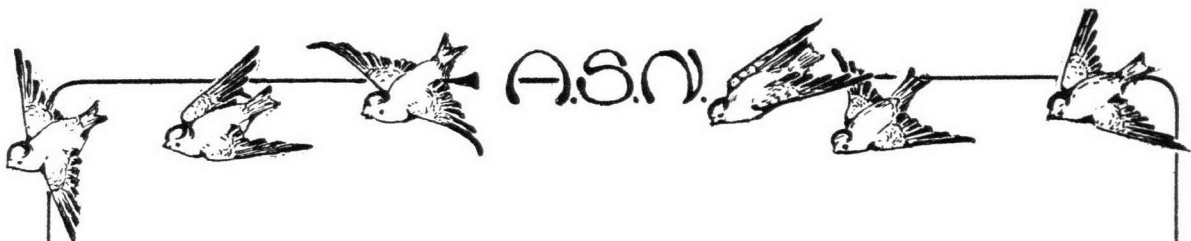
Each day we were given an hour's lecture on psychiatry by men who have made the subject a life-long study. It was a great pleasure, as well as a privilege, to be able to hear these men discourse on a subject that is becoming more and more interesting as time advances.

We spent two months at St. Elizabeth's, two months in which we were given the wonderful opportunity of trying to determine the "why" of Humanity; two months which taught us more fully how to understand and sympathize with human nature.

So it was with regret we said good-bye and gathered up our goods and chattles and boarded the old Army truck which was to bring us back to Walter Reed and real work once more.

GERTRUDE MARSHE, '23.





The Children's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Facing W Street Northwest, between Twelfth and Thirteenth, stands a large, oblong, three-story brick structure, above the entrance to which you may read these words, "The Children's Hospital. Incorporated 1870."

To the back and at either end of this building and connected with it by "The Esplanade" are two other three-story bricks, which make up the remainder of the hospital.

Unlike most city hospitals, this one basks in the light and air provided by the "whole block."

The hospital accommodates 150 patients, and there is usually to be found among "those present" an illustration of every known disease under the sun. There are about 35 student nurses, in addition to the half dozen or more affiliates constantly in attendance. Graduate nurses special and supervise.

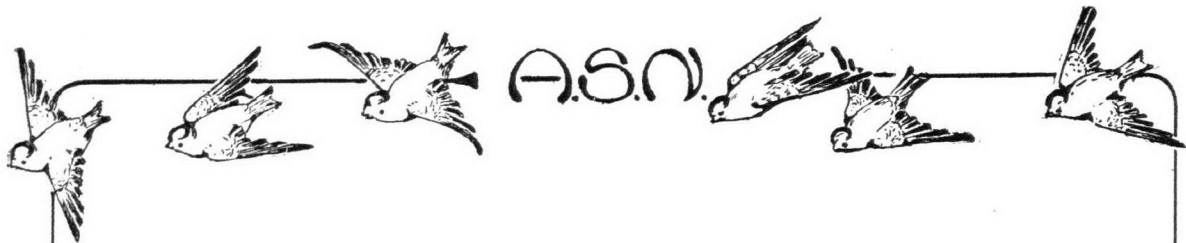
Some of the outstanding features to an Army Nurse within the gates are the following:

The amazing amount of responsibility given to younger students and the equally amazing fact of their ability to shoulder said responsibility. The strangeness of going on duty at the monstrosly lazy hour of 8 a. m., after having "prayers" at 7:30. The distressing and complete omission of that bit of heaven known as a "p. m." The absence of Saturday morning inspection. The expertness with which one learns to single out the voice of the needy patient from among the half dozen or more simultaneously calling "Nurse." The unbelievable volume of sound produced by a dozen infants just previous to "feeding time."

Last, but by no means least, must be mentioned the personality of that little white-haired lady who has the nursing destinies of us all in her hands. Cultured, interested, alive, human, she stands ever ready to encourage, criticize, explain, as the need demands.

BEULAH WEIDMAN, '23.





Wandering Thoughts

LANE AND STANFORD UNIVERSITY, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Lane and Stanford University Hospitals, where 12 of our Army students are at present affiliating, consist of an old and a new part. Clinic patients are cared for in the older part. The combined hospitals have a capacity of 300 beds and provide work for about 150 students.

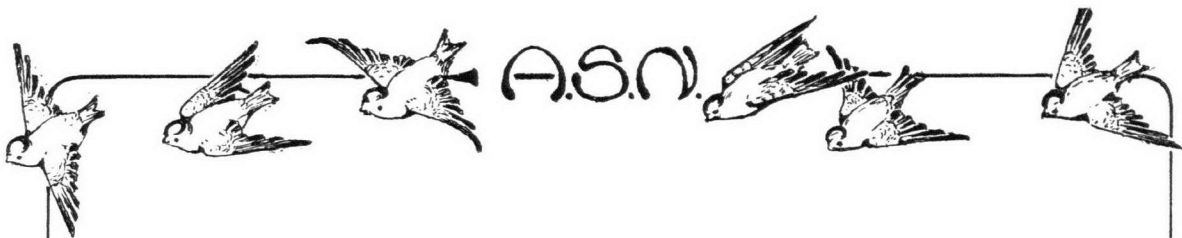
A new nurses' home, the Stanford School of Nursing, was completed last year and is a beautiful building, modern in every detail. Here the first six of our students were assigned rooms; the last six are living in the old Lane Home, known as the Nurses' Annex. It is a huge old-fashioned place, a veritable mansion in its day. Had you seen the rooms upon our arrival, bare of everything except necessary furniture, and no fires in the grates, you would have thought, "What a place for students to live!" But should you join us some evening now—see our reading lamps casting a soft glow over the room, a red blotter on the library table giving a touch of color, candlestick, pictures of *our brothers*, incense burners, and odd pieces of bric-a-brac adorning the mantle, and congenial companions grouped around a table in front of the fireplace where, after settling the great issues of the day, we gaze at the embers and dream dreams—if you could join us now you would say, "What a delightful, home-like place!"

Resting there after an arduous day, our thoughts fly back to San Francisco. That city has an European aspect. Even the "caterpillar cars" lend a fascination. We wonder anew wherein lies the charm of San Francisco. Is it that we catch a glimpse of the bay at almost every angle? Is it the purple hills? Or does it lie in the weather, full of sunshine? Even though we can not answer the question, we feel the fascination and shall always associate it with our recollections of student days.

Just as a person who travels to foreign lands enjoys each new experience, and finally turns homeward with a happy heart, so we, after making the most of our affiliation, shall appreciate Letterman all the more upon our return.

A LETTERMANITE ABROAD.





Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York City, N. Y.

February 4th, 1923, saw four of the Class of 1923 a thing apart from Army Student Nurses, for they were actual travelers arriving in the Pennsylvania Station, New York.

While waiting here for Miss Emilie Robson, educational director, we marveled how transformed all seemed in this little city in itself. A continuous muttering roar like distant thunder, or like the sound of rolling surf heard near the shore at night, fills this echoing terminus. Here was the material for modern life—all sorts, all conditions, all incidents that indicate particular situations arising out of universal conditions. All the important crises of life are present which take these people on brief or lengthy journeys. How infinitely varied are the dim philosophies that mix invisibly in this station—how pathetic the inner sorrows and yearnings!

And it is this problem for which we have come to study, experience, and give what little aid we can within our four months.

We could spend endless time watching the people eddying downstairs and upstairs, and the kaleidoscope of color constantly shifting. However, we were en route for Henry Street, where our work would be more specific.

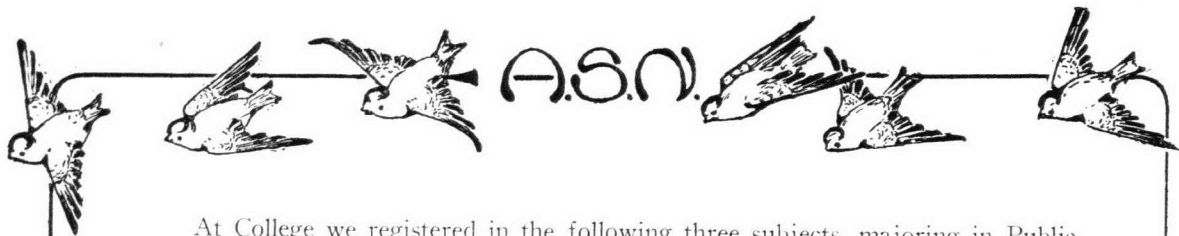
Henry Street, to all outward appearances, is like any other down-town street. But we find there is only one Henry Street House. It extended us the hospitable welcome which it gives to all strangers. We were charmed with the antique furniture, beautiful polished brass-ware, and choice pictures. If only each article could narrate its individual, interwoven tale, we would have heard many about Spain, Italy, Egypt, and Russia.

We longed for a peep at Miss Lillian D. Wald, whom we had met way back in probation days as author of the "House on Henry Street" and pioneer organizer of the Public Health Visiting Nurse Association in New York. Who could have foretold our probable meeting? Although there were prominent men and women residents at dinner, Miss Wald was not there.

The event of meeting Miss Wald has left an indelible impression. She greeted us in her easy, well-poised manner, immediately introducing her warm, contagious smile. Through her we feel like "E Pluribus Unum" residents.

Since it is typical of New York to be in a hurry, we assumed the role early in the game. Going to Teachers' College, Columbia University, we fell in with the throng and, to a passer-by, seemed—

Going nowhere in particular.
Hurrying, just the same.
Nickel-slotted perpendicular,
Whirligigged we came,
Right malapert upon the platform
Of the subway station borne.



At College we registered in the following three subjects, majoring in Public Health Nursing:

Subject	Hours	Points	Instructor
Social Science	2	2	Miss Townsend
Nursing	2	2	Miss Grant
Hygiene	2	2	Prof. Broadhurst

In a very short time we realized the plans made for our stay here were shattered. State Board studying became subordinate to our much required studying and extensive reading in our courses.

Before we had our demonstration on Henry Street technique, we went out on the district to observe with the staff nurses. Within a few days, armed with our red guide book and district bag, arrayed in outdoor regulation uniform, we braved our tasks alone.

Now we met Life anew.

The pushcarts with their assortment of food, clothes of every description, gay colors, and personal vanities stand out in our minds as newcomers. One hears some very keen bargaining and, although it is only a small bit saved, it seems a victory to the victor.

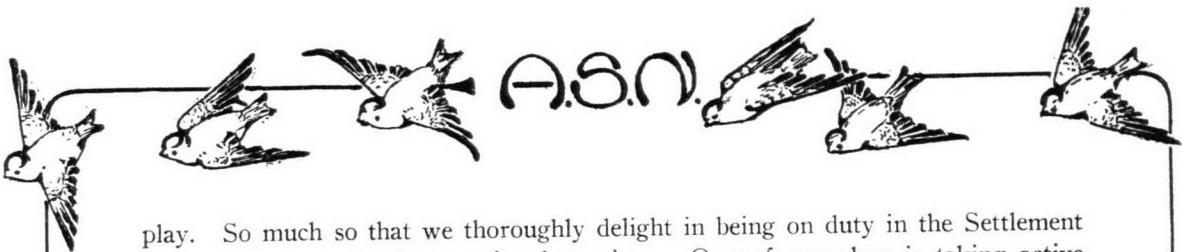
The children, springing from hopeless surroundings, are small replicas of their untidy and ignorant mothers. Nevertheless, these children seem sufficiently clothed to withstand this lasting cold weather.

Americanizing the mothers is the Public Health nurse's special task. Each time she succeeds in implanting in the mother's mind a lesson in health or hygiene she has imprinted the seed of Americanism in its truest sense. For, from the mothers emanate the standards of home life and ideals for the whole family. The Children in their schools are introduced to the standards of the new world and are taught personal hygiene and health precautions. The nurse not only alleviates bodily pain by fighting death and disease and by giving actual nursing care, but, in case of necessity, she relieves the situation materially. The Henry Street nurse is in cooperation with all other medical and social associations, performing active and effective services.

The rudiments of Americanism can be taught more easily than any other branch of Public Health nursing to maternity patients. It is amazing to find how much one has really taught the mother. For one week after a post partum case is discharged from active nursing care the nurse makes a return visit to ascertain the degree of Henry Street knowledge the mother has gained. During one month the nurse pays weekly visits here without charge. The case is then referred to a baby-welfare clinic.

Students in the preceding class, who were so fortunate as to have had this affiliation, portrayed conditions existing just as we found them. However, at the time we thought them exaggerated.

Now that we have facts in reality, we enjoy every minute of our work and



play. So much so that we thoroughly delight in being on duty in the Settlement House on our respective appointed evenings. One of our class is taking active part as leader of a girls' club, ages ranging between 18 and 20 years. Another is hostess in the lobby on Saturday night, when there is a large assemblage of young folk coming in for clubs, basketball games, dances, and to meet friends socially or for games.

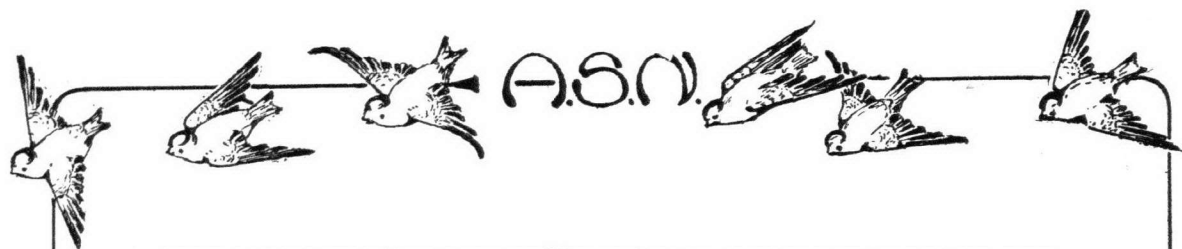
This Settlement House is a thing apart from the Visiting Nurse Association, but does give us a keener insight into the social life of the younger folk. This in turn affords a finer understanding between the Home and Henry Street departments.

We find there is a chasm between theory and practice and at this time we call upon our reserve information of improvisations (which we have stored away since probation).

From actual life and not from books, we learn great lessons of psychology—that there is good and bad in everyone, that they are often intermingled, and that very often we find wonderful qualities under a seemingly coarse, unpretentious surface. We learn not to regard traits as racial characteristics, but to attribute them to a bad environment and lack of education.

ANNA GUDELSKY, '23.





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1923



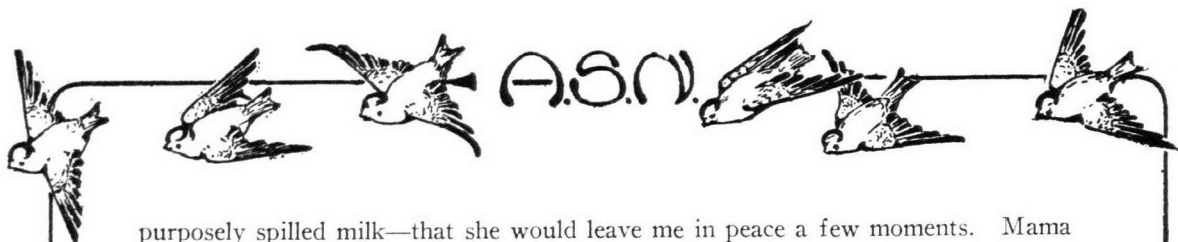
“Ale!”

My most memorable moment. The moment in which I uttered for the first time in public that tender word “Mama.” Shall I ever forget the occasion? Gran’dad had just presented me with a small silver spoon inscribed “Baby” in honor of my four-months-old birthday, and I looked up into his side-whiskered face, chuckled with pent-up glee, and said “Mama.” At the same time, I stretched out my childish arms pathetically. Now, I intended this for a subtle joke, this mistaken identity, but no one but Gran’mā seemed to appreciate my little jest. At least I judged she did, for I watched her out of the corner of my eye and saw a sly smile steal over her face and her eyes fill up with tears. And it was just the day before that I had heard the expression “laugh ’till the tears come.” No doubt it was no other than this strange phenomena that was bothering Gran’mā.

Now, I must explain my situation a bit. It seems that I was the first child. And what a fuss and fume my parents did make over me. I had no idea it would be so bad. I didn’t mind Mama, but Daddy was so awkward and clumsy with me. When I had attained the tender age of three weeks, my sterner parent once attempted to pick me up from my crib. I tried to tell him by making queer sounds that I wasn’t quite ready for that sort of thing. But I was unsuccessful in making myself understood. The result was that I barely escaped a perilous six-foot dive from Daddy’s shoulder to the tiled floor. What one suffers and endures in one’s childhood!

And another day—a week or so later—Aunt Aggie and Uncle Benjamin came down from the country to look me over, as it were. With them came their eight children, including twins of six months. I must confess I was a bit angered by this action, as up to now I had been the center of attraction in my respective household. I felt myself unduly eclipsed by these two squalling brats from Peasdale, Vermont. At least, I can say for myself that I had the good sense to refrain from bawling when on public inspection. I tried to be a model baby. In vain I googled to Ike and Mike—they were Aunt Aggie’s twins—to be quiet and stop kicking when the folks were around; and to drink their milk with a soothing noise and permitting not more than half the bottle to go trickling down their bibs. But they were very slow to catch on to my little tricks, so I gave up after the fifth week.

It was about this time that I began practicing, in my own way, many little monosyllables. Always, of course, in secret. By the end of this week I had perfected “an,” “can,” “pan,” “tan,” and a few more of this tone. I found them fairly easy to pronounce, with the exception of the “p.” Here I must mention the narrowness of an escape that I experienced on Wednesday of this week. The nurse was in the laundry washing my blue shirt on which I had



purposely spilled milk—that she would leave me in peace a few moments. Mama was at the telephone, so I sought to improve the time by practicing the word “man.” I had some difficulty at first and in my excitement entirely forgot to look at the clock. I knew that my regular feeding time came at quarter of the hour and that it was then sixteen minutes of, but I didn’t sense the situation very keenly. I had just found the key to an effective “m”—puckering of the lips—when suddenly I heard O’Sullivan-heeled footsteps and agonized voices directly outside my door. Deftly and quickly I changed my tone to a hoarse and dull brawl, rubbed my eyes to puff and redden them, and was apparently laboring with a troublesome safety pin on my blanket when the door flew open and Mama and nurse entered. This, perhaps, was my first really dangerous moment. Had I been a little less quick, my secret would have been revealed. And that spelled “ruination.”

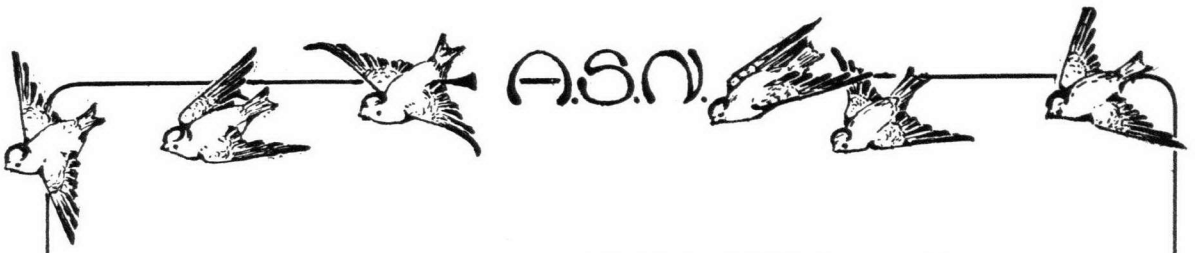
The next week two things of importance happened. The first was the advent of Gran’dad—my mother’s father—and the second was the departure of Aunt Aggie and her troupe on Thursday. This, of course, was a great relief. I developed myself physically this week by breaking in three teeth; intellectually by learning a few household words, such as “dog” “cat,” “pin,” “damn,” “stove,” etc.; and morally by refusing a bite of pink candy that my stupid nurse offered me to “shut up,” as she vulgarly expressed herself. How little did she suspect that I understood her perfectly, and even returned the feeling at times.

The tenth week I had begun on the duosyllables. Always, you understand, in secret. And by the fourteenth week I had even organized a few words into simple sentences—“Go to hell!”—I had heard that from one of Aunt Aggie’s hopefuls. I thought it exceptionally brilliant and it proved one of my favorite remarks. I used to practice it, under my breath, when the doctor put his clumsy finger into my mouth, feeling for a “toof” as it were. How I hated that silly baby-talk. The other sentence was “Where’s my hat?” This I had picked up from Daddy. I saved it, however, for a coup d’etat which I planned to effect some day when my bonnet would fall off—knocked so very innocently by my own little fingers.

So it was the sixteenth week, or the fourth month, that I decided to take the fatal plunge and make my first public announcement. I knew Gran’dad was to present me with a spoon as I had overheard him telling Mama. I planned a noble and fitting setting for my first word—the nursery. Now, you must realize that my first thought was to say “Gran’dad” as I looked up at him. But, about noon of that day, I was seized with a brilliant idea, I would say “Mama” instead—making a subtle jest and at the same time observe the convention of calling one’s mother with one’s first noise. And so it all happened.

Now, I ask you, kind reader: Sense or nonsense?

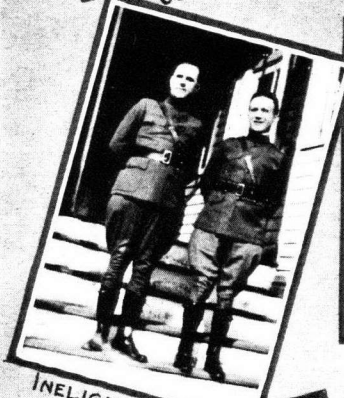
EVALYN H. TAYLOR.



Ooooo THE NIGHTINGALES!



ARE THE ROSES OUT??



INELIGIBLES-
Boo-hoo!



WHO'S THE GOLDBRICK?



MODELS-1923

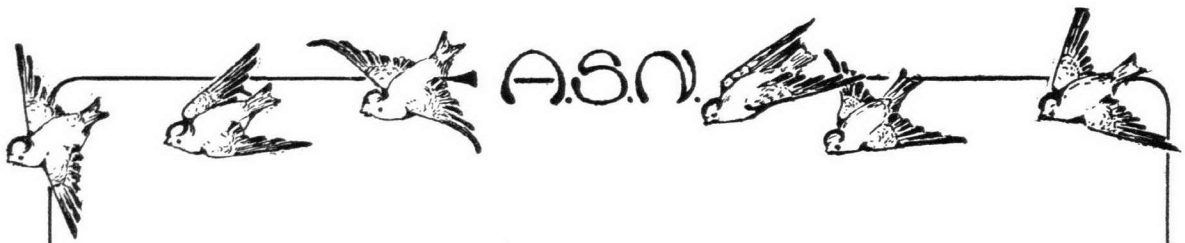


CAPT. STROM



NOT FROM BRAZIL-BUT!

1923



Pleasant Memories During An Hour Off Duty

This is drawn entirely from memory—memories, I should say—and such pleasant ones, too. The time that has passed since I left Panama has been just enough to leave only the most pleasant of memories.

On the twentieth of October, 1920, we sailed from New York on the U. S. A. T. *Cantigny*, and on the twenty-seventh of that month we were steaming into Colon Harbor, or Limon Bay. On the starboard there was a hill on which were some red-roofed houses, nestling into the vivid green of the tropical foliage and arranged as are most Army posts. This, we soon learned, was Fort Sherman, an artillery fort, guarding one side of the bay and the entrance to the Canal. As I looked on, slowly turning from right to left, I saw the jungle-covered hill become a mass of solid green, apparently uninhabited; I saw, entirely unconscious of seeing it, too, the entrance to the far-famed Canal; on around my eyes wandered—over the coaling station seen some distance away; over the white and glaring concrete piers; over the town with its beautiful, snow-white Washington Hotel a little apart, its palm-bordered walks and gardens; on farther past the hotel to a little brown-stone Episcopal church, Christ Church by-the-Sea; on beyond to the distant mountain range that I knew to be the mountain range which is the backbone of the Americas—dropping my eyes from the distant mountain tops to the left shore of the bay I saw another fort, Fort Randolph, guarding the other side of the bay and the naval submarine and air stations.

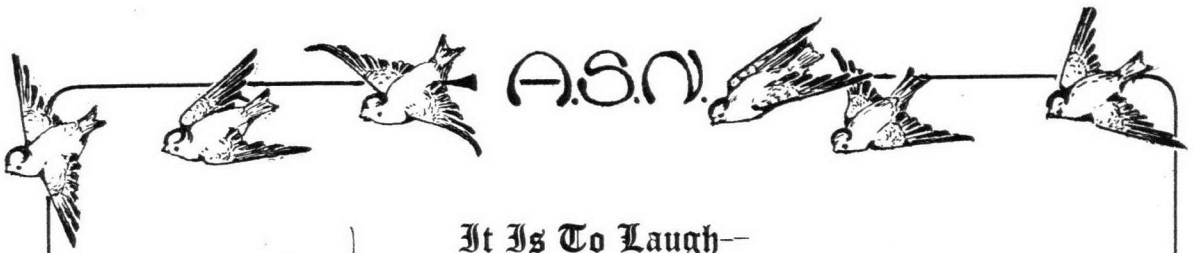
The landing was dreadful. The pier was jammed with people who had come to see all the newcomers and to watch lest they have a friend aboard. Then, as always, came the customs officials and the usual routine of examining baggage was observed.

As a regiment we were transferred from the transport to a troop train and were shipped around for an hour or so from siding to siding and finally to our destination six miles away, which was a brand new post, and we were the first occupants—to be the first occupants of a new Army post certainly is not an every-day occurrence in this world.

There were many lovely trips we could take to very many places of interest. We could go on the train forty-five miles to Panama City and see the Church of San Jose with its altar of gold which has such an interesting history, and from there go out to see the ruins of Old Panama City or to see the Flat Arch, which has stood through many a storm and earthquake. We could go from Colon either by boat or across the river and go by horseback or on foot to see the ruins of the famous old Fort San Lorenzo, destroyed many years ago by the dreaded pirate, Morgan.

The social life among the Army and Navy people is literally strenuous, and yet they love it and keep on.

N. CATHERINE PEPPER, '26.



It Is To Laugh--



Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
 Or a key to the lock of his hair?
 Can his eyes be called an academy
 Because there are pupils there?
 In the crown of his head, what jewels are found?
 Who travels the bridge of his nose?
 Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,
 The nails on the ends of his toes?
 Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
 If so, what did it do?
 How did he sharpen his shoulder blade?
 I'll be hanged if I know; do you?

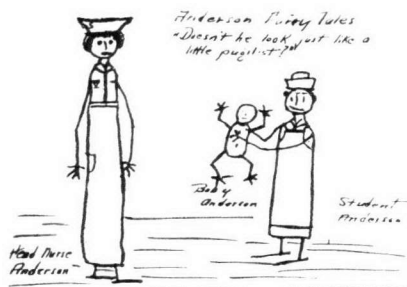
First Tea-room Hound: "Well, old strawberry, howsa boy? I just had a bowl of ox-tail soup, and feel bully."

Second Cafeteria Fiend: "Nothing to it, old watermelon. I just had a plate of hash, and feel like everything."

'Tis sweet to love,
 But, oh, how bitter,
 To court a girl
 And then not gitter!

Ambitious Student (looking at an Anatomy chart which she has to copy): "Oh, look at all the things I have to draw in my trunk!"

Bright Student: "Yes, you sure will have a trunk full."



*The Whole — Anderson Emily
in 3rd East.*

(Yett)

"Statistics prove that marriage is a preventive against suicide," said Major McClintic."

"Yes," exploded Captain Cook, "and statistics also prove that suicide is a preventive against marriage."

Miss McBride (at roll-call): "Miss Mount, are you pigeon-toed?"

Miss Mount: "No, dear; but all my family are, except me, and my heels turn out."

Doctor, to Patient: "Well, I am glad to see you coughing easier this morning."

Patient: "I ought to; I have practiced all night."

We all wonder what were Miss Sears' intentions toward the bystanders at the great fire exhibit the other day.

*E. Summer —
Calculating formulae
at 11:30 P.M.*

Trim, to Student Nurse: "You're sweet enough to eat."

Student Nurse, sweetly: "I do eat."

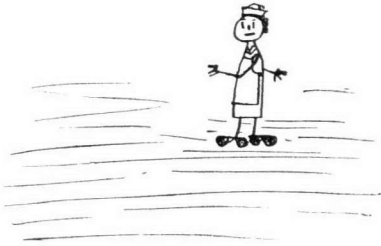
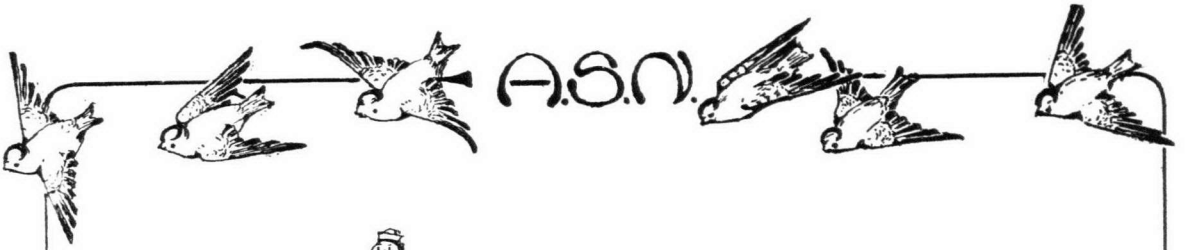


Formula Kitchen - Childrens Clinic

Miss R. I. Taylor: "Did you hear about the fight last night?"

Chorus: "No; where?"

Miss R. I. Taylor: "Some one licked a lollypop."



A STUDY IN SCARLET

He told the shy maid of his love;
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several weeks.

Student Nurse (to discharged soldier): "When you were crossing the Atlantic, did you see any sharks?"

Discharged Soldier (with a far-away look in his eyes): "Yes; I played cards with several of them."

An old farmer was laboriously filling out a claim sheet against a railroad company that had killed one of his cows. He came down to the last item, which was "Disposition of the carcass?" After puzzling it over for awhile he wrote, "Kind and gentle."

Nurse: "Did you have trouble with your French when you were in Paris?"
Patient: "No, I didn't, but the Parisians did."



Whitford and Hungner

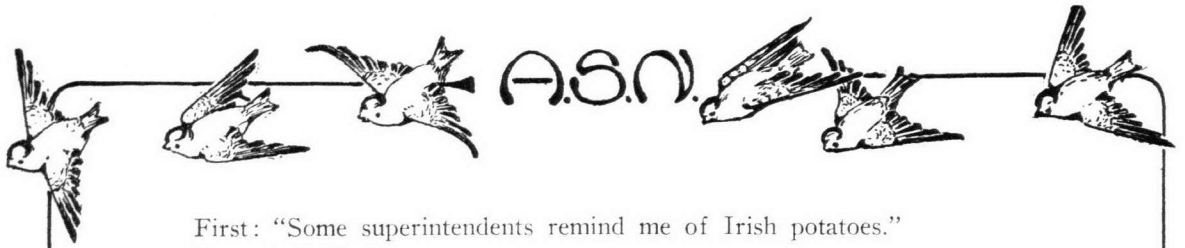
Visitor: "In what course do you expect to graduate?"

K. C.: "Oh, in the course of time, I suppose."

Captain Mann: "* * * !" "* * * !"

Student Dentist: "What ho, my lord! What ho?"

Captain Mann: "What hoe? What hoe? Gillette! Gillette! Just look at my chin!"



First: "Some superintendents remind me of Irish potatoes."

Second: "Why?"

First: "Because they have eyes on all sides."



Miss Smith (referring to a chart):
"What was the disposition of the patient?"

Miss Harms: "Excellent."

Drill Sergeant to Miss Davis: "Hey, there! The command was 'Left front, into line, double time!'"

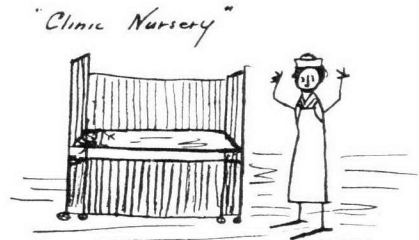
Miss Davis: "I'm going as fast as I can in that direction."

First Orderly: "Say, did you know our charge nurse is a magician?"

Second Orderly: "No; how come?"

First Orderly: "She turned me in to the Night Supervisor last night."

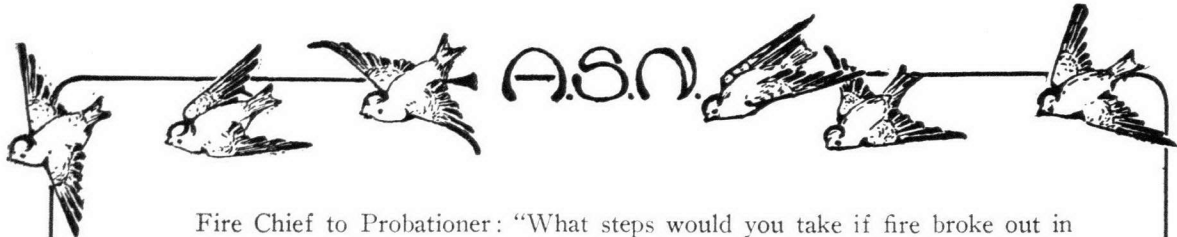
There's a meter for gas and for water,
There's a meter for love and for hate;
But the meter to me most romantic
Is to meet her alone at the gate.



H. Books has discovered
another symptom

Miss Tobin: "Well, how do you feel, Miss Wilson?"

Miss Wilson (after a practice bath by one of the students): "I feel like I've been through the war."



Fire Chief to Probationer: "What steps would you take if fire broke out in this school?"

Probationer: "Long ones, sir."



Advice wanted! Why should one think it was a joke for a student nurse to be called a plumber, just because the Murphy drip apparatus conveniently sprung a leak every time she entered the room?

Fair student nurse to clerk: "Have you talcum powder?"

Clerk: "Certainly; do you want Mennen's?"

Student nurse: "No; women's."

Clerk: "Scented?"

Student nurse: "No, I'll take it with me."

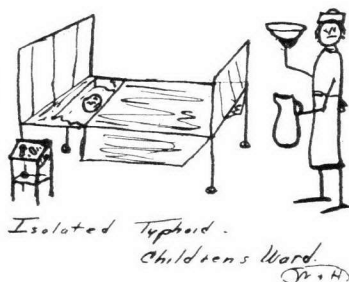
Teacher: "Now, Rollo, use the word 'ruthless' in a sentence."

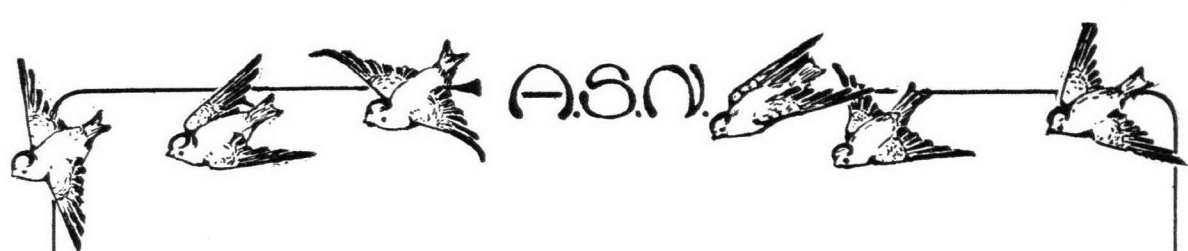
Rollo: "Every team in the American League except the Yankees is Ruth less."

It is reported that Surgeon General Ireland visited a neighboring hospital, became especially interested in their farming projects.

"Do you have a henner?" he inquired of the manager.

"No," said he, "I drive a Dodge."





Doing Their Bit

Miss Melissa Smith had not spoken for three minutes, which was quite an unusual thing for her—so unusual, in fact, that it caused various whispered and raised-eyebrow comments to float gently over the group gathered to make wooly socks and “woolier” sweaters, and, oh, so wooly washcloths for the unfortunate boys in the service. And, not unnaturally, soon came a lull in all conversation. Even old Mrs. Howe observed the occasion and dwindled off in her most exaggerated account of what happened at Mel Jones’ tea. For Miss Melissa was to Perryville society what salt is to food. Without it, food becomes tasteless, unpalatable.

She was sitting up very straight in her chair, so that at least 2 feet of her 5 feet 9 inches towered above the top. Her position accentuated her thinness and the bones in her very bony neck made one ill at ease—was there any chance of them actually popping through the dried-up skin? Dried up, but oh, so well greased! But, alas! Poor Miss Melissa’s neck had reached such years that it could not absorb the Melba beautifier applied so religiously at half-past nine every night. It was as cream on a pan of milk.

Her angular jaw was topped by an expansive, thick-lipped mouth. Her nose was decidedly pointed and rested somewhat on her lips. Quite a distance above this sat two black lashless eyes, placed very much side by side, so close that they might gossip and chat amiably, telling one another state secrets, perhaps overlooked by one or the other.

Then the frosting of the cake, what inspired soulful poets have ever spoken of as woman’s glory—hair, locks, curls. Miss Melissa was devoid of all these beautiful sounding words in the general sense, hair—she gave one the impression that the good Lord just fashioned a fleecy cap of straw hue, then melted and poured Miss Melissa in. She had hardened too soon, before she was quite in place, because the cap began a trifle late, leaving a most generous forehead. But, in the process, this expanse had been horribly wrinkled. This taking place on a Thursday, one can hardly blame the good Lord for not pressing it—He had so much to do.

Yet, Miss Melissa was peculiar looking—the very essence of boniness. She acted as one might expect from gazing at her. And nothing pleased her quite as much as presiding over the meeting—be it Ladies of the Good Heart or the Society of Ye Village. So, what could be the matter with her now? Something must happen soon. All the ladies were waiting anxiously.

In books, thoughts are in the habit of exploding. Miss Melissa’s didn’t. She hadn’t read enough to know that that is the usual thing to do with one’s thoughts—explode them. She most ignorantly let her’s leak out.



Ah! Her mouth was opening!

"Mrs. Howe." The pressure was relieved.

"Yes, Miss Melissa." The ladies called her that.

"Mrs. Howe, it grieves me, but I must tell you what Sadie's cousin's boy, who is in France, wrote home."

"Yes, Miss Melissa."

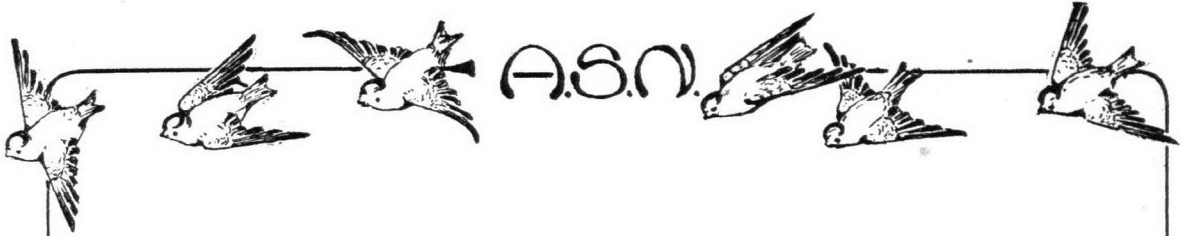
"Mrs. Howe, he plainly wrote Sadie that the doughboys used our knitted wash-cloths to shine their shoes with."

"In view of this disconcerting fact, don't you think you had better unravel that wash-cloth, Mrs. Howe, and start a sweater? Here."

And she handed the poor lady a large, ungainly ball of white wash-cloth yarn! Now, I ask you, was Mrs. Howe to think this was a mistake on Miss Melissa's part, or *had* Miss Melissa seen the two stitches which she had dropped so carelessly a half an hour ago?

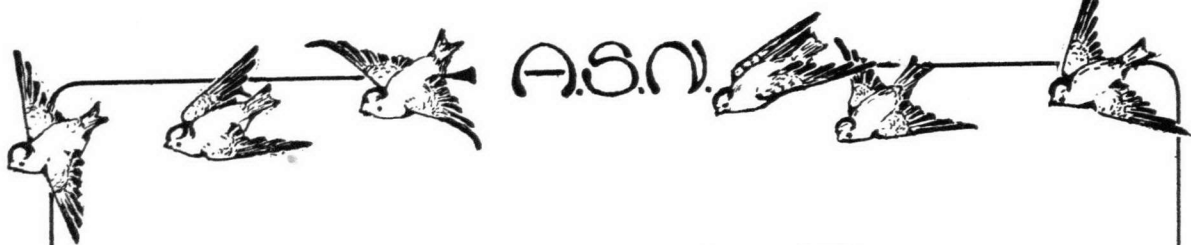
EVALYN H. TAYLOR.





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ALUMNAE



ASSOCIATION

1923

The Vanguard of an International Army

By ANNIE W. GOODRICH, R. N.

GENERAL IRELAND, members of the Medical Staff, friends, and my colleagues: I value more deeply than I can express the privilege and honor of addressing you today. The inspiration of this truly great occasion is immeasurably deepened for me by the memory of the beautiful exercises of the Walter Reed Hospital for the eastern and larger wing of this army of student nurses whose course has now come to a successful completion.

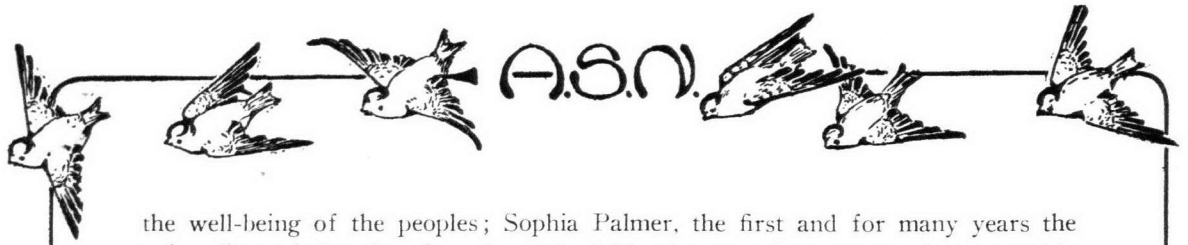
I would that I could bring vividly before those present the episodes of that week in Washington—episodes for which the grounds of Walter Reed recently so beautified, its historic buildings, and the dignity of the military procedures and accoutrements provided so rich and rare a setting. Class day, commencement, and prophetic pageant made a colorful chapter in the history of nursing, the last scene of which could not be more fittingly enacted than here at the Presidio, looking out through the Golden Gate. But these moments are too precious, the opportunity of a parting message too great to permit more than this brief mention of the beautiful and to us, perhaps indeed to our country, who knows, important event of the graduation of the first class of the Army School of Nursing.

Let us for a moment lift the curtain of the past to gaze upon those days in which this school found its inception. As we do so, the memories press thick and hard. We realize when we try to review its coming into existence that years—no, centuries, ago it was ordained by St. Vincent de Paul, whose pronouncement was a vision of the nurse of today:

"They shall have no monasteries but the house of the sick; no cells but a hired room, no cloisters but the streets of the town and the wards of the hospital, no inclosure but obedience, and for convent bars, only the fear of God; for a veil they shall have a holy and perfect modesty; and while they keep themselves from the infection of vice they shall sow the seeds of virtue wherever they turn their steps."

Its corner stone as a professional school was laid in the Crimea; its curriculum assembled and tested through application, by the scholarly and devoted pioneers of our profession, amongst whose names must ever outstandingly arise—Isabel Hampton Robb, teacher, nurse, mother, who never rested till the doors of the university were opened to us; her erudite comrade, M. Adelaide Nutting, who through the university has steadily broadened and enriched our curriculum and to whom we owe the highly prepared women who in this country and others, even to far-away China, are steadily raising the standards of nursing, and thereby

*Address delivered at the graduation of the first class, Army School of Nursing, 1921.



the well-being of the peoples; Sophia Palmer, the first and for many years the only editor of the *American Journal of Nursing*, to whom we are immeasurably indebted for that most powerful organ for rapid dissemination of information, a professionally directed press; Lillian Wald, to whom the children of the streets of many cities and in the far removed places owe a debt of which they will never be aware; and lastly, Jane Delano, through whose organizing ability as well as command of the affection of the members of her profession, brought, when the unprecedented call for nurses came in 1917, an enrollment of 8,000 reserves through the Red Cross. We wish it were possible to dwell upon the service rendered by the state inspectors of the schools of nursing beginning with Elizabeth Burgess; and the nursing heads and their assistants of the civil and army hospitals to whom Miss Stimson has already paid tribute, a long list led by Mary M. Riddle and Marie Louis. We realize we can never adequately express our gratitude to the staunch supporter of the ideals of the nursing profession, Dr. Winford H. Smith of Johns Hopkins, then in the Surgeon General's Office, and above all and in any measure, of our debt to General Robert E. Noble, in whose hands the establishment of the school so definitely lay. These are indeed but a few of the many that made possible the creation of the school, for it must not be forgotten that the interest of the young womanhood of the country was aroused and the students called to both civil and army schools throughout the machinery of the American Nurses' Association, working in close cooperation with the women of the country giving their service through the Red Cross and the National Council of Defense. It would almost seem that the school owes its life and the way it was shaped to every group that before and during the war was mobilized for constructive service to mankind. How little was this realized in those days when we became a part of the great staff gathered together for the purpose of evaluating and distributing the manhood and womanhood of the country for rapid and immediate action; millions of our best manhood to be projected into a situation that spelled destruction, therefore demanding constant replenishment of their kind and the conservation of their strength and energy through material elements as well as the provision of the care of their bodies through the science of medicine and nursing.

Our imagination again brings forcibly before us the extraordinary mobilization of these forces, their rapid projection into another continent, the heroic deeds of men, and not less of women "over there," and on this side a hardly less extraordinary achievement through the rapid creation of hundreds of munition factories, of shipping facilities not heretofore available in this country, of great thousand-bed hospitals with their scientific equipment, and this in the face of a tragedy—the epidemic of 1918—hardly less heartrending and devastating than the tragedy being enacted on the other side. No one can ever know what the unprecedented and immediate response of the students to the call of the school meant to those in whose hands the responsibility lay. In less than five months more than 10,000 applications were received, over 5,800 of which met the admission



requirements; but how our heart aches again at the thought of those ardent young spirits who came so eagerly and were so immediately torn from us by that terrible pestilence.

It is impossible in any space of time which could be allotted to this address to attempt to present the briefest picture of the many vivid and dramatic episodes, already dimming, of those days. But there is a memory that should always be with us, the way in which a great country came together, men, women, and children, rich and poor, for a great project—the destruction of a threatening evil, the safeguarding of the things we held most dear. This is a memory to be cherished for itself and for those concerned; but above all must we retain it because it points to a fact of most profound importance to the builders of the future, namely, that given existing evils and knowledge concerning methods of destroying them, an intelligent society should not permit them to continue, for it has again been demonstrated that it is possible to unify minds scattered over a vast territory into a great effective force.

When the history of those epochal years, 1914 to 1920, is written, does any one question that towering above all episodes of that extraordinary period will be that of 1917, the Russian Revolution? Recently I listened to an exposition of the situation in Russia by a Russian authority. In sharp, bold strokes he threw, as it were, upon a canvas the picture of the awakening to a knowledge by the masses of their power if expressed through group action. Ignorance unloosed, undirected by reasoned knowledge, great nobilities, and appalling beastialities—a veritable Frankenstein whose only weapon was revolution instead of a great constructive force whose tool is evolution. It is my belief, if I may venture to have a belief in the matter, that never was there a more effective illustration of the truth once voiced by John Stuart Mill, writing to a well-known teacher of his day, "I agree with you, sir, that real education is the contact of the human living soul with human living soul"—that that cataclysmic moment when the great masses of a country, the population of which is 125,000,000, the illiteracy of which is unquestionably great, through some dissemination of knowledge so universal, that for the moment at least these masses spoke as one voice, and speaking overthrew the established laws, systems, and customs of generations and of the most autocratic of governments. It is this conviction, this fact, indeed, that makes the message my feeble pen can bring to you of but small moment, but the question—What will you do with your unusually rich and varied preparation? of the most profound importance. Do I need to rehearse to you the good things you have fallen heir to? In the first place, I count of no small importance the sound foundations you yourselves have laid through your previous educational preparation—all of you have had at least four years of secondary work, many of you advanced academic and scientific courses; many had been in the teaching field—a splendid soil in which to sow the knowledge made possible through the gathering together in our camp hospitals of the greatest scientists in the field of medicine and surgery, of the best thought and experience in nursing, and the most elaborate equip-

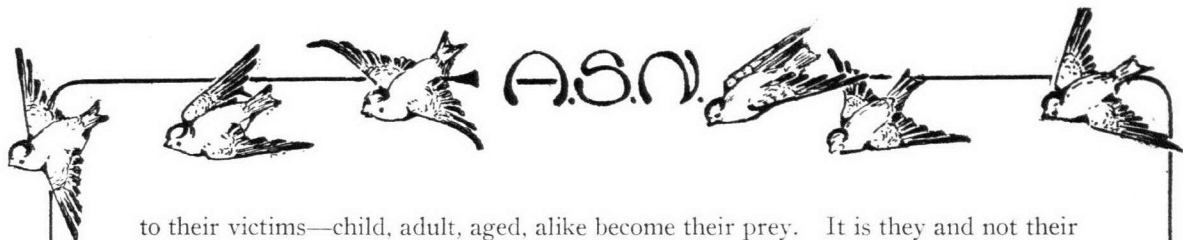


ment that hospitals had ever seen; added to this we have the opening of the doors of the leading civil hospitals in the country in order that you should have those experiences not to be found in the military institutions; and lastly, we have the Red Cross making it possible for you to add to your curriculum a wider experience in health matters through the visiting-nurse organizations of various cities.

Since I failed to put my message to your eastern sisters into the written word, in so speaking to you today I am speaking to them again. To me, you of the east and of the west, individually so lovely to look upon, your varying abilities so fascinating to contemplate, are nevertheless integrated into a great moving constructive force with no small part to play in the march of progress. You and your civil hospital sisters are to me a most important branch of the great army of womanhood upon whose conception or interpretation in the next few years of the aim of life, I venture to assert, depends in no small measure the life or death of our tottering civilization. For this reason I desire to bring before you, briefly but vividly, your part in the dissemination of the scientific knowledge now available in our great laboratories, your extraordinary opportunity to interpret to the people in simple language and by practical examples the life-giving message of the age epitomized by our great statesman, Lowell: "Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air."

We need hardly rehearse the world as it is today. From one angle, almost too terrible to contemplate, a world-wide unrest, a continent reeking with misery, a little cloud no larger than a man's hand arising in the far east, while in our own country physical conditions and educational limitations revealed to us through the draft, disquieting indeed to thoughtful minds. Nevertheless, the world looked at today from another angle fills us with abundant hope. We have scientific knowledge that was never before available. We have thousands where formerly there were tens who hold that knowledge in their hands. We live in an age that has been called the social age, an age that has a sense, and a growing sense, of common responsibility. We have a new message, not only in medicine, although perhaps by this science it is more dramatically exemplified than by any other, a message not only of the cure of certain existing evils, but their prevention, their complete elimination from the scheme of things. To such a group as this, I need hardly rehearse the outstanding examples of this fact; in the not far past a surgeon to save a life had to amputate a limb; to-day, through aseptic surgery, it is possible to save both life and limb; tuberculosis, a scourge for centuries before Christ—would I assert too much if I said that with the knowledge that we now have, given adequate machinery, could be entirely stamped out; insanity, so little understood that its victims were formerly, and indeed in some parts of the world still are, treated as criminals, whereas to-day crime itself is being revealed in many instances to be due to mental abnormalities curable or preventable if recognized in early life.

The arch enemies of man, it matters not how they express themselves, whether through pestilence, famine, or the sword, are ignorance, poverty, disease, and crime—and the greatest of these is ignorance. These evils are indifferent



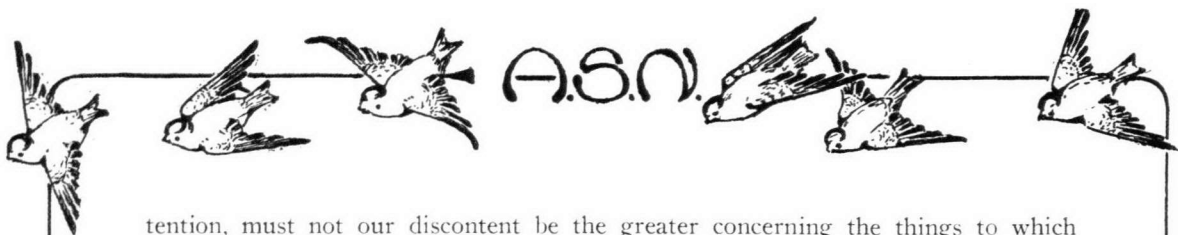
to their victims—child, adult, aged, alike become their prey. It is they and not their victims that should be overcome. The greatest evil to my mind is that which deprives a little child of the garden of youth and, most pitiful and despicable of all, that filches from it its power to laugh. There are literally thousands of children today who have never laughed and who will have no memories of the joy of youth and, greatest tragedy of all, they are found not alone in the devastated countries overseas. The most beautiful, the least provincial, and therefore most cosmopolitan, almost statesmanlike attitude that I can think of is that of the child mind, the early and only inscription on which has been made by the hand of love. "I can do nothing with the child, madam," exclaimed the irate nursemaid of a beautiful but, to her mind, too democratically inclined little girl. "She will speak to everyone on the street who looks at her. You should have seen the horrid old beggar she was just making friends with." "But, Mamma," protested the indignant and perplexed child, "that old man shined on me and *I* shined back on *him*." What will be the effect of a starved, joyless youth on the attitude of the man toward the world?

Another great evil is that which deprives the aged of the only solace of old age, the home. There are thousands today that have no homes. And there is a third evil and in a certain sense again the greatest—the evil that deprives the country—no, the world, of the creative and constructive power of its normal manhood and womanhood. There is an inestimable loss of such power through early and preventable death or mental and physical crippling.

Even as I asked your eastern sisters, so shall I beg you to read three books: The first two, "It Might Have Happened to You," by Conningsby Dawson, and "The Next War," by Will Irwin, I ask you to read that you may see clearly the pitiful today and the tomorrow that might, but must not, be. The third, "Reconstruction in Philosophy," by our great educator, John Dewey, to me, at least, gives promise of the gradual coming of that "great far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves." Contemplative knowledge, Dr. Dewey informs us, has been superseded through the demonstrations of science that knowledge is power to transform the world by practical knowledge.

A fact even more succinctly stated, perhaps, by Bernard Shaw in his last and not the least extraordinary production, "Back to Methuselah." "I tell you," says the Serpent to Eve, "I am very subtle. When you and Adam speak I hear you say WHY, always WHY—you see things and you say WHY? But I dream things and I say WHY NOT?" Dr. Dewey points out that this new attitude toward knowledge arouses an interest and an energy in attacking difficult and unpleasant conditions, whereas the former attitude made one turn from the unpleasant. He points to the play of childhood as ceaseless activity, not rest and recreation following enforced toil, and through this fact he leads us on until he defines art as the union of joyful thought with the control of nature.

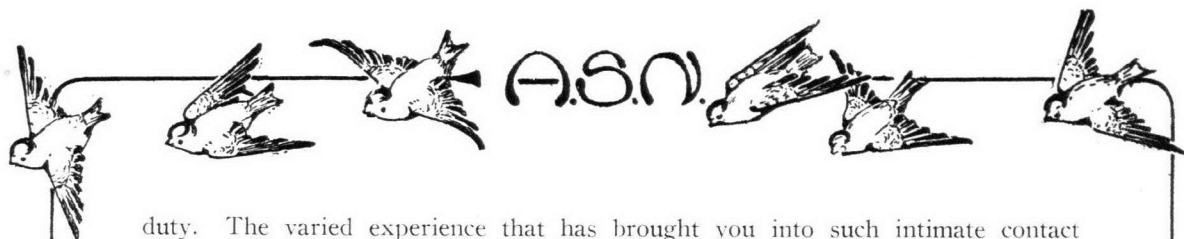
Revivifying indeed is this conception of life, but as we glance over the developments in the field of science, thrilled as we must be by the proof of his con-



tention, must not our discontent be the greater concerning the things to which this science has been applied? Can any thinking person contemplate unmoved the stupendous achievements in the past few years—the penetration of the ocean, the climbing of the skies, the elimination of time and space through the wireless; in the field of experimental agriculture the change of texture, contour, color, and type of flower and fruit; without the insistent question—What changes have been wrought in and for Man in any way commensurate to these—for Man the one creation through whom these things are brought about? We know today with an almost mathematical certainty the conditions found in any given unit of population that ought not to be. We are kept informed of the unpleasant facts which we repeat with the dreary monotony almost of a machine. To our desk come weekly the reports of the infant mortality rate of the United States. We note with interest and some satisfaction that while San Francisco's is only 62 per thousand, New York, that metropolis, has lowered its rate to 85 per thousand, despite its sunless, airless tenements glutted with humanity, in marked contrast to some small industrial towns that report over 200; but we can not close our eyes to the result of various intensive experiments—for instance, the reduction to 11 per thousand by a model English village.

There is an old saying that has not yet been disproved, "Where two or three are gathered together." We are told that war is the result of secret diplomacy, which is indeed the gathering of two or three together, and behold a purification by fire and sword with its terrible concomitants—a terrorized and destroyed childhood, a crippled manhood and womanhood, a distraught old age. In the face of a world population you are but a few drops in a great ocean of humanity, yet it is my dream, my prayer, and my belief that this group, the largest ever graduated from any one school, and the most comprehensively prepared, will join hands with their professional sisters from other schools and in other lands and this time *preceding*, not *following*, the armies of the world, will inscribe upon the unwritten surface of many minds the gospel of prevention of human ills. "It is man that is sacred, and not autocracies and democracies," said Lowell. To me the nurse is the high priestess of a religion that proclaims the sacredness of humanity. It is her function to conserve for the little child in all its perfection its beauty of mind and body and the joy of its youth, to strengthen for the world the power of its manhood and womanhood, and to lead tenderly the steps of the old. Hers is an unequalled opportunity, for the doors of all homes are open to her; she speaks through her actions, and the result of her actions, a language so universally understood that it needs no interpreter, a veritable Esperanto. I said there was a little cloud in the far east—shall it be dissipated through an army such as this—an army concerned with the question of nationality, race, color, and sex, only in so far as such information enables a more effective service of heart, mind, and hand—or shall it be in the old accepted way?

I am confident that as true daughters of the Army you will never be satisfied to express yourselves in other than effective action, motivated by a high sense of

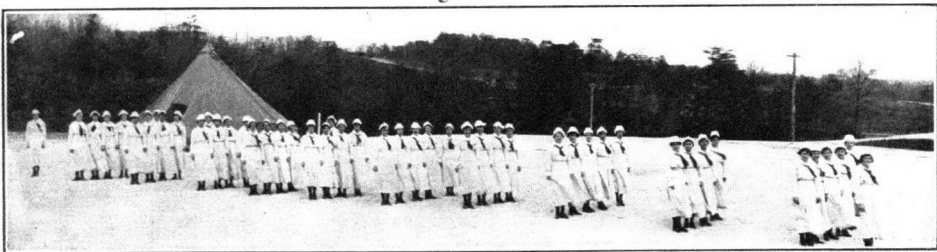


duty. The varied experience that has brought you into such intimate contact with the suffering and needs will insure your seeking a field through which you are convinced you are making a definite contribution to the reshaping of human lives. Your association with the great thinkers of the world, your knowledge of the ever increasing contributions of science and art to social betterment, will bring the trained power of imagination to your task and will keep before you the necessity of food, not less for your mind than for your body. It will make you turn continually for further light and inspiration to those great treasure houses of human thought and accomplishment—the universities, upon the library shelves of which, I repeat, will be found today sufficient knowledge to transform the world. The ways and means of bringing this about will be written in all tongues, for the Immortals speak not to nations, but to mankind—their message is not for today alone, but for the remote future. To have read “*Les Miserables*” in one’s youth was to be grateful to be living in another country and in another time; to read it again today is to know that it is for you tomorrow. Wrote Victor Hugo to the Italian publisher of this great human document:

“You are right, sir, when you tell me that ‘*Les Miserables*’ is written for all nations. I do not know whether it will be read by all, but I wrote it for all. It is addressed to England as well as to Spain, to Italy as well as to France, to Germany as well as to Ireland, to Republics which have slaves as well as to Empires which have serfs. Social problems overstep frontiers. * * * In every place where man is ignorant and despairing, in every place where woman is sold for bread, wherever child suffers for lack of the book which should instruct him and of the hearth which should warm him, the book ‘*Les Miserables*’ knocks at the door and says: ‘Open to me; I come to you.’ At the hour of civilization which we are now passing, and which is still so sombre, the miserable’s name is Man; he is agonizing in all climes, and he is groaning in all languages. * * * Where is your army of schoolmasters, the only army which civilization acknowledges? Where are your free and compulsory schools? Does every one know how to read in the land of Dante and Michael Angelo? Have you made public schools of your barracks? Have you not, like ourselves, an opulent war budget and a paltry budget of education? Let us subject your social order to examination, let us take it where it stands and as it stands, let us view its flagrant offenses—show me the woman and the child. It is by the amount of protection with which these two feeble creatures are surrounded that the degree of civilization is to be measured. There are Italians, and they are numerous, who say; ‘This book, “*Les Miserables*,” is a French book. It does not concern us. Let the French read it as a history; we read it as a romance. Alas! I repeat, whether we be Italians or Frenchmen, misery concerns us all. Ever since history has been written, ever since philosophy has meditated, misery has been the garment of the human race; the moment has at length arrived for tearing off that rag and for replacing, upon the naked limbs of the Man-people, the sinister fragment of the past with the grand purple robe of the dawn.”

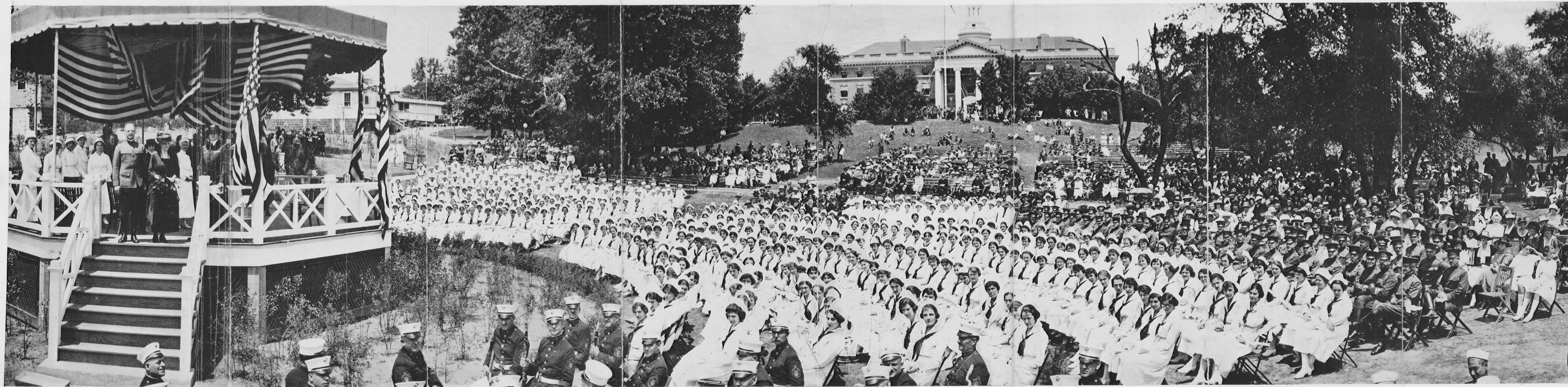


Courage, dear colleagues, something has indeed happened in several countries at least since Victor Hugo penned this letter in 1862, barely sixty years ago, for feeble woman has been permitted to take her place by the side of man and is increasingly sharing in the responsibility and shaping of the state. Increasingly she is to be found today in the universities, in the occupational field, in the courts of law, and in the political arena. Let us pray that in so sharing the world-responsibilities of man she will bring to bear upon these great problems the kind of mind that takes from the past only that which will strengthen the present and thereby create a world safe and beautiful to which to welcome the generations that are to come. This kind of mind which is the greatest gift of the All-Wise is well called the creative mind. It is the young mind, the mind that radiates the golden glory of the west, the mind that I am confident you will bring to your great task; and if you do, I predict that a world change not less great can and will be brought about. That it is this mind that you will bring to the great work that lies before you is evidenced, I dare to hope, by the vision that led you to answer the call of your country through this service and that caused you to pursue this course to a successful end. Hold high through life the little lamp you have so nobly earned. It will burn brightly through the knowledge which has been poured so abundantly into it by those who have directed your instruction and experience. "As one lamp lights another nor grows less," so shall you light a million lamps upon a thousand hills whose penetrating rays shall guide and guard the stumbling, halting steps of our civilization on its long pilgrimage toward the ideal.



1923

Class of 1921
Walter Reed General Hospital
Washington, D. C.

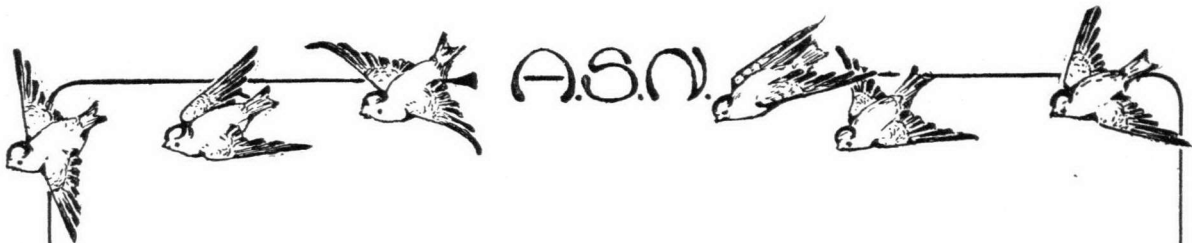


CLASS OF 1921—WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL—WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class of 1921
Letterman General Hospital
San Francisco, California



CLASS OF 1921—LETTERMAN GENERAL HOSPITAL—SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



The Seattle Convention

It was such a busy week, the one in Seattle, it is hard to pick out for a brief report the things which are of especial interest to us as an Alumnae Association. The business for which a delegate was sent is perhaps the thing of most importance.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the executive board, the A. S. of N. A. A. was given special provisional membership in the A. N. A. until such time as some other scheme for admitting us could be evolved.

The provisions of this membership are outlined in the note from Mrs. Deans, secretary of the A. N. A., appended to this report.

We should try to appreciate just what this action on the part of the A. N. A. means. For several years a special committee on revision has been working on a scheme by which admission to the A. N. A. would be made uniform throughout the country. The plan now in use provides that all nurses who wish to become members must first of all join their own Alumnae Association. These in turn are units in the District Association, which make up the large group, the State Association. Members of the State Associations then automatically become members of the National Organization. Entrance through this prescribed channel was not possible for all members of our association, as some States have refused to register graduates of our school—for instance, the District of Columbia.

With the assistance of our friends, notably our own Miss Goodrich, Miss Mary Roberts, and Mrs. Deans, we were able to put this before the executive board in such a way that they took favorable action in our behalf. It is up to every individual graduate of the A. S. of N. A. A. to help the executive board work out the provisions made by the A. N. A.

Next in interest to most of us is the question of "Who was there?" It really was a joyous thrill to find four other graduates of our school attending the convention. Ruth Peters, Louise Bereiter, Beulah Crawford, and Eleanor Lowell Bailey all were there. The first three of these girls had come half way across the country, at their own expense, to be present in Seattle. The fourth is one of our married alumnae living there. All of them, I am sure, felt well repaid for the time and money spent on such a decidedly worth-while meeting. For the rest of the attendance, just look up your "Who's Who in the Nursing World," add a generous sprinkling of delegates from every State, most of the larger hospitals and public health organizations, and a large number of nurses who came, not as delegates, but for the stimulation and help such a convention offers to all of our profession.

Committee meetings, joint sessions, round tables, and the like occupied most of the day from 8 a. m. until 11 p. m. Lunch and dinner hours were utilized generally as opportunities for friends to get together socially. Of course, all



of the Army girls present wanted an opportunity of seeing Miss Goodrich. This was also a very urgent desire of the four Vassar Training Camp girls at the convention. She, as usual, was such a busy and popular lady it was hard to find a time when she wasn't engaged. In her generous manner, however, she was able to squeeze out one dinner hour for a combined Army School-Vassar dinner.

Miss Mary Roberts, whom all the Camp Sherman girls will remember as our first chief, and Miss Wood, of Letterman General Hospital, were also our guests that evening. It was a real reminiscent reunion, continued until late in the evening, while we enjoyed a ride around the city in cars provided by the entertainment committee of the convention.

Everyone will have an opportunity of reading all of the important speeches of the convention in the early fall numbers of the "American Journal of Nursing" and the "Public Health Nurse." No nurse can afford to miss studying the addresses of Dr. Lucas and Dr. Beard. The spirit of the convention is something no printed account can give. To one attending such a meeting for the first time it was most marked, an enthusiastic urge forward toward better and higher ideals for our profession as a whole, not brought about from the outside nor by a few reformers, but by a consistent, studied effort on the part of all nurses joined together to find the best, and work for it. It must have made every nurse present feel that it was her privilege and responsibility to share in the work for this end.

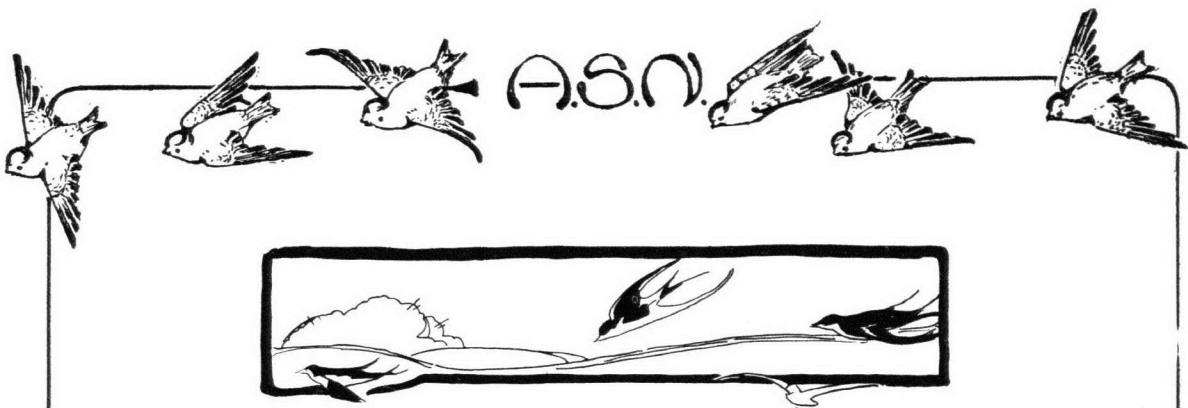
What can we as an association do to help? We can help, first, by presenting to the A. N. A. a list of 100 per cent of our graduates who have fulfilled all the requirements of membership in the National Organization. What if you have married and do not expect to practice your profession? You can comply with the regulation to be a Registered Nurse and help uphold the standard for nurses generally.

We should make an immediate and generous contribution to the Nurses' Relief Fund. Most of us are in excellent physical health. One dollar from each graduate of our school would make a tidy sum to help those members of our profession who have carried the burden so long they are no longer able to help themselves.

The Delano Memorial Fund has received contributions from most of the alumnae associations of the country. This memorial to Miss Delano and all of the nurses who died in the service of the country is certainly one which should receive the generous support of every true daughter of the Army.

With nurses all over the country alive to their responsibilities and the opportunity of serving, we cannot afford to lag behind. Let us enter into all activities endorsed by the National Organization so whole-heartedly and promptly that it will be proud to count the members of our association among its membership.

(Signed) MARGARET TRACY.



First Annual Reunion of the Class of 1921

The first annual reunion of the Alumnae Association of the Army School of Nursing was held at the Walter Reed Hospital from June 8 to June 10, 1922. The Commanding Officer, Colonel James D. Glennan, and the Chief Nurse, Miss Reid, gave wholehearted cooperation to make the plans a success. Miss Elizabeth Pumphrey, '21, was in charge of arrangements, assisted by able committees.

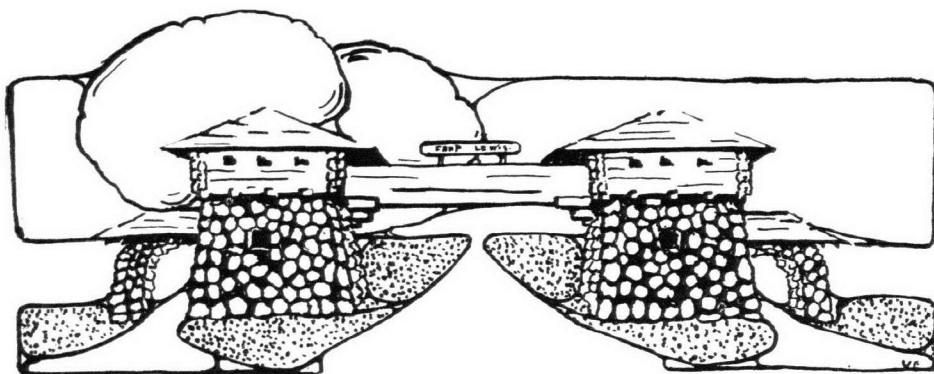
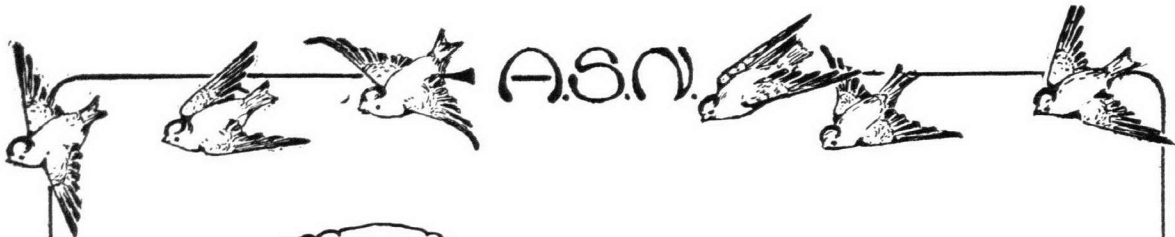
The order of events was arranged so that the mornings remained free for the visiting nurses. The formal opening took place on Thursday at 2 p. m. The presiding officer, Miss Tracy, president of the Association, introduced Miss Reid, who spoke a few words of greeting, leaving the formal address of welcome to Miss Taylor. Business proceeded with the adoption of the constitution and by-laws; it was voted that the Alumnae Journal be published annually; reports of committees were read and accepted. The meeting adjourned at 4 o'clock.

A picnic at Rock Creek Park given for the student nurses, with the alumnae in blue uniforms, was followed by a dance tendered the visiting alumnae by the Knights of Columbus at the Post Hut. Thus ended the first day of the reunion.

On Friday at 3 o'clock, at the K. of C. Hut, the Association was called to order to hear speeches by General Ireland and Miss Clara Noyes, president of the National Nurses' Association and director of the American Red Cross Nursing Service. That evening in the Formal Gardens there was a most enjoyable garden party, with music furnished by the Army Music School Band.

The first speaker of the meeting on the following afternoon was Major Julia C. Stimson, Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps; the second, Miss Annie Goodrich, first Dean of the Army School of Nursing. Following this fifteen members of the class of 1925, A. S. N., were honored by having their first caps pinned on by Miss Goodrich. Balloting for officers for 1922-1923 resulted in the election of Miss Barbara Price president; Miss Sidney Hood, vice-president; Miss Ruth Hubbard, Secretary; and Miss Annie M. Callander, treasurer.

After a banquet at the Service Club, a farewell dance was enjoyed. It was the unanimous opinion that the first reunion had been a brilliant success.



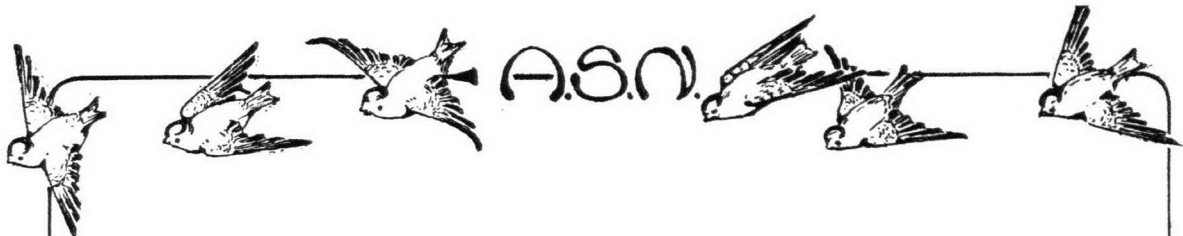
Twin City Alumnae Club

The A. S. N. graduates in the Twin Cities averaged about twelve in number during the past year. Mabel Gray and Rose Hegne have left the group, and we are expecting Mary Hana to be with us this summer. We have met at intervals during the winter, but our most successful "get-together" was our week-end party last August.

It was a real A. S. N. party, and made us just a bit homesick for our old "Bluebird" days. On a Saturday afternoon most of us arrived at Jeanette Merrill Park on the shores of Lake Minnetonka. There were Mary Baylor, Alice Ostrum, Jennie Sheveland, Mabel Grundmeyer, Elizabeth Moody, Emma Einerson, Emily Anderson, Mava Edwards Eaton, Rose Hegne and Viola Knoll. This park is a Girls' Camp run by the W. C. A. and is one of the many lovely spots along the shores of the lake. It seemed like old times when we ate together at the long tables in the dining hall and "bunked" together on the big porch that overlooks the lake. As I think back on those two days, there must have been many "Bluebirds'" ears that were burning, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, because with a pack of "Come-Backs" among us, we all greedily gossiped over everyone we had known in the Army. In between times we played tennis, swam and boated to our hearts' content. Then, in the moonlight, we wandered down to the beach and sang all the old songs from "Oh, How I hate to get up in the morning" to our Bluebird Taps. There is something about those old songs sung in the moonlight that made us sweetly, but a little sadly, reminiscent of the old friends who are scattered and the old days that will never return. Before we came back to the city we decided to meet once a month, but we have not been able to do this during the winter. We are planning another week-end party at the lake this summer, and also want to definitely organize a Minnesota branch of the Alumnae.

(Signed)

VIOLA KNOLL.



Washington Unit of the A. S. N. Alumnae Association

On December 3, 1922, the twenty members of the A. S. N. Alumnae Association on duty at Walter Reed met. It was decided to organize a Local Chapter with the hope of including all our colleagues in this vicinity.

This seemingly delayed date in organizing can be explained by the fact that the daily contact of these twenty alumnae was such that no organization for closer social binding was necessary. The fact of the need of service by the group made a fitting reason for the step taken at this time. This need was the furtherance of the "Spirit of 1918" among the present student body at Walter Reed, as well as keeping it alive among the Alumnae members in a social way.

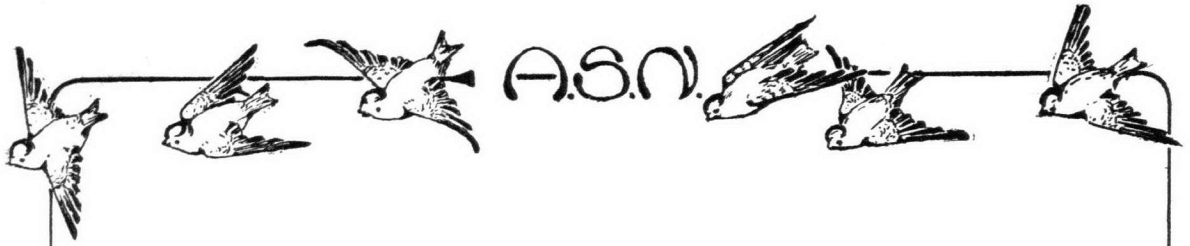
The first thing that came to our notice as a group was the felt need of our support to the senior class in helping to make their "Annual" possible. This project being launched to a successful completion, we turned our efforts into a lighter vein.

Our first informal gathering was held in the K. C. Hut, and on the night of April 14. We dined twenty-two strong at "The Republic." Our guest of honor was Dorothea M. Hughes, who has again come to our aid in getting out our Journal. At this meeting it was decided to tender an Alumnae banquet to the class of 1923, and our social committee informed us we shall "picnic" in true Army School style, bi-monthly during the picnic season.

It is a pleasure to work with our younger sisters, the undergraduates. We will make an earnest effort to help each other live up to the high ideals set for us by our founder, Miss Annie W. Goodrich, and our present leader and Dean, Major Julia C. Stimson, Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps.

(Signed) MARY W. TOBIN, *Chairman.*





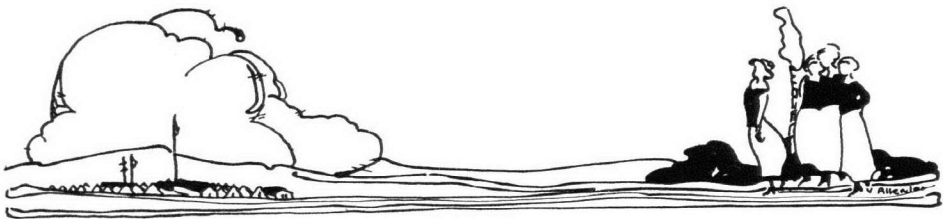
Alumnae Banquet at Henry Street

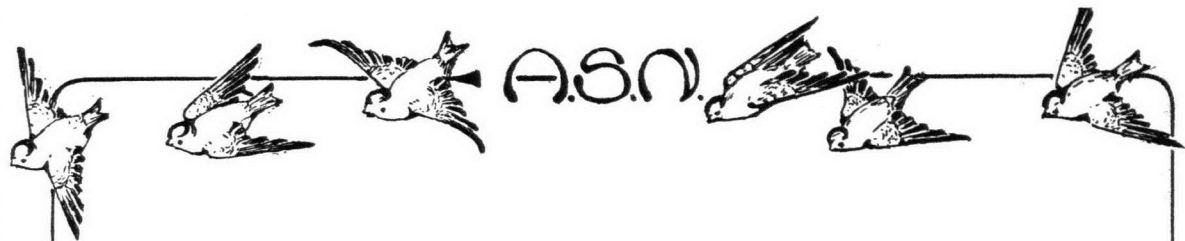
On the evening of February 3, 1923, the old Army spirit was revived at an Alumnae banquet held at the new Henry Street House at 99 Park Avenue, New York City. The banquet was made a complete success by having as our guests our beloved Miss Goodrich, Miss Elizabeth Reid, Chief Nurse, Walter Reed Hospital, and Miss Dean, of the American Nurses' Association. A surprisingly large representation of the Army School Alumnae were present, numbering about eighty, and it was most evident that every member, in spite of the new fields which she has entered since graduation, still retains the same loyalty and devotion to her Alma Mater.

After a sumptuous dinner, we gathered in the assembly room, where Barbara Price introduced the speakers of the evening with her usual charm. Miss Dean spoke to us of the difficulties attending the entrance of the "Army School" into the American Nurses' Association and explained some of the details of the workings of that organization. Natalie Dulles, who had recently returned from Serbia, gave us a most interesting account of her work and experiences over there. Mary W. Tobin read a letter from Major Stimson, who regretted her inability to attend the banquet on account of having to leave for France on official business. Miss Goodrich, as usual, gave us renewed inspiration by her intimate discussion of her hopes and ideals realized in the success and advancement of the Army School of Nursing.

Everyone present came away with a deeper feeling of joy and thankfulness to be members of the Alumnae of the Army School. We are greatly indebted to the following committee, Nell Carrington, chairman; Lucy Neary, Etheleen Sculthorpe, Ruth Hubbard, and Anetta Lonergan, who planned and prepared such a worthwhile and pleasant evening.

(Signed) JULIE RUSSELL,
NELL CARRINGTON.





Something From Henry Street

Just a letter with a message—"We want you to send something from Henry Street for the Annual," and "We depend on you" is bringing forth this effort to produce "something" as was requested.

"We depend on you." That little sentence has so much of psychology back of it. How much effort has been put forth, and what immeasurable results have come from using just that statement at the correct time.

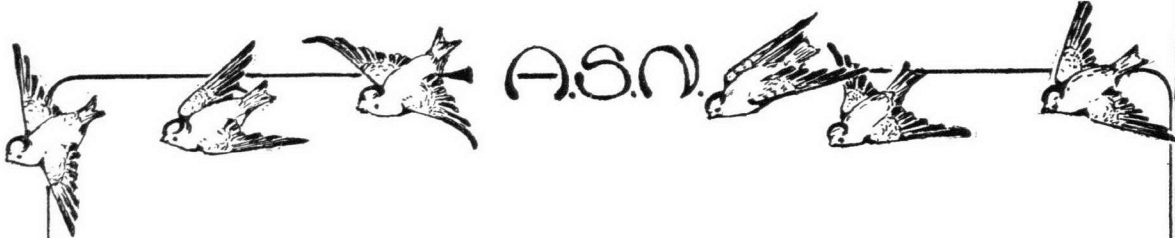
When the call came for volunteers for service during the war, our boys responded with a feeling that our country depended on them. When we as students answered a similar call, we felt that back of that call was distinctly written "we depend on you" to help supply a felt need. And that same thought is consciously bringing us to respond to needs and carry on our work with more earnestness, conscientiousness and a happier spirit every day. It does not matter in what field we work, educational, social, medical or any phase of medical, or any other field, we must realize we are depended on to do our share to make for the best for all. The nursing care we may give is just a fractional part of the whole, and yet we realize of what importance it is, for through just that point of contact we may have an opportunity to be of more than immediate service to the individual or individuals concerned.

The questions foremost in our minds after the nursing care has been given and the patient is about to be dismissed from our care are: "Have we helped this individual to become a better member of society because she knows better how to care for herself?" "Have we left something by way of helping her to better care for other members of the family?" "Has she caught just a small glimpse of her place in society that in the end she may fit herself and help fit others in the future?"

Dr. Winslow, of Columbia, says: "While devotion and skill and tender ministrations do count, the visiting nurse must have a special background of knowledge and understanding of society's problems."

So with a leader like Miss Goodrich supplying the inspiration and vision, the Henry Street nurse goes out daily to make full use of the opportunities afforded her to serve the patient, the community, and in the end society. For the visiting nurse has a remarkable opportunity, and fully conscious of the fact that she is depended on to make the best use of this opportunity, she responds with the best there is in her.

(Signed) GERTRUDE O. WAHL, '21.



A Day Dream

(With apologies to Kipling.)

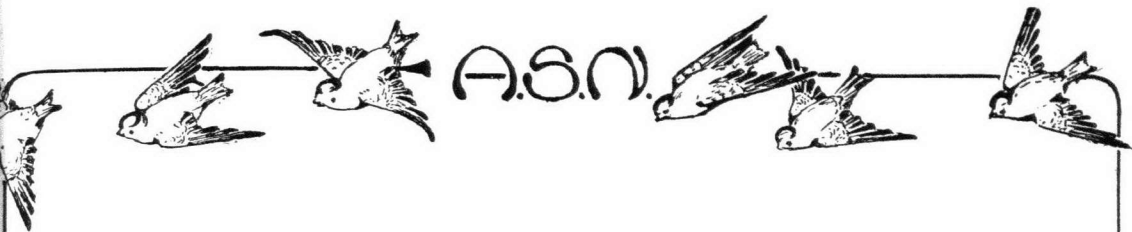
When the World War's last patient has recovered
 And the wards are scrubbed and dried,
 When the oldest '21 blue uniform has faded,
 And the youngest cockroach has died,
 We shall dream—our entire five hundred—
 Dream on for an hour or two,
 Till Walter Reed and Letterman Hospitals
 Shall pass in happy review.

Then the legion of Yanks shall be happy;
 They shall not need Golden Gate's balmy air;
 They shall forget about Dakin's, and dressings, and ether,
 With a drainage tube here and there;
 They shall have real things to do, then—
 And only sometimes recall
 The place where the Garden was called "Formal,"
 But never was "formal" at all.

Then only memory shall be with us,
 And only memory shall claim
 The joys and trials of a pioneer nurse,
 The "Bluebird," or A. S. N., by name.
 And each shall wear the white on duty,
 But each, in her separate sphere,
 Shall cherish the faded blue uniform,
 For the memory of three years most dear.

ETTA A. GILLIOM, '21.





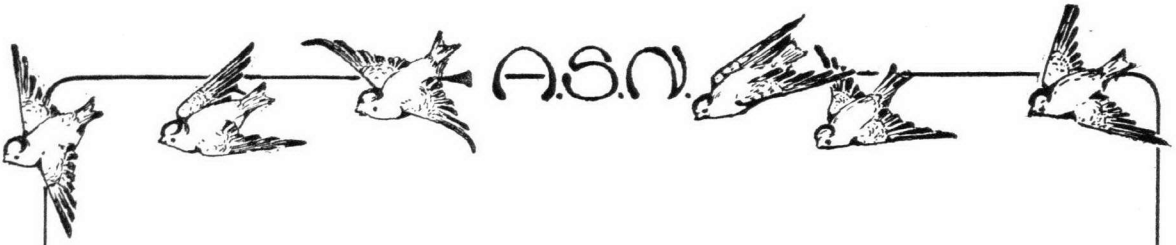
Bluebird Days Are Over !

"After Taps"—in the quiet hush of the starlit, moonflooded beauty of the night, when only the sentry's measured tread is heard faithfully making his rounds—in this hour of deep reflection, poignant recollections of bluebird days flood the portals of memory's gates. Happy days, filled with work and singing! Blue for loyalty to the service—*true* blue birds we have tried to be!

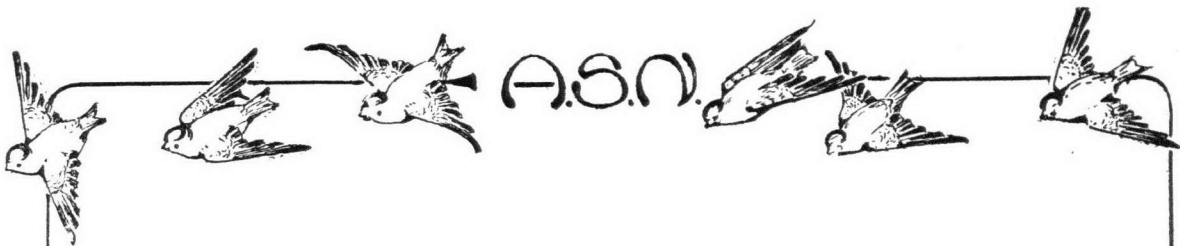
"After Taps"—Bluebird days are over! Oh, the words have such a mournful sound. But "Taps" brings to our questioning souls a reassurance of faith in the future. Its quiet echoes bring comfort to our aching hearts that grieve at the thought of departure. Oh, those soft lingering notes—how we love them, although they say—

"Bluebird days are over!"





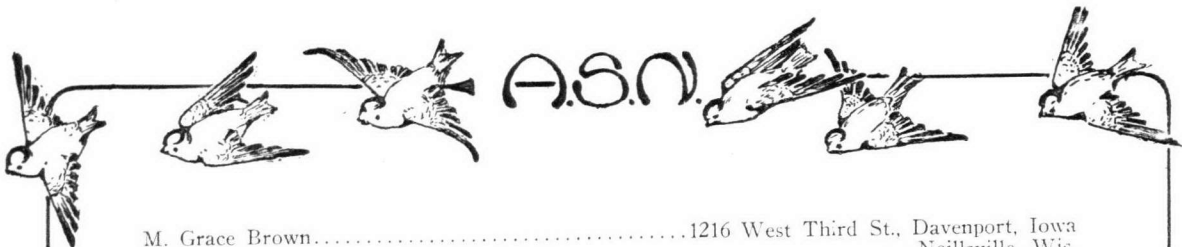
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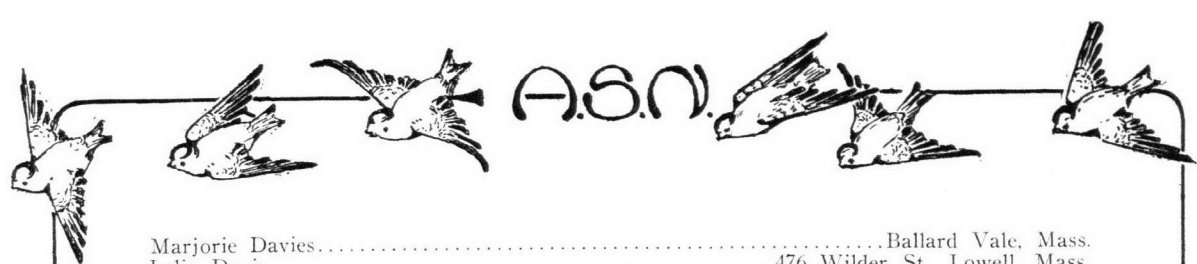
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Joyce Brown.....	Nora Springs, Iowa
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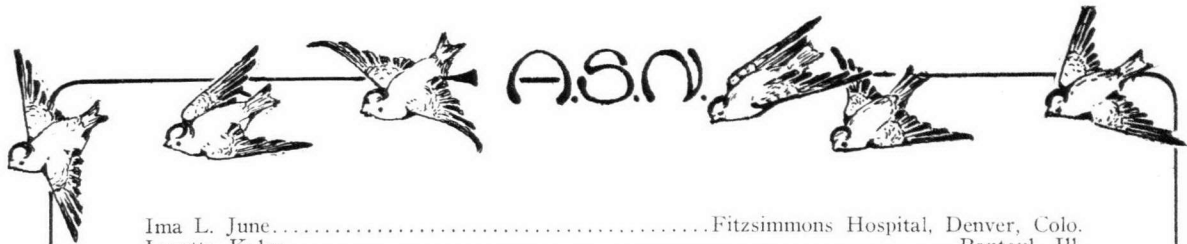
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June Danielson.....	Quincy, Calif.
Helen N. Davies.....	Ballard Vale, Mass.



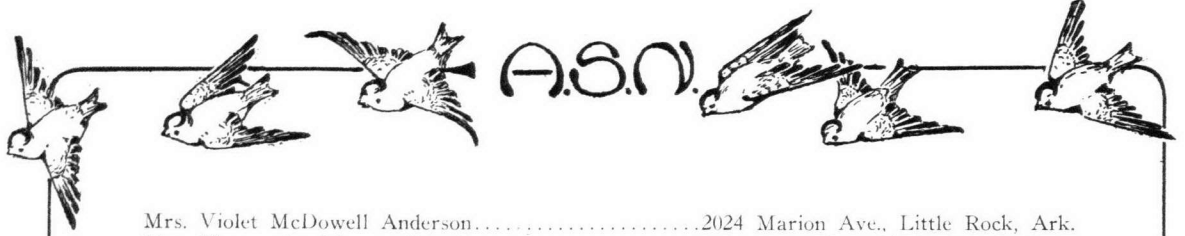
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 Katherine McCurdy (1923).....Fort Wayne, Ind.



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Mary Moran.....	Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
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Martha P. Neely.....	71 Lincoln Ave., Gettysburg, Pa.
Mrs. Katherine Neill Sidel.....	1364 Clara Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Anna K. Nelson.....	Caney Valley Hospital, Wharton, Tex.
Mrs. Christine Nelson Hogge.....	Arrow Rock, Mo.
Caroline R. Newman.....	Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo.
Mrs. Frances Nevison Johnson.....	Ravina, Ill.
Frances M. Nichols.....	Harpers Ferry, W. Va.
Mildred L. Nickum.....	Sterling, Kans.
Mrs. Naomi Noland Lewis.....	Greenville, Mich.
Winifred B. Norman.....	Kellshore Hotel, 744 Irving Park Building, Chicago, Ill.
Marguerite Norway.....	809 Parkwood Drive, Cleveland, Ohio
Harriett D. Noyes.....	136 West Seventy-fifth St., New York City
Alice L. O'Brien.....	Fort Riley, Kans.
Rose E. Offut.....	Station Hospital, Fort Banks, Mass.
Ruby Oldham.....	114 North Fifth St., Mayfield, Ky.
Olga Olson.....	Elyria Memorial Hospital, Elyria, Ohio
Ruth M. Olson.....	5116 North Bennet St., Tacoma, Wash.
Mrs. Alice Ostrum Spaeth.....	Evansville, Minn.
Mary O'Toole.....	Iowa State University Hospital, Iowa City, Iowa
Mrs. Elinor Parker Wells.....	3559 Jackson St., San Francisco, Calif.
Zella Pattee.....	Pocahontas, Iowa
Irma D. Paul.....	Westerville, Ohio
Edyth Payne.....	1054 East Hickory St., Kankakee, Mich.
Caroline Peart.....	Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo.
Elinor J. Peart.....	Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo.
Ethel N. Perkins.....	176 Perkins St., Oakland, Calif.
Mrs. Tina Perry Keddy.....	807 L St. NW., Washington, D. C.
Edna I. Peters.....	Salisbury, Md.
Norma A. Peters.....	University Hospital, Iowa City, Iowa
Ruth A. Peters.....	Dunlap, Iowa



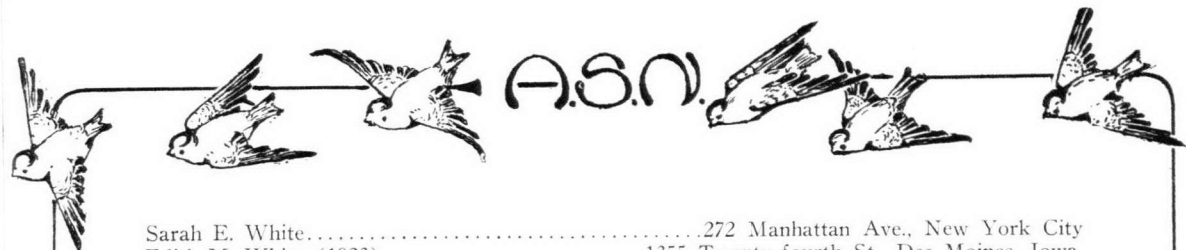
Marie C. Peterson.....Litchfield, Minn.
 Ruth Porter.....731 East Fiftieth St., Chicago, Ill.
 Pearl Pope.....Grafton, N. Dak.
 Grace E. Pratt.....New Paltz State Normal School, New Paltz, N. Y.
 Barbara M. Price.....82 Shepard St., Rochester, N. Y.
 Marie Primeau.....Armour, S. Dak.
 Marguerite Prindiville.....375 Forty-second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Dorothy Pulling.....Emergency Hospital, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Elizabeth Pumphrey.....San Francisco Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
 Mrs. Helen Purdy Dehon.....2204 Lee St., Columbia, S. C.
 Inez Pyle.....1725 Seventeenth St., Apt. 14, Washington, D. C.
 Fannie Quarles.....U. S. Army Hospital, Fort Bliss, Tex.
 Mrs. Helen Quirk Veeder.....640 Eddy St., San Francisco, Calif.
 Mrs. Phyllis Randall Trask.....420 Humphrey St., New Haven, Conn.
 Bossie B. Randle.....} Box 3, Leeds, Ala.
} Home, 1405 North Twelfth St., Birmingham, Ala.
 Helen Rauch.....120 South St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 Olive Reid.....1817 South Seventh St., Springfield, Ill.
 Elsie W. Reilly.....309 West First St., Oil City, Pa.
 Mrs. Freda Requarth Bowen.....206 North Winter St., Adrian, Mich.
 Mrs. Freda Rice Boyd.....1303 East Sixteenth St., Chicago, Ill.
 Ruth I. Rich.....Augusta, Wis.
 Mabel E. Richards.....240 Shonnard Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Myrtle Roberts.....Wilton, Wis.
 Edna Ritenour (1923).....Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, Colo.
 Frances E. Robertson.....Nurses' Quarters, Fort Bayard, N. Mex.
 Mary Robertson.....Rowland, N. C.
 Anna J. Robinette.....Athens, W. Va.
 Jessica Rockwood.....232 Edgerton St., Rochester, N. Y.
 Elsie Rogers.....Long Branch, N. J.
 Vera L. Rudkin.....
 Valerie Ruel.....Stanford University Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
 Julie Russell.....47 Grove Hill, New Britain, Conn.
 Beatrice Salisbury.....Bejou, Minn.
 Louise Sallander.....San Francisco Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
 Maurine Sanborn.....2716 Irving Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Eva C. Sawyer.....19 North Beacon St., Allston, Mass.
 Mary C. Sheer.....615 Tenth Ave. North, Fargo, N. Dak.
 Katherine Z. Schell.....5921 Central St., Kansas City, Mo.
 Otilie Schlapp.....304 East Twentieth St., New York City
 Mabel Schlafke.....Jewell, Iowa
 Mrs. Winifred Schruers Levy.....508 Wales Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 Harriet Schwanz.....757 Suter St., Apt. 501, San Francisco, Calif.
 Maury Schwarz.....111 North Main St., Tonkawa, Okla.
 Georgia Scott.....U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island, N. Y.
 Jennie Scott.....305 Mason St., Polo, Ill.
 Etheleen Sculthorpe.....Toms River, N. J.
 L. Velma Seanor.....227 East Seventy-second St., New York City
 Tressie Seybold.....4417 Alpha Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
 Blanche Sharer.....1519 South California Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Mrs. S. Louise Sharp Habliston.....4 Montreal Apts., Baltimore, Md.
 Lydia Sheall.....1809 Patterson Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Jennie Shefveland.....828 Sixth St. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Leah Sheppard.....410 Exeter Ave., West Pittston, Pa.
 Mrs. Mary Siggers Calvert.....Lompoc, Calif.
 Mrs. May Simpson Gray.....1248 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Nell Sims.....1400 West Macon St., Decatur, Ill.
 Florence Sloan.....11½ Yellow Spring, Springfield, Ohio
 Ada E. Smith.....National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, Milwaukee, Wis.



A.S.N.

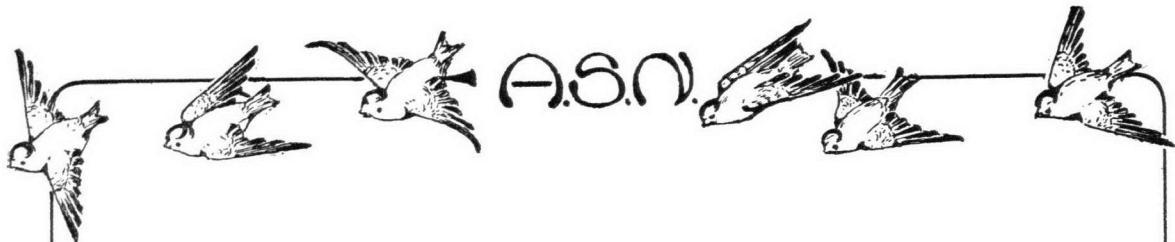


Anna E. Smith.....	San Francisco Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
Celia A. Smith.....	Dolly Madison, Apt. 33, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Freeda Smith Abel.....	1680 Broadway, Boulder, Colo.
Lillian M. Smith.....	Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Mary E. Smith.....	Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Hannah B. Smylie.....	Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
Elizabeth P. Snodgrass.....	Meadow View, Pa.
Mrs. Zara Solomon Bixby.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Elizabeth Stallman.....	Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Edna Starkey Rhodes.....	Waterford, Wis.
Frances M. Sternberg.....	Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo.
Elizabeth Sterrett.....	Hot Springs, Va.
Eileen Stewart.....	19 East Forty-ninth St., New York City
Mrs. Celestial Strine Crum.....	836 Park Ave., Omaha, Nebr.
Mabel Strom.....	Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Carolyn Strong.....	St. George's Manor, Setauket, N. Y.
Agnes Stubbs.....	Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo.
Mary A. Stuckenburg.....	7 Roanoke Apartment, Cincinnati, Ohio
Anicetta Sullivan.....	Cadet Hospital, West Point, N. Y.
Mrs. Hazel Suthers Carty.....	980 East Fortieth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Phoebe Swenson.....	1717 North Fairfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Margaret Telfer.....	College Hospital, Ames, Iowa
Marion Thatcher.....	705 Drown St., Huntington, Ind.
Mary A. Thatcher.....	2130 South Chester Road, Swarthmore, Pa.
Mary J. Thayer.....	Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo.
Lillian G. Thompson.....	Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Muriel Thompson.....	Box 502, Station A, Champaign, Ill.
Mrs. Flora Thomas Moffit.....	Beltsville, Md.
Florence Thorpe.....	I. O. O. F. Building, Eugene, Oreg.
Florence M. Tidd.....	4141 Clarendon Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Marion Thornburg.....	Lehigh University Park, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Mary Tobin.....	Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Alice Towne Hermach.....	2612 Federal Boulevard, Denver, Colo.
Margaret Tracy.....	532 Howell Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Carrie Tucker.....	6148 Robinson Road, Cincinnati, Ohio
Olive Twitchell.....	14 Danube St., Roxbury, Mass.
Margaret E. Turner.....	R. F. D. No. 8, Quincy, Ill.
Almina Tyson.....	40 Clairmont Ave., Mansfield, Ohio
Camilla Van Pelt.....	5 West Sixty-fifth St., New York City
Esther Van Scoyk.....	Kansas, Ill.
Frances Van Voast.....	1401 Union St., Schenectady, N. Y.
Esther Victory.....	County Hygiene Nurse, Hertford, N. C.
Grace Villemonte.....	Sea View Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y.
Marguerite Vizner.....	Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Belle Wagner.....	629 Lexington Ave., New York City
Gertrude Wahl.....	39 Charles St., New York City
Mary A. E. Wall.....	123 Lexington Ave (Please forward), New York City
Althea Wastun.....	Children's Hospital, Iowa City, Iowa
Mabel Wallace.....	4259 Maryland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Elsie Weaver Henderson.....	Calhoun, Ga.
Marion E. Weld.....	Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor, Me.
Katherine J. Wellington.....	San Francisco Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. Mary Welsh Fain.....	Highwood, Ill.
Mrs. Dorothy Wemple Magruder.....	28 Livingston Court, West New Brighton, N. Y.
Mrs. Elizabeth Wemple Pouch.....	407 Henderson Ave., West New Brighton, N. Y.
Mrs. Ann Wetmore Hart.....	728 Racine St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mary R. Wheeler.....	307 South Maple St., Marshfield, Wis.
Lillian C. White.....	1704 Juneway Terrace West, Chicago, Ill.



Sarah E. White.....	272 Manhattan Ave., New York City
Edith M. White (1923).....	1355 Twenty-fourth St., Des Moines, Iowa.
Ethel Whitener.....	Sick Quarters, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.
Myrtle Whitlock.....	Irving, Ill.
Ruth Whitmore.....	5561 Waterman St., St. Louis, Mo.
Veronica Wiemals.....	135 West Twenty-eighth St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hattie B. Willcoxon.....	407 North River St., Seguin, Tex.
Harriet N. Willett.....	Sugargrove, Pa.
Mrs. Eugenia Williston Earle.....	Hatillo, Porto Rico
Julia Wilson.....	3 Ashton St., Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. Leonora B. Wing.....	Perm. Lafayette Road, Hampton, N. H.
Mrs. Ethel Wiser Northington.....	South Hill, Va.
Dorothy Woodworth.....	203 East Eighty-first St., New York City
Helen Woodworth.....	213 Orange Avenue, Santa Ana, Calif.
Alice M. Wyler.....	Skiff Memorial Hospital, Newton, Iowa
Mrs. Coyetta Youmans Hundertmark.....	3166 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Lelia Younglove.....	19 East Forty-ninth St., New York City
Mrs. Mary Yoran Pete.....	5508 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Louise Zetzsche.....	515 East Second St., Dixon, Ill.





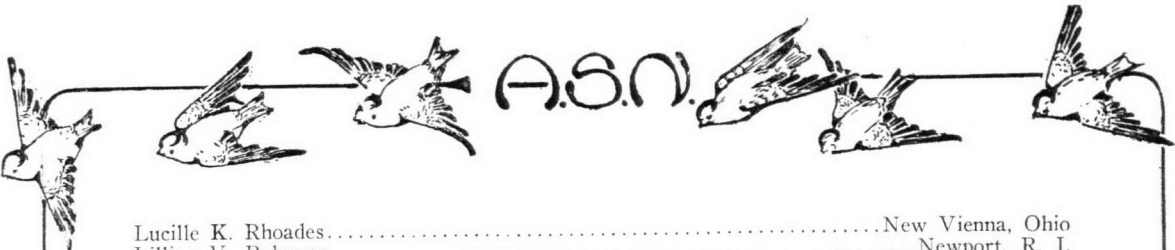
Army School of Nursing **Walter Reed General Hospital** **Washington D. C.**

CLASS OF 1923

Ida Bjorkquist.....	Iron River, Mich.
Edna Daulton.....	Melvina, Wis.
Ruth E. Freshour.....	Kingston, Ohio
Anna Gudelsky.....	Overlea, Baltimore, Md.
Elizabeth E. Joubert.....	Enumclaw, Wash.
Margaret V. MacBryde.....	5611 Thirty-seventh St. N. W., Chevy Chase, D. C.
Gertrude A. Marshe.....	Proffitt, Va.
Katherin McCurdy.....	2435 South Webster St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Juanita McElroy.....	219 Apsley St., Germantown, Pa.
Margaret H. Meredith.....	Hopewell, Va.
Marguerite Miller.....	1310 Grand Avenue, Connorsville, Ind.
Villa R. Mohler.....	South 518 Howard St., Spokane, Wash.
Martha M. Patton.....	820 Centennial Ave., Sewickley, Pa.
Edna S. Ritenour.....	Fairfax, Va.
Beulah Weidman.....	Stratton, Nebr.

CLASS OF 1924

Imogene H. Abbey.....	410 Bryant St. NW., Washington, D. C.
Jess Adams.....	Purcellville, Va.
Nettie E. Alley.....	Phelps, Ky.
Agnes S. Bidwell.....	Madison Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Helen P. Bilderbach.....	835 Fifth St., Fort Madison, Iowa
Mrs. Polly Burkhardt.....	Paragould, Ark.
Norma A. Cady.....	5 Dartmouth St., Taunton, Mass.
Arlyn H. Carlson.....	Stephenson, Mich.
E. Ione de France.....	539 John St., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Helen K. Dorian.....	1071 Lakewood Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Violet D. Eddy.....	11 Church St., Cortland, N. Y.
Hattie Feather.....	Cherokee, N. C.
LaVerne H. Fitzgerald.....	901 Fourth Avenue North, Great Falls, Mont.
Dorothy Fulton.....	Tarpon Springs, Fla.
Annie M. Gregg.....	Marion, S. C.
Lorraine B. Hanse.....	1742 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.
Martha A. Hauch.....	Culpeper, Va.
Mary E. Hicks.....	Port Royal, Va.
Carolyn M. Jones.....	Wolcott, N. Y.
Marion T. Kirkman.....	210 West McClure St., Peoria, Ill.
Annamaria Koch.....	93 Sussex Ave., Bloomsbury, N. J.
Edna L. Lindquist.....	1530 Fitch Ave., Marquette, Mich.
Emma S. Linn.....	Wakefield, Mich.
Beatrice McBride.....	115 Poplar St., Washington, Ind.
Helen I. Miller.....	514 Newton Avenue NW., Canton, Ohio
Mary E. Moore.....	130 Thirty-fifth St., Newport News, Va.
Ethel F. O'Connor.....	22 Union St., Manchester, N. H.
Anna F. O'Donnell.....	168 Pearl St., Holyoke, Mass.
Eleanor L. Palmer.....	Silver Spring, Md.
Grace Virginia Perry.....	Clear Spring, Md.
Frances A. Quinn.....	Waterford, Wis.



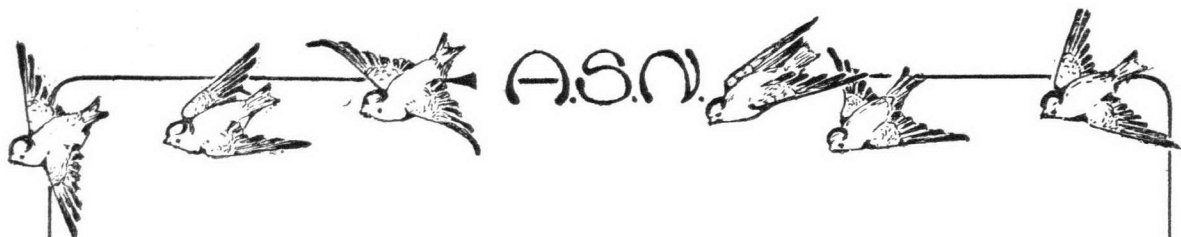
Lucille K. Rhoades.....	New Vienna, Ohio
Lillian V. Rohange.....	Newport, R. I.
Margaret E. Sundby.....	Centennial, Wyo.
Lillian A. Tournaud.....	115 Oak St., South Manchester, Conn
Lulu K. Wolf.....	200 South Front St., Milton, Pa.
Hazel Corinne Young.....	2025 Odrasset St., Boston, Mass.

CLASS OF 1925

Emma Adkins.....	Vienna, Ga.
Sadie B. Adkins.....	108 High St., Salisbury, Md.
Prudence Anderson.....	Clarkfield, Minn.
Marja Berens.....	Rumelange, Luxembourg
Laura Black.....	Dewitt, Mich.
Susan Books.....	San Antonio, Tex.
Helen T. Carcy.....	2202 First St. NW., Washington, D. C.
Dorothy M. Conde.....	102 University Place, Schenectady, N. Y.
Bessie Day.....	1106 South Eighth St., Laramie, Wyo.
Dorothy M. Frost.....	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Katharine Cockrell Hall.....	Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Marie Hite.....	Purcellville, Va.
Mary Ellen Howe.....	Danville, Pa.
Anne Cornelia Howell.....	Vienna, Ga.
Margaret Jordan.....	Rappahannock Academy, Va.
Mabel Kennedy.....	139 Leo Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario
Liechen Kuehn.....	210 North Seminole Circle, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Phyllis Lauriat.....	Sullivan's Island, S. C.
Marion L. Lee.....	76 Grove St., South Barrington, Mass.
Elise LeMens.....	642 Ward Place, Portsmouth, Va.
Ruth M. McGlothlin.....	Ravenswood, W. Va.
Eleanor Warren Merrill.....	1083 Washington St., North Abington, Mass.
Mary F. Mitchell.....	511 Jefferson St. NW., Washington, D. C.
Leila Morgan.....	Vienna, Ga.
Martha Nowinski.....	275 Bridge St., Appleton, Wis.
Portia Pearce.....	2632 Glynn Court, Detroit, Mich.
Gertrude P. Pendleton.....	1710 Rhode Island Ave., Washington, D. C.
Esther Ransom.....	Annandale, Minn.
Ella R. Reed.....	Lisbon, Ohio
Jeannette Everett Robinson.....	604½ South Webster St., Decatur, Ill.
Mary A. Stecher.....	Montverde, Fla.
Esther A. Stephens.....	213 Planters Apt., Leavenworth, Kans.
Priscilla G. Vincent.....	Rio, Wis.
Helen M. Walk.....	257 Eighth St., Columbia, Pa.
Gertrude Wilson.....	Lyndhurst, Va.
Mermel Wonser.....	Cranton, Wis.

CLASS OF 1926, FIRST DIVISION

Ruth S. Boyd.....	513 West First St., Dayton, Ohio
Anna F. Corder.....	609 G St. SW., Washington, D. C.
Marion L. Harms.....	Scio, N. Y.
Helen V. Johnson.....	22 Huntington Ave., Worcester, Mass.
Irene A. Langevin.....	Hope St., Springdale, Conn.
Catherine N. Pepper.....	Franklin, Tenn.
Edith Robin.....	3603 Tenth St. NW., Washington, D. C.
Helen Rohange.....	Newport, R. I.
Lois H. Sears.....	Neillsville, Wis.
Lillian A. Stetcher.....	Montverde, Fla.
Rachel G. Wilson.....	Lyndhurst, Va.



Army School of Nursing Letterman General Hospital San Francisco, California

CLASS OF 1924

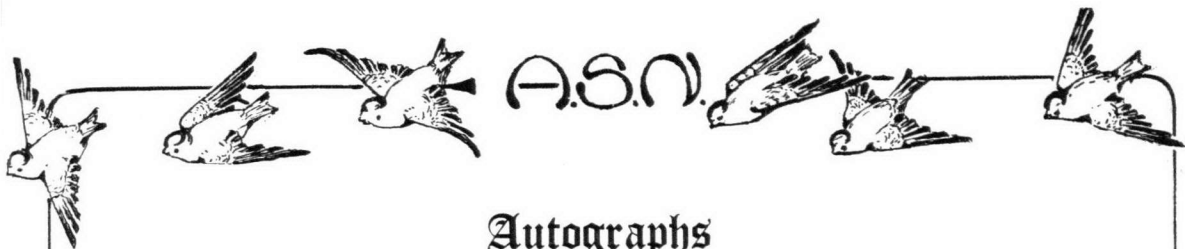
Capitola Anderson	4421 Fifteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Annie Books.....	226 Linares Ave., San Antonio, Tex.
Vivienne Culver.....	Presidio of Monterey, Calif.
Olivia Hunsinger.....	1441 Seventieth Ave., Oakland, Calif.
Thankful M. Pickering.....	Prescott, Wash.
Katherine Randall.....	Wolf Point, Mont.
Edna Summer.....	Valparaiso, Ind.
LaVinia Varnum.....	2155 Lime Ave., Long Beach, Calif.
Marguerita Zaldivar.....	San Salvador, El Salvador, C. A.
Rilla Whiteford.....	805 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif.

CLASS OF 1925

Thelma Brant.....	1136 Del Monte Ave., Monterey, Calif.
Wilma Howell.....	333 King Albert Boulevard, Santa Barbara, Calif.
Grace Knowlton.....	Lake Mills, Wis.
Edna Livingston.....	South Tacoma, Wash.
Dorothy Livingston.....	South Tacoma, Wash.
Beatrice Lott.....	Crosbyton, Texas
Loretta McBride.....	5887 Washington Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.
Alline Thompson	Isla, Ga.

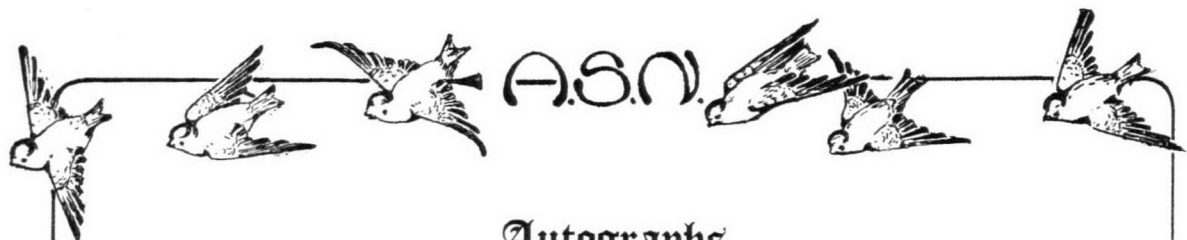
CLASS OF 1926

Agnes Davis.....	602 West Sixth St., Topeka, Kans.
Violet Marco.....	Box 958, Tonopah, Nev.
Helen Tod Mount.....	965 Geary St., San Francisco, Calif.
Frieda Stromberg.....	1714 Alameda Ave., Alameda, Calif.
Frances Reider.....	Camp Lewis, Wash.



Autographs

1923



Autographs

1923

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE SURGEON GENERAL

October 18, 1924.

With the approval of the Secretary of War the within named civilian employee of the Medical Department is discharged from the service effective October 1, 1924.

No travel involved.

Leave granted to discharge 30 Days - exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays- Aug. 27 to Oct. 1, 1924.

Increase of salary from \$180 to \$300 due to reclassification of civilian employees effective July 1, 1924.

Final pay voucher to and including October 1, 1924 certified.

By order of The Surgeon General:

C. C. Whitcomb

C. C. Whitcomb,
Lieut. Colonel, Medical Corps.
Assistant.

Washington, D. C. 10-22-24

Paid in full \$ 50 83

Capr Carl Walla F.D

WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL
TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

Miss Ione de France, Student Nurse, Medical Department, U.S. Army joined this hospital Oct. 5, 1921 from her home Kalamazoo, Michigan for assignment to duty, per letter WD SGO dated Sept. 29, 1921.

Walter Reed Gen. Hospital
Takoma Park, D. C.

Last Paid to include Oct. 5-31/21 19
BY: Jerome Clark, Capt. FD

Vaccinated against small pox Oct. 6, 23, and 30, 1921. Successful Typhoid vaccine administered Oct. 6, 15, and 23, 1921.

Walter Reed Gen. Hospital
Takoma Park, D. C.

Last Paid to include Nov. 30/21 19
BY: Jerome Clark, Capt. FD

Last Paid to include Dec. 31/21 19
BY: Jerome Clark, Maj. FD

From present for duty to sick in hospital Feb. 6/22.

Accepted as a regularly enrolled member of the Army School of Nursing, per letter WD SGO dated Feb. 20/22.

R.T. MORRIS
Executive Officer.
19 MAR 23 1924

de France, Ione

WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL
TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

Last Paid to include Jan. 21 19 22
BY: Jerome Clark, Maj. FD

From sick in hospital to present for duty Feb. 16, 1922. Diagnosis: Tonsillitis, acute, ulcerative, right. LOD.

Last Paid to include Feb. 28/22 19
BY: Jerome Clark, Maj. FD

From present for duty to sick in hospital March 16, 1922.

Increase in compensation granted effective Feb. 6, 1922, per letter WD SGO dated March 20, 1922.

From sick in hospital to present for duty March 22, 1922: Diagnosis: Tonsillitis, chronic, follicular, unilateral, right. Tonsillectomy, unilateral right. LOD.

Last Paid to include March 31/22 19
BY: Jerome Clark, Maj. FD

Last Paid to include Apr. 30/22 19
BY: Jerome Clark, Maj. FD

de France

WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL
TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

MAY 31 1922 19
Last Paid to include
BY: Jerome Clark, Maj. FD

JUN 30 1922 19
Last Paid to include
BY: Jerome Clark, Maj. FD

From present for duty to leave of absence with pay for 16 days, and without pay for 14 days, from July 17 to Aug. 15, 1922 incl., per par. 4, SO 171 these Hq. dated July 14, 1922.

From leave of absence as granted above, to present for duty Aug. 16, 1922.

From present for duty to indefinite leave of absence without pay, Aug. 16, 1922, granted for the purpose of attending a course of instruction at the Philadelphia General Hospital, Phila., Pa., per letter WDSGO dated Aug. 11, 1922.

Last Paid to include July 31 1922
BY: Geo. M. Newell, Maj. FD

Last Paid to include Aug. 15 1922
BY: Geo. M. Newell, Maj. FD

R.T. MORRIS
Executive Officer

de France

Last Paid to include

Walter Reed General Hosp.
Washington, D. C.

From indefinite leave of absence
as granted per previous indorse-
ment, to present for duty April
15, 1923.

APR 30 1923

Last Paid to include _____

BY: Geo. M. Newell, F.O.

Granted leave of absence with
pay for two (2) days, from June
2 to 3, 1923 incl., per par. 5,
SO 131 these Hq. dated May 31,
1923.

Last Paid to include _____

MAY 31 1923

BY: Geo. M. Newell, F.O.

Last Paid to include _____

JUN 30 1923

BY: Geo. M. Newell, F.O.

Last Paid to include _____

July 31/23

BY: Geo. M. Newell, F.O.

Last Paid to include _____

Aug. 31/23

BY: Geo. M. Newell, F.O.

Paid by voucher to cover period
Sept. 1-23/23 by Geo. M. Newell, F.O.

Granted indefinite leave of absence
without pay, Sept. 24, 1923, for the
purpose of attending the course of
instruction in the Henry Street
Settlement, New York City, per
letter, WDSGO dated Sept. 17/23.

deFrance

Army Medical Center
Walter Reed General Hospital
Washington, D. C.

Affiliation as noted per previous
indorsement, completed Feb. 3, 1924.

Granted indefinite leave without
pay, Feb. 4, 1924, for the purpose
of attending the course of in-
struction at the St. Elizabeths
Hospital, Wash. D. C., per letter,
WDSGO dated Jan. 17, 1924.

From indefinite leave as granted
above, to present for duty April 1,
1924.

Last Paid to include _____

APR 30 1924

BY: Geo. M. Newell, F.O.

Last Paid to include _____

MAY 31 1924

BY: 1st Lt. E. F. Rea, FD

Last Paid to include _____

JUN 30 1924

BY: 1st Lt. E. F. Rea, FD

Last Paid to include _____

JUL 31 1924 ✓

BY: 1st Lt. E. F. Rea, FD

Increase due to reclassification
Act of March 4, 1923, \$300 per
annum, effective July 1, 1924.

Last paid as noted above.

Leaves of absence granted at this
post:

16 days with pay, July 17-Aug. 1/22

14 days without pay, Aug. 2-15/22

2 days with pay, June 2-3/23

deFrance, Ione.

Army Medical Center
Walter Reed General Hospital
Washington, D. C.

Left this hospital August 26,
1924, to proceed to her home for
discharge from the Army School of
Nursing, per 2nd Ind., letter,
WDSGO dated July 30, 1924.

Course of instruction completed
August 26, 1924.

C. M. Walson

C. M. Walson

Executive Officer.

JOT

de France, E. Ione.

WAR DEPARTMENT
Office of the Surgeon General
Washington

October 5, 1921.

AUTH. NO. ~~7545~~
2199

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

IONE de FRANCE

of

WASHINGTON D C

is hereby appointed Student Nurse in the Medical Department of the Army, at \$15 a month except as hereinbelow otherwise provided, and will enter upon her duties after having taken the oath of office prescribed by section 1757 of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

She will be furnished lodgings at the hospital where serving and the commanding officer will receive one ration a day in her behalf and provide her with proper meals.

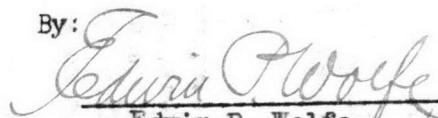
Her apparel soiled while on public duty will be laundered as a part of the hospital laundry.

She will receive transportation, and \$4 a day in lieu of actual traveling expenses when traveling under orders between stations of duty.

She will be provided with suitable lodgings and subsistence at the cost of the United States while detained under orders at a port of embarkation awaiting transportation.

M.W. Ireland,
Surgeon General, U.S. Army.

By:



Edwin P. Wolfe,
Colonel, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

INSTRUCTIONS

All pay allowed under paragraph one of this appointment will be charged to the appropriation "Medical and Hospital Department," vouchered on Form 334 or 335 and noted on the back of this appointment.

Vouchers for per diem in lieu of traveling expenses are paid by the Quartermaster Corps.

This appointment is for a probationary period of not to exceed six months. Retention in the service after the probationary period will be equivalent to final appointment, and no additional oath will be required.

Oath of office executed:

October 5, 1921.

